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PICTURESQUE MILAN

By Edith Wharton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

I

IT is hard to say whether the stock phrase of the stock tourist—"there is so little to see in Milan"—redounds most to the derision of the speaker or to the glory of Italy. That such a judgment should be possible, even to the least instructed traveller, implies a surfeit of impressions procurable in no other land; since, to the most limited observation, Milan could hardly seem lacking in interest when compared to any but Italian cities. From comparison with the latter, even, it suffers only on a superficial estimate, for it is rich in all that makes the indigenous beauty of Italy, as opposed to the pseudo-Gothicisms, the trans-Alpine points and pinnacles, which Ruskin taught a submissive generation of art critics to regard as the typical expression of the Italian spirit. The guide-books, long accustomed to draw their Liebig's extract of art from the pages of this school of critics, have kept the tradition alive by dwelling only on the monuments which conform to perpendicular ideals, and by apologetic allusions to the "monotony" and "regularity" of Milan—as though endeavoring in advance to placate the traveller for its not looking like Florence or Siena!

Of late, indeed, a new school of writers, among whom Mr. J. W. Anderson, and the German authors, Messrs. Ebe and Gurlitt, deserve the first mention, have broken through this conspiracy of silence and called attention to the intrinsically Italian art of the post-Renaissance period; the period which, from Michael Angelo to Juvara, has been marked in sculpture and architecture (though more rarely in painting) by a series of memorable names. Signor Franchetti's admirable monograph on Bernini and the recent volume on Tiepolo in the Knackfuss series of Künstler-Monographien have done their part in this redistribution of values; and it is now possible for the student to survey the course of Italian art with the impartiality needful for its due enjoyment, and to admire, for instance, the tower of the Mangia without scorning the palace of the Consulta.

II

BUT, it may be asked, though Milan will seem more interesting to the emancipated judgment, will it appear more picturesque? Picturesqueness is, after all, what the Italian pilgrim chiefly seeks; and the current notion of the picturesque is a purely Germanic one, connoting Gothic steeples, pepper-pot turrets, and the huddled steepness of the northern burgh. Italy offers little, and Milan least of all, to satisfy these requirements. The Latin ideal demanded space, order, and nobility of composition. But does it follow that picturesqueness is incompatible with these? Take up one of Piranesi's etchings—those strange compositions in which he sought to seize the spirit of a city or a quarter by a fusion of its most characteristic features. Even the northern conception of the picturesque must be satisfied by the sombre wildness of these studies—here a ruined aqueduct, casting its shade across broken ground tufted with acanthus, there a palace colon-

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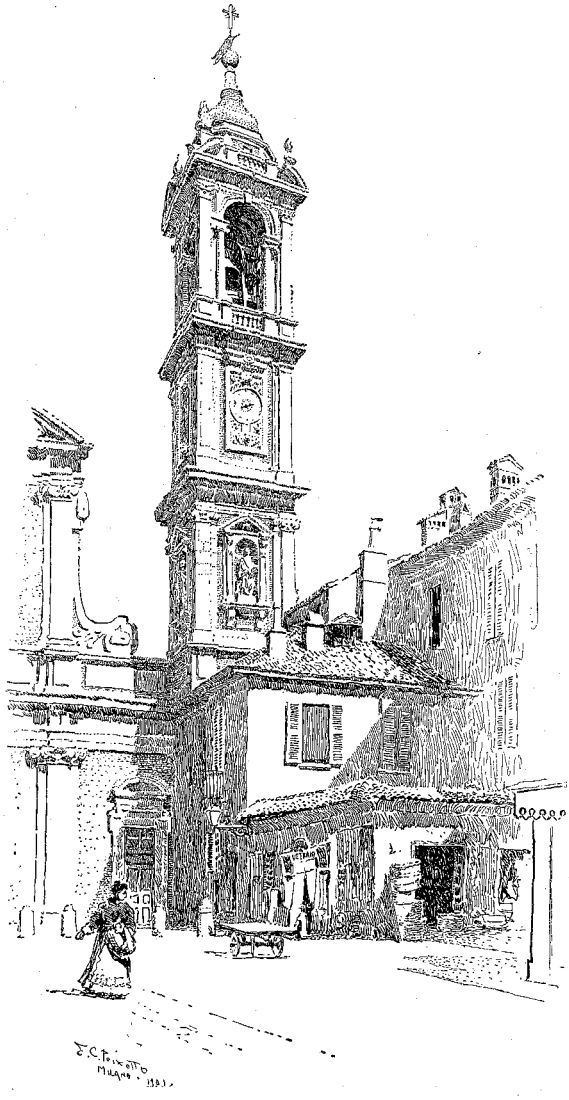
nade through which the moonlight sweeps on a winter wind, or the black recesses of some Roman bath where cloaked figures are huddled in secret confabulation. Italian picturesqueness, gay rather than sinister in its suggestions, made up of lights rather than of shadows, of color rather than of outline, and this is the pict-



The Tower of S. Stefano.

Canaletto's black-and-white studies give, in a lesser degree, the same impression of the grotesque and the fantastic—the underside of that *barocchismo* so long regarded as the smirk on the face of a conventional age.

But there is another, a more typically uresqueness of Milan. The city abounds in vivid effects, in happy juxtapositions of different centuries and styles—in all those incidental contrasts and surprises which linger in the mind after the catalogued "sights" have faded. Leaving behind the wide modern streets—which have at

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A Corner of the Piazza de' Mercanti.

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least the merit of having been modernized under Eugène Beauharnais rather than under King Humbert—one enters at the first turning some narrow byway overhung by the grated windows of a seventeenth century palace or by the delicate terra-cotta apse of a *cinque cento* church. Everywhere the forms of expression are purely Italian, with the smallest possible admixture of that Gothic element which marks the old free cities of Central Italy. The roccâ Sforzesca and the houses about the Piazza de' Mercanti are the chief secular buildings recalling the pointed architecture of the north; and the older churches are so old that they antedate Gothic influences, and lead one back to the round-arched basilican type. But in the line of national descent what exquisite varieties the Milanese streets present! Here, for instance, is the Corinthian colonnade of San Lorenzo, the only considerable fragment of ancient Mediolanum, its last shaft abutting on a Gothic archway against which clings a flower-decked shrine. Close by, one comes on the ancient octagonal church of San Lorenzo, while a few minutes' drive leads to where the Borromeo palace looks across a quiet grassy square at the rococo front of the old family church, flanked by a fine bronze statue of the great saint and cardinal. The Palazzo Borromeo is itself a notable factor in the picturesqueness of Milan. The entrance leads to a court-yard enclosed in an ogive arcade surmounted by pointed windows in terra-cotta mouldings. The walls of this court are still frescoed with the Borromean crown and the *Humilitas* of the haughty race; and a doorway leads into the muniment-room, where the archives of the house are still stored, and where, on the damp stone walls, Michelino has depicted the scenes of a fifteenth century villeggiatura. Here the noble ladies of the house, in high-fluted turbans and fantastic fur-trimmed gowns, may be seen treading the measures of a mediæval dance or playing at various games—the *jeu de tarots*, and a kind of cricket played with a long wooden bat; while in the background rise the mountains about Lake Maggiore and the peaked outline of the Isola Bella, then a bare rock unadorned with gardens and architecture. These frescoes, suggestive in style of Pisanello's dry and vigorous manner, are second only to the picture of the Schifanoia at Ferrara as records of the private life of the Italian nobility in the fifteenth century.

Not far off, another doorway leads to a different scene; the great cloister of the Ospedale Maggiore, one of the most glorious monuments that man ever erected to his fellows. The old hospitals of Italy were famous not only for their architectural beauty and great extent but for their cleanliness and order and the enlightened care which their inmates received. Northern travellers used, in their diaries, to speak with wondering admiration of these lazarets, stately as palaces, so different from the miserable pest-houses north of the Alps. What must have been the astonishment of such a traveller, whether German or English, on setting foot in the court of the Milanese hospital, enclosed in its vast cloister enriched with traceries and medallions of terra-cotta, and surmounted by the arches of an open loggia whence the patients could look down on a peaceful expanse of grass and flowers! Even now, one wonders whether this poetizing of philanthropy, this clothing of charity in the garb of beauty, may not have had its healing uses: whether the ugliness of the modern hospital may not make it, in another sense, as unhygienic as the buildings it has superseded? It is at least pleasant to think of the poor sick people sunning themselves in that beautiful loggia, or sitting under the magnolia-trees in the garden, while their blue-gowned, black-veiled nurses move quietly through the cloisters at the summons of the chapel-bell.

But one need not enter a court-yard or cross a threshold to appreciate the variety and color of Milan. The streets are full of charming detail—*quattro-cento* marble portals set with medallions of bushy-headed Sforzas in round caps and plaited tunics; windows framed in terra-cotta wreaths of fruit and flowers; iron balconies etching their elaborate arabesques against the stucco house-fronts; mighty doorways flanked by Atlantides, like that of Pompeo Leoni's house (the *casa degli Omenoni*) and of the Jesuit seminary; or yellow-brown rococo churches with broken pediments, pyramids, flying angels,

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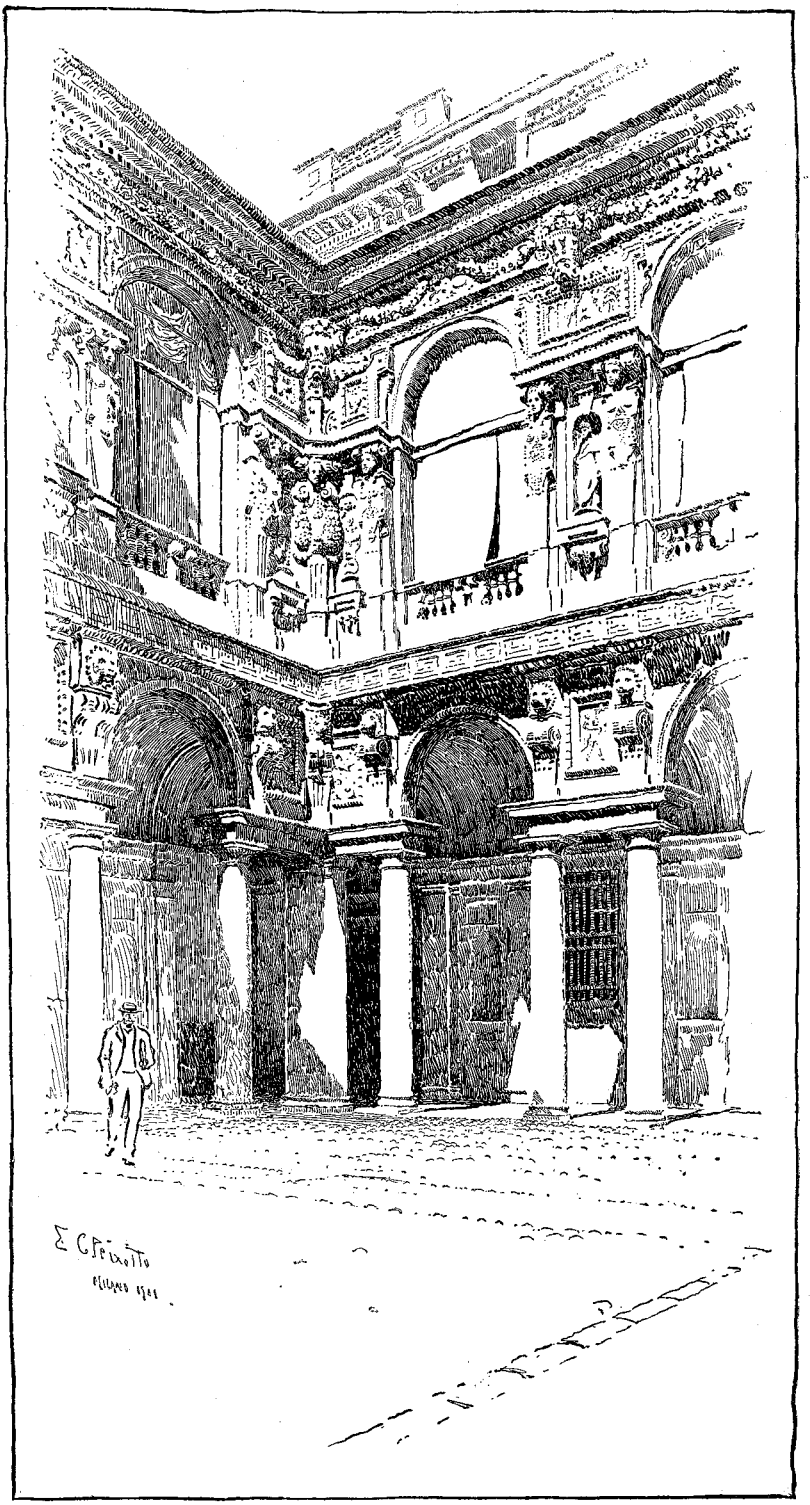

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Court of the Palazzo Marino, now the Municipio.

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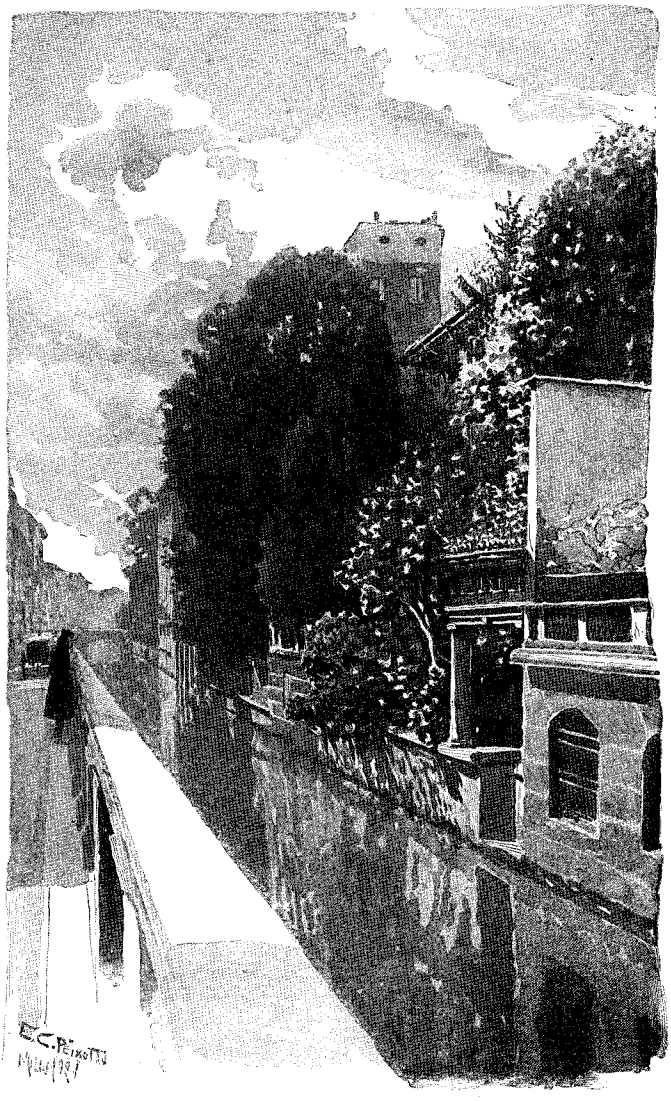

Gardens on the Naviglio in the Via del Senato.

and vases filled with wrought-iron palm-branches. It is in summer that these streets are at their best. Then the old gardens over-hanging the Naviglio—the canal which intersects Milan with a layer of Venice—repeat in its waters their marble loggias hung with the vine, and their untrained profusion of roses and camellias. Then, in the more aristocratic streets, the palace doorways yield vistas of double and triple court-yards, with creeper-clad arcades enclosing spaces of shady turf, and terminating perhaps in a fountain set in some splendid architectural composition against the inner wall of the building. In summer, too, the dark archways in the humbler quarters of the town are brightened by fruit-stalls embowered in foliage and heaped with such melons, figs and peaches as would have driven to fresh extravagance the lavish brush of a Flemish fruit-painter. Then again, at the turn of a street, one comes across some little church just celebrating the feast of its

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patron saint with a brave display of garlands and red hangings; while close by a cavernous *bottegha* has been festooned with more garlands and with bright nosegays, amid which hang the painted candles and other votive offerings designed to attract the small coin of the faithful.

III

YET Milan is not dependent on the seasons for this midsummer magic of light and color. For dark days it keeps its store of warmth and brightness hidden behind palace walls and in the cold dusk of church and cloister. Summer in all its throbbing heat has been imprisoned by Tiepolo in the great ceiling of the Palazzo Clerici: that revel of gods and demi-gods, and mortals of all lands and races, who dance toward us out of the rosy vapors of dawn. Nor are loftier color-harmonies wanting. On the walls of San Maurizio Maggiore, Luini's virgin martyrs

The Church at Saronno.

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move as in the very afterglow of legend: that hesitating light in which the fantastic becomes probable and the boundaries between reality and vision fade; while tints of another sort, but as tender, as harmonious, float through the dusk of the sacristy of Santa Maria delle Grazie, a dim room panelled with intarsia-work, with its grated windows veiled by vine-leaves.

But nothing in Milan approaches in beauty the color-scheme of the Portinari chapel behind the choir of Sant' Eustorgio. In Italy, even, there is nothing exactly comparable to this masterpiece of collaboration between architect and painter. The tomb of Galla Placidia and the apse of San Vitale glow with richer color, and the lower church of Assisi is unmatched in its shifting mystery of chiar'-oscuro; but for pure light, for a clear shadowless *gamme* of iridescent tints, what can approach the Portinari chapel? Its most striking feature is the harmony of form and color which makes the decorative design of Michelozzo flow into and seem a part of the exquisite frescoes of Vincenzo Foppa. This harmony is not the result of any voluntary feint, any such trickery of the brush as the later decorative painters delighted in. In the Portinari chapel, architecture and painting are kept distinct in treatment, and the fusion between them is effected by unity of line and color, and still more, perhaps, by an identity of sentiment, which keeps the whole chapel in the same mood of blitheness, of *Heiterkeit*—a mood which makes it difficult to remember that the chapel is the mausoleum of a martyred saint. But Saint Peter Martyr's marble sarcophagus, rich and splendid as it is, somehow fails to distract the attention from its setting. There are so many mediæval monuments like it in Italy—and there is but one Portinari chapel. From the cupola, with its scales of pale red and blue, overlapping each other like the breast plumage of a pigeon, and terminating in a terra-cotta frieze of dancing angels who swing between them great bells of fruit and flowers, the eye is led by insensible gradations of tint to Foppa's frescoes in the spandrils —iridescent saints and angels in a setting of pale classical architecture—and thence to another frieze of terra-cotta cherubs with rosy-red wings against a background of turquoise-green; this lower frieze resting in turn on pilasters of pale green adorned with white stucco *rilievi* of little bell-ringing angels. It is only as a part of this color-scheme that the central sarcophagus really affects one—the ivory tint of its old marble forming a central point to the play of light, and allying itself with the sumptuous hues of Portinari's dress, in the fresco which represents the donator of the chapel kneeling before his patron saint.

IV

THE picturesqueness of Milan has overflowed on its environs, and there are several directions in which one may prolong the enjoyment of its characteristic art. The great Certosa of Pavia can, alas, no longer be included in a category of the picturesque. Secularized, catalogued, railed off from the sight-seer, who is hurried through its endless corridors on the heels of a government custodian, it still ministers to the sense of beauty, but no longer excites those subtler sensations which dwell in the atmosphere of a work of art rather than in itself. Such sensations must be sought in the other deserted Certosa at Chiaravalle. The abbey church with its noble colonnaded cupola is still one of the most conspicuous objects in the flat landscape about Milan; but within all is falling to ruin, and one feels the melancholy charm of a beautiful building which has been allowed to decay as naturally as a tree. The disintegrating touch of nature is less cruel than the restoring touch of man, and the half-ruined frescoes and tarsia-work of Chiaravalle retain more of their original significance than the carefully guarded treasures of Pavia.

Less melancholy than Chiaravalle, and as yet unspoiled by the touch of official preservation, is the pilgrimage church of the Madonna of Saronno. A long avenue of plane-trees leads from the village to the sumptuous marble façade of the church, an early Renaissance building with ornamental additions of the seventeenth century. Within, it is famous for the frescoes of Luini in the choir, and of Gaudenzio Ferrari in the cupola. The

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Palazzo Besano in Via degli Omenoni.

House of Pompeo Leoni.

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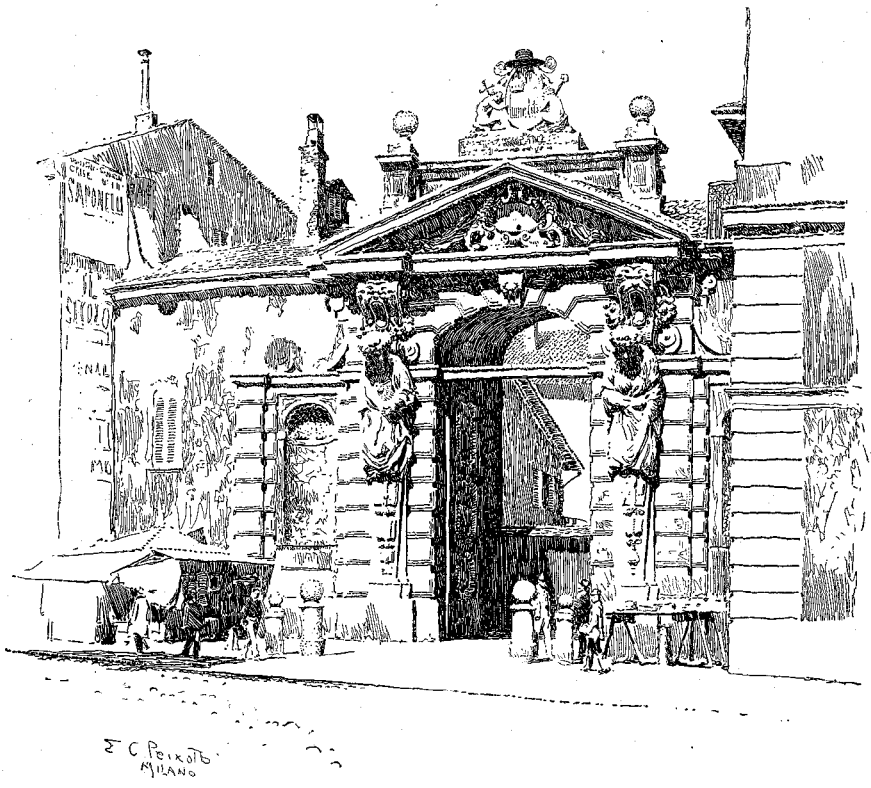

Gateway of the Jesuit College.

Luini frescoes are full of a serene impersonal beauty. Painted in his latest phase, when he had fallen under the influence of Raphael and the "grand manner," they lack the intimate charm of his early works; yet the Lombard note, the Leonardesque quality, lingers here and there in the sidelong glance of the women, and in the yellow-haired beauty of the adolescent heads; while it finds completer expression in the exquisite single figures of Saint Catherine and Saint Apollonia.

If these stately compositions are less typical of Luini than, for instance, the frescoes of San Maurizio Maggiore, or of the Casa Pelucca (now in the Brera), Gaudenzio's cupola seems, on the contrary, to sum up in one glorious burst of expression all his fancy had ever evoked and his hand longed to embody. It seems to have been given to certain artists to attain, once at least, to this full moment of expression: to Titian, for instance, in the Bacchus and Ariadne, to Michael Angelo in the monuments of the Medici, to Giorgione in the Sylvan Concert of the Louvre. In other works they may reveal greater powers, more magnificent conceptions; but once only, perhaps, is it given to each to achieve the perfect equipoise of mind and hand; and in that moment even the lesser artists verge on greatness. Gaudenzio found his opportunity in the cupola of Saronno, and for once he rises above the charming anecdotic painter of Varallo to the brotherhood of the masters. It is as the expression of a mood that his power reveals itself—the mood of heavenly joyousness, so vividly embodied in his circle of choiring angels, that form seems to pass into sound, and the dome to be filled with a burst of heavenly jubilation. With unfaltering hand he has sustained this note of joyousness. Nowhere does his invention fail or his brush lag behind it. The sunny crowding heads, the flying draperies, the fluttering scores of the music, are stirred

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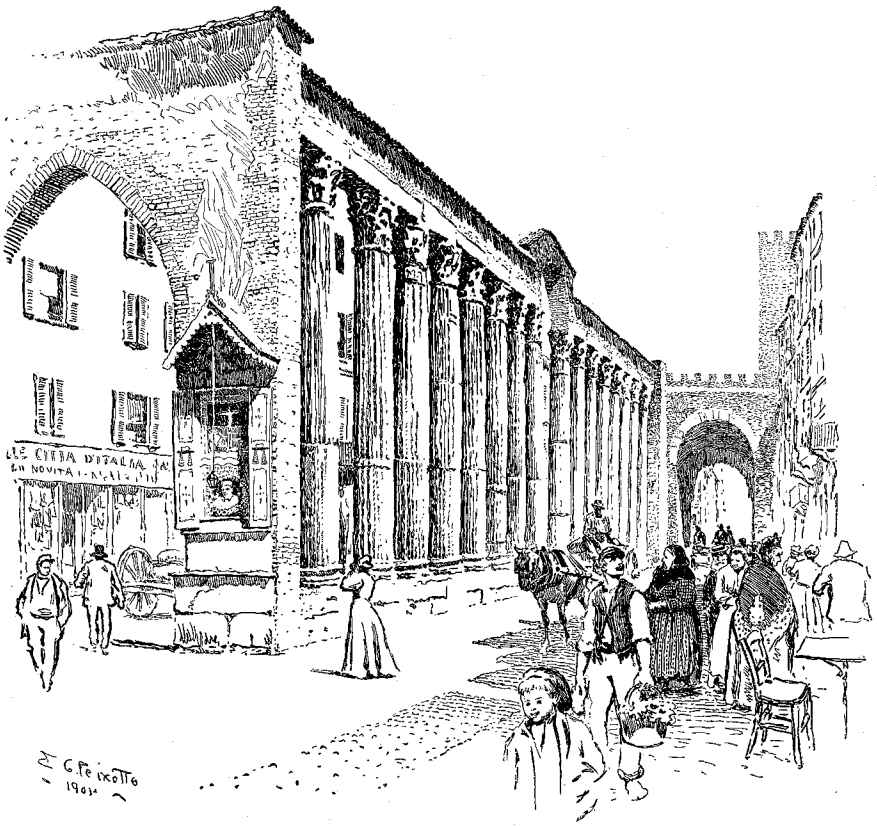
as by a wind of inspiration—a breeze from the celestial pastures. The walls of the choir seem to resound with one of the angel-choruses of "Faust," or with the last chiming lines of the *Paradiso*. Happy the artist whose full powers find voice in such a key!

V

THE reader who has followed these desultory wanderings through Milan has but touched the hem of her garment. In the Brera, the Ambrosiana, the Poldi-Pezzoli gallery, and the magnificent new Archæological Museum, now fittingly housed in the old castle of the Sforzas, are treasures second only to those of Rome and Florence. But these are among the catalogued riches of the city. The guide-books point to them, they lie in the beaten track of sight-seeing, and it is rather in the intervals between such systematized study of the past, in the parentheses of travel, that one obtains those more intimate glimpses which help to compose the image of each city, to preserve its personality in the traveller's mind.



Roman Portico of San Lorenzo in the Corso Porta Tieinese.

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Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.

"Watch her, boys. Now she's whooping. Look at her come!"—Page 148.

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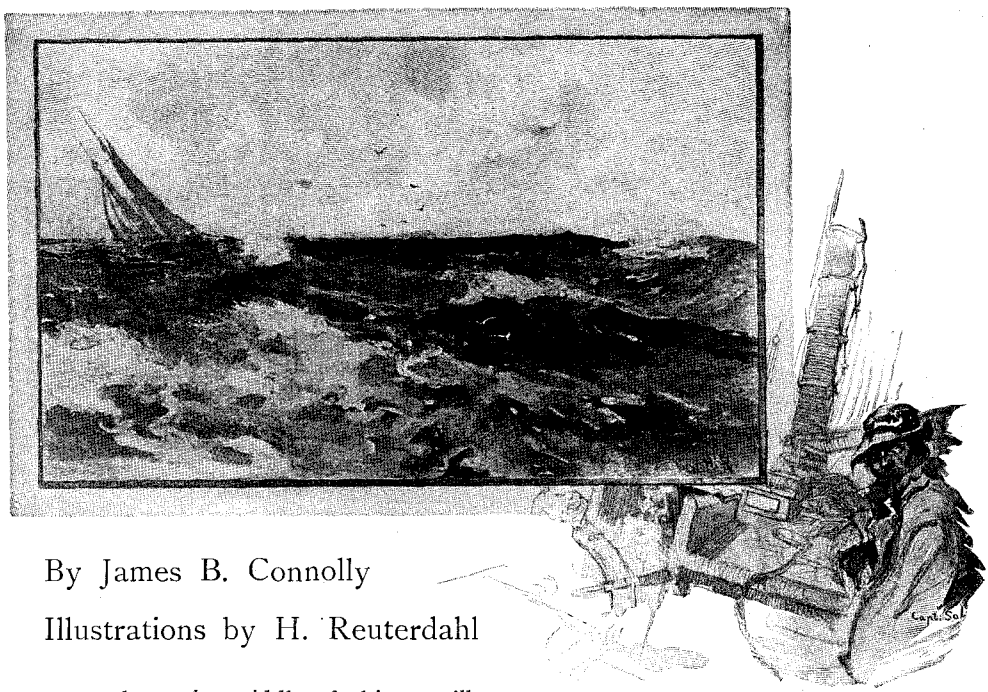
RUNNING TO HARBOR



By James B. Connolly

Illustrations by H. Reuterdahl

SOMEWHERE about the middle of this particular morning the watchers in a lighthouse on the Cape Cod shore saw a little schooner of perhaps 100 tons jump out of the mist of the gale. The long, shapely, buoyant boat in tow and the black pile of netting on deck betokened her class.

"There," said the chief watcher, "there's another of that bunch of seiners went out by here yesterday morning. And she's got on about all she can stand up under, too. My soul, ain't she staggering! I expect her skipper knows his business—don't calcerlate he'd be skipper of a fine vessel like that if he didn't. But if 'twas me I'd just about take a wide tuck or two in that everlastin' mains'l he's got there. My conscience, but ain't he a-drivin' her! There's vessels of her kind sailed out and never heard from again that was never run into, nor rolled over, nor sunk nach'rally in a reg'lar way, but just drove right into it head first and drowned 'fore ever they could rise again. Well, good luck to you, old girl, and your skipper, whoever he is, and I guess if your canvas stays on you'll get to wherever you're bound before a great while, for you're making steamboat time. Go it, old girl, and your little baby on behind, go it. There ain't nothin' short of an ocean liner'll get you now. Go it, a sail or two don't matter—been a good mackerel season and the owners c'n stand it. Go it, God bless you! Go it! You're the lads c'n sail a vessel, you fishermen of Gloucester."

Diving low before the gale the little vessel tore past Highland Light while the watchers sped her on. Down along the lower bluff of the beach she swept, swung around Race Point, shouldered away from the lee of Herring Cove, where the surf washed far up and in, and flew by Wood End, toward the tiny white house on the point of land at the entrance to the harbor.

On board the little vessel all hands were watching sharply for whatever might come out of the misty waters ahead.

"Been here before, ain't she?" said the skipper to his helper at the wheel.

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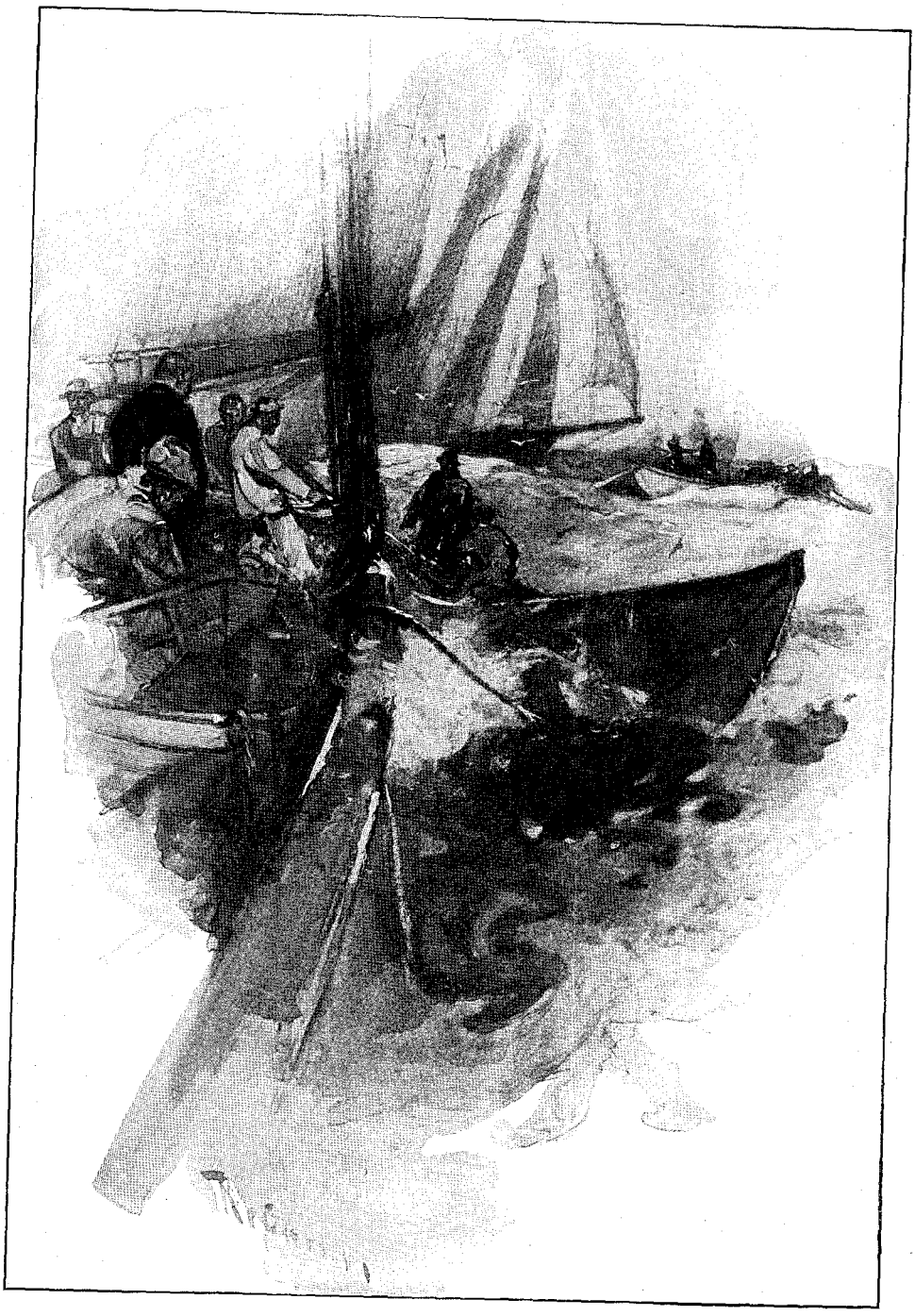

Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.

To chase the elusive mackerel.—Page 145.

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"Knows the way like any fisherman. Look at her point her nose at the breakwater beacon—don't hardly have to give this one the wheel at all. She's the girl. See her bow off now. She knows just as well as you and me she'll be inside and snug's a kenched mackerel before long. Watch her kick into the wind now. Oh, she's a lady, this one. I've sailed many of them, but she's queen of them all, this one."

Past the Point she tore and over to the sands beyond, swung off on her heel to the skipper's heave, came down by the wreck of a big three-master on the inner beach, and around and up opposite Reservoir Hill. Then it was down with the wheel, down with the head sails, let go fore-halyards, over with the anchor, and there she was, this fisherman of Gloucester, at rest in the harbor of Provincetown after a ten-hours' fight with a howling nor'wester.

She was one of the fleet of seventy or eighty Gloucester seiners that had left the bay the day before to chase the elusive mackerel, last reported as outside the cape and striking off toward George's Bank. On the westerly edge of that shoal the nor'wester had caught them and it became a case of everybody rounding to and beating in for a harbor.

Having made all snug, it is the pleasure of this able crew to take note of those who come after. One of the enjoyments of the seining fleet on the New England coast is this racing to harbor when it blows, and then watching friends and rivals as they work in. They are great little vessels these, from 100 to 130 feet over all, of deep draught, heavily sparred, and provided with all kinds of sail.

They are ably managed—"a Gloucester skipper and a Gloucester crew"—and a dash to port when it blows is a sort of regatta to them. Excellent chances are offered to try vessels and seamanship—no drifting or flukes, but wind enough for all hands and on all points of sailing.

They come swooping in one after the other — huge sea-gulls of a surety, but these with wings held close. In this harbor they can be seen long before they get to Long Point, because it is only a narrow crook of land that separates Provincetown Harbor from the ocean outside. From the decks of those already within, the hulls of coming vessels cannot be seen before they reach the Point, but the spars and lower sails rushing by above the hummocks are sufficient for those mariners. The cut of a topsail, the tilt of a masthead, the set of a gaff—the minutest peculiarity serves these experts for identification, so well are they acquainted with one another. This crew just in, barely free of seeing all snug, spy a sister coming along.

"The Oliver Wendell Holmes," sings out one, "the shortest forem'st out of Gloucester. She never came from outside—must 've come from Middle Bank to get in at this time."

"That's the old girl, and behind her is the Dauntless — Charlie Young — black mastheads and two patches on her jumbo. She'll be in and all fast before the Oliver Wendell's straightened out."

And so it was, almost. The poet-named was of the older fleet and never much of a sailer. The Dauntless was one of the newer vessels, big and able. They were critically noted, these two, as under their four lower sails they whip in and around and pass by.

After the Holmes there came in rapid order a noteworthy lot. The Margaret, with "Black Jack" Logan, a fleshy man for a fisherman, who minded his way and remained unmoved at the homage paid his vessel, one of the prize beauties of the fleet. The Margaret Haskins, Captain Charles Harty, a "dog" at seining, always among the high-liners, who got more fun out of a summer's seining than most men ever got out of yachting, who possessed all the newest devices in gear and had a dainty way of getting fish. The Margaret Haskins courtesied as she passed, while her clever skipper nodded along the line.

The Norumbega, another fast beauty, made her bow and dipped her jibs to her mates assembled. At sight of her master, John McKinnon, a great shout goes up. "Ho, ho! boys, here's Lucky John! Whose seine was it couldn't hold a jeesly big school the other day but Bill Hart's? Yes, sir, Billie Hart's. Billie fills up and was just about thinking he'd have to let the rest go when who heaves in sight and rounds to and says, 'Can I help y' out,

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William ?' Who but Lucky John McKinnon, of course. Bales out 200 barrels as nice fat mackerel as ever anybody saw. 'Just fills me up,' says John, and scoots to market. Just been in, mind you, that same week with 250 barrels he got $13 for. Just fills me up,' says John, and scoots. No, he ain't a bit lucky, Captain John ain't — married a young wife only last spring."

Then follows the noted Grayling, with the equally noted Rube Cameron giving the orders. Then the Corsair, another new fast one, but making sluggish work of it just now by reason of a stove-in seine-boat wallowing astern. Then the North Wind, with her decks swept clean of everything that had not been double-lashed. Seine-boat, seine, and dory were gone.

After her is a dark, powerful vessel, with the most erratic skipper of all. This man never appears but the gossip breaks out. "Here he comes, Rufe McKay, with the black Madonna. What's this they say now ?—that he don't come down from the mast-head now like he used to when he strikes a school. When I was with him he was a pretty lively man comin' from aloft—used to sort of fall down, you know—but now he comes down gentle like, slides down the backstay. Only trouble now is he's got to get new rubber boots every other trip, 'count of the creases he wears in the legs of them with sliding down the wire. I tell you they all loses their nerve as they gets older. There's Tommie Bohlen—he's given up trying to sail his vessel on the side, and trying to see how long he c'n carry all he can pile on. Tommie says 'tain't like when a fellow's young and got no family. I expect it's about the same with Rufus here since he got married." The master of the dark Madonna doesn't even glance over as he pilots his vessel along. He very well knows they are discussing him.

Pretty soon comes one that all scan doubtfully. She flies a fine new ensign at her main peak. "Who's this old hooker with her colors up ? Home from salt-fishing, must be." Nobody knows, but as she gets nearer there is a straining of eyes for her name forward. "The H-A-R-B-I—oh, the Harbinger. Must be Old Marks and the old raft he bought Down East last April. This the old man of course—the Harbinger—four months gone. They'll be the happy crowd. They'll be some glad to walk down Main Street again. Timed himself pretty well, didn't he ? Always bumps in along 'bout this time. Since that September breeze twenty year ago that he said blew all the water off Quero and drove him ashore on Sable Island, he says he don't want any more line storms in his. He must've come along *some* fast yesterday and the day before when it was blowin' from the east'ard—couldn't ha' blowed straighter. Special Providence I'll bet the old man was saying when he felt that little forty-knot zephyr at his back, though there'll be some out in South Channel to-day is thinking before now with some of them shoal spots to le'ward and this everlastin' gale to buck up against, that this ain't no specially blessed Providence, I'll bet."

So they came rolling in by the little white house on Long Point till they could make one last tack of it. Like tumbling dolphins they came, seiners nearly all, with a single boat towing astern and a single dory lashed in the waist; the occasional haddockers with their two nests of dories in the waist and all unnecessary gear stowed away, under four lower whole sails mostly—jumbo, jib, fore, and main—though now and then was one with a mainsail in stops and a trysail laced to the peak, and all laying to it until their rails were swashing under and the hissing sea came over the bows.

They are worth noting as they scoot past the Point and work over by the weirs. When they think they have gone close enough — and some go close, indeed — down comes the wheel, around they go, and across the harbor and down on the fleet they come shooting. They breast into the hollows like any sea-bird and lift buoyantly with every heave to shake the water from bilge to quarter. They come across with never a let-up, shaving everything along the way until a suitable berth is picked out. Then sails are dropped, anchor let go, and a rest taken in a troubled trip.

The crews already in form a body of critics who pass expert comment on those who come after. Bungling seamanship would get a fierce slashing here. There

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is none of that. It is all excellent, but there are degrees of excellence. Good seamanship being a matter of course, only extraordinary skill wins unqualified approval. And incoming crews, knowing the quality of criticism ahead, make no mistakes in that harbor.

A dozen ordinary skippers sail past before a famous craftsman at length comes in. Everyone knows him for a "dog," a high-line seiner, and truly a master-mariner. An audible murmur greets this one. "There's the boy," says one in authority. "I mind the time when he came into Souris just such a day as this—plenty of wind stirring. The harbor was jammed with seiners and fresh-fishers. You couldn't see room for a dory, lookin' at them end on. But that don't jar this lad. What does he do? He just comes in and sails around the fleet like a cup-defender on parade—only his crew was hanging on to the ring-bolts under the wind'ard rail. Well, he comes piling in, looks the fleet over, sizes up everything, picks out a nice spot as he shoots around, sails out the harbor again—clean out, yes, sir, clean out—comes about—and it blowin' a living gale all the time—shoots her in again, dives across a line of us, and fetches her up standing. Well, sir, we could ha' jumped from our rail to his injack-boots, he was that close to us and another fellow the other side. Slid her in there like you slide a cover into a diddy-box. Yes, sir, and that's the same lad you see coming along now."

This celebrated fisherman certainly comes gallantly on. A fine working vessel is his—she shows it in every move. She comes around like a twin-screw launch, picks out her berth with intelligence in her eyes, makes for it, swirls, flutters like a bird, drops her wings like a bird, feels with her claws for the solid earth beneath, finds it, grips it, sways, hangs on, and at length settles gently in her place. There was no more jar to the whole thing than if it had been a cat-boat in a summer breeze. "Pretty, pretty, pretty," murmur the watchers.

"They talk about Sol Jacobs and his Ethel B.," said one whose eyes were fastened on this last arrival, "but Sol and the Ethel never dropped to a berth any slicker than that.

"Where's Sol now d'y's'pose—" queried another, "Sol and his steam fisherman?"

"Where," repeated the skipper, "Wherever he is you can bet he ain't hanging around the Bay in this blow—not Sol. Go outside the harbor now just off the light and if you've got half a nose I'll bet you'll smell out a streak of gasoline on the sea, and that'll be the wake of Sol and the Helen Miller Gould driving across the Bay for the Boston market."

The newest of them all reaches around the Point, and her arrival starts a chorus. Her sails are yet white and untorn; her hull is still glossy in fresh black paint; the red stripes along her rail and the gold stripe along her run set off her easy lines; her gear is yet unspecked, her spars are yet yellow and to leeward they still smell of patent varnish—she is beautiful and bold, an adorned and painted charmer. As she pretends to much, so is she by her pretensions judged. She is admired and condemned.

"She's here at last, boys—the yacht. The Rob Roy Magregor—ain't she a bird! Built to beat the fleet. Look at the knockabout bow of her!"

"Knockabout googleums! Scoop-shovel snout and a stern like a battle-ship, broad and square, and the Lord knows there was overhang and to spare to tail her out decent. Cut out the yeller and the red and the whole lot of gold decorations, and she's homely as a Newf'undland jack."

"Just the same, she can sail."

"Sail! Yah! might beat a Rockport granite-sloop. Ever hear of the Grayling, Mister Rube Cameron, and the little licking he gave this highland chief of yours? No? Well, you want to go around and have a drink or two with the boys next time you're ashore and get the news. It was like a dog-fish and a mackerel. The Grayling just eat her up. And there's the others. Why, this one underneath us ain't too slow in the Robbie's company, and there's three or four others. There's the—oh, what's the use?" The Rob Roy Magregor, a perfect lady in bearing certainly, walks in like a high-stepper before these men who malign her virtue and make light of her beauty.

Into the harbor heaves a different sort

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of craft. This is not the handsomest, nor the fastest, nor did she ever put in a claim for such honors. But she is fast enough and handsome enough, and she brings the fish home. She is an able vessel and is known for it. She will carry whole sails when some of the others are double-reefed and thinking of dragging trysails out of the hold. And her skipper is a veteran of forty celebrated gales.

"You can cut all the others out, boys; here comes the real thing. Here's the old dog himself. Did he ever miss a blow? And look at him. Every man come in here to-day under four lowers, no more, and some under mains'l reefed, or a trys'l, but four whole lowers ain't enough for this gentleman—not for old Joey. He must carry that gaff-tops'l if he pulls the planks out of her. He always brings her home, but if some of the underwriters'd see him out here they'd soon blacklist him till he mended his ways. It's a blessed wonder that old packet ain't found bottom afore this. Look at her now skating in on her ear. There she goes—if they'd just lower a man over the weather rail with a line on him he could write his name on her keel."

She surely was a thing to marvel at. There had been a vessel or two that staggered before, but this one fairly rolled down into it, and there was no earthly reason why she should do it except that it pleased her skipper to sport that extra kite.

She boils up from the Point, and her wake is the wake of a screw-steamer. She is one of the last to get in, and the harbor is crowded as she straightens out. She has not too much leeway coming on, and her direction is the cause of some speculation.

"If she's goin' where she's pointing—and most vessels do—she'll find a berth down on the beach on that course, down about where the wreck is. It'll be dry enough walking when she gets there; if she keeps on the gait she's goin' now, she'd ought to be able to fetch good and high and dry up on the sand. They'd cert'nly be able to step ashore—when they get there—ah-h-h, that's more like it."

She is taking it over the quarter now. She clears the stern of the most leeward of the fleet and then kicks off, heading over to where the Monarch and Magregor lie. The prophecy is that she will round to and drop in between these two. There is room there, just room enough. It will be a close fit, but there is room.

But she doesn't round to. She holds straight on without the sign of a swerve. The interested crew of the Monarch, who are now in her path, pick out a possible course for her. Between the outer end of their seine-boat and the end of the bowsprit of the Nellie Adams is a passage that may be the width of a vessel. But the space seems too narrow. The Monarch's crew, who have heard something of this skipper, are wondering if he'll try it.

"He's got to take it quarterin', and it ain't wide enough."

"Quarterin'—yes—but he's got everything hauled close inboard," says the Monarch's skipper. "He'll try it, I guess. I was hand with him for three years, and if he feels like trying it he'll try it."

"And suppose he tries it?"

"Oh, he'll come pretty near making it, though he stands a good chance to scrape the paint off our seine-boat going by. No, don't touch the seine-boat. Let her be as she is. We'll fool him if he thinks he'll jar anybody here coming on like that. There's room enough if nothing slips, and if he hits it's his lookout."

It looked a narrow gulch for twenty-five feet of beam to get through, but she trips along, and the eyes of all watchers follow her to the point where she must turn tail or take the passage.

She holds on. She cannot go back now.

"Watch her, boys. Now she's whooping. Look at her come!"

Truly she is coming. Her windward side is lifted so high that her bottom planks can be seen. The crew in oilskins are crowded forward. There are men at the fore-halliards, at jib-halliards, at the downhauls, and a group are standing by the anchor. Two men are at the wheel.

She bites into it. There is froth at her mouth. She is so near now that the Monarch's men can read the faces of her crew. The Monarch's crew, wide-awake

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to this fine craftsmanship, lean over the rail, the better to note the outcome. The crews of half the vessels in port are watching her.

She is a length away and jumping to it. It is yet in doubt, but she is certainly rushing to some sort of finish. She is here—now !

W-r-r-p ! her weather bow comes down on the Monarch's seine-boat. But it doesn't quite hit it. Her quarter to leeward just cuts under the Adam's bowsprit—and the leach of the mainsail seems to flatten past. For a moment the watchers are not certain, but no jolt or lurch comes and they themselves are all right. Another jump and she is clear by. Success has bowed to daring.

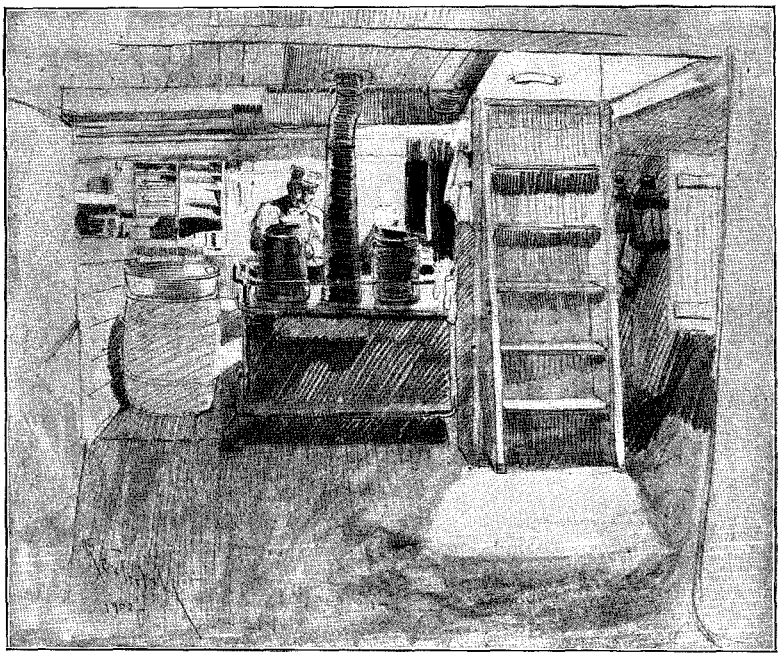
From the deck of the Monarch, of the Adams, and of half a dozen others the watchers grit out commendation, and those who know point out the redoubtable skipper himself. "That's him ! the little man of the two at the wheel."

If the little man hears the hails that are sent after him, he makes no acknowledgment, unless a faint dipping of his sou'-wester back over his starboard shoulder is his method of recognition.

He has business yet, the little man. There is a matter of a tug and a barge and another big seiner. He clips the tug, scrapes the barge, and sets the seiner's boat a-dancing. Two lengths more he puts down the wheel and throws her gracefully into the wind. Down comes jib, down comes jumbo. Over goes the anchor. She runs forward a little, rattles back a link or two, steadies herself, and there you are. Her big mainsail is yet shaking in the wind, her gaff-topsail yet fluttering defiantly, but she herself, the Senator Edmunds of Gloucester, is at your service. And "What do you think of her, people?" might just as well have been shot off her deck through a megaphone, for that is what her bearing and the now unnatural smartness of her crew are plainly saying.

The watchers draw breath again. One of long experience unbends from the rail and shakes his head in abstraction. He takes off his sou'-wester, slats it over the after-bitt to clear the brim of rain, and delivers himself.

"You'll see nothing cleaner than that in this harbor to-day, and you'll see some pretty fair work at that. That fellow, boys—he's an able seaman." And the man who spoke was something of an able seaman himself.



The Fisherman's Chef.

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Alicia lowered her book and surveyed me intently.

CENSOR

By George Buchanan Fife

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

ALICIA lowered her book and surveyed me intently. I put down my pen and reached for my pipe, because I knew this to be a premonitory signal.

"I don't wish to know to whom you're writing," she said, as I puffed slowly, "but I would like to know what it is." There was decided accentuation of "whom" and "what."

"Note," I replied, still puffing. It was just the sort of reply Alicia would have made, and she is inordinately fond of referring to her diplomacy and my woful lack of it.

"You don't seem to have got very far," Alicia's tone was almost exultant, "and you've been at it five—ten—fifteen—eighteen minutes. That's a long time to

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spend over a date-line—and then get it wrong."

"I dated it to-morrow because I intend posting it in the morning." I knew this to be one of Alicia's stratagems.

"If you date it the day after to-morrow you'll have that much more time on it."

I elected to ignore this observation, to Alicia's evident disappointment, as she immediately added: "Then, perhaps, you might think of something really clever to say."

The book went up and I was left once more alone with my dated sheet of notepaper. As I glanced across the table at Alicia I encountered her eyes over her book. She was laughing at me.

"You seem to be taking an unusual amount of interest in me this evening," I said, striving to maintain an irritating smile with a pipe in my mouth.

"Oh, not at all," this with delicious carelessness. "I'm simply amused at your denseness." She rested her elbows upon the table, tucked her hands under her chin, and regarded me merrily. Alicia, always pretty, looked irresistible. "I wonder whether you used to take all this time over the notes you sent me," she said, pursing her lips.

"If I did you eminently deserved it, my dear," I replied, again adopting Alicia's methods and adding a gracious little bow of my own.

"Then Miss Carmichael is being flattered indeed. Let me see what she wrote you."

Alicia was still smiling as I handed the note to her. "Mercy me," she said, "how well a woman learns a man after she's married to him!" As this bit of wisdom was addressed to the note, certainly not to me, I did not deem it incumbent upon me to make answer. I felt that honors were easy; a man learns a few odds and ends about women after marriage.

Alicia read in silence with eyebrows slightly raised, and I waited, realizing that the end was not yet.

Without comment of any kind upon the handwriting, which I considered an amazing relinquishment of feminine prerogative, Alicia returned the note.

"Well?" I said, determined to spur her on.

"Well, it's no affair of mine," she replied, and I could not refrain from sniffing; Alicia is so transparent. "But I fail to see why that note cannot be answered in five minutes. I'm sure she didn't spend more than three in writing it. But, of course, *you* must be very clever and interesting. I'd be careful not to surprise her if I were you."

"Um—hm," I said, because Alicia stood revealed. "Let's hope, at any rate," I continued, "that it does not affect Miss Carmichael as it seems to have affected you, brief as it is." I relighted my pipe with pointed deliberation. It is exhilarating to break a lance with Alicia.

"Affected me?" she exclaimed, and anyone else would have believed her genuinely surprised. "I'm just ashamed to see what a goose you are. I knew perfectly well that you were going to write to Miss Carmichael when you sat down. I asked you merely to hear what you'd say. You're like all the rest of them, flattered to death whenever a woman takes any notice of you." I retaliated in defence of my sex with a particularly derisive laugh. "Here's a girl who has written to congratulate you on your book, and you're more pleased than Punch; indeed, you're so overcome you can't think what to say in reply."

"When it's a fault to feel pleased, dearest Alicia—" I had hoped to deliver something epigrammatic, but Alicia came flying down the lists.

"Be pleased, certainly," she said, "but for Heaven's sake don't let the woman see that she's upset you so. Why, I'd be mortified beyond words if she ever found out you'd set aside an entire evening to write to her; mortified for your sake. And you'd be in a perfect ferment if I took half this time writing to a *man*." The last word fairly rang.

"Eh? What, dear?" I asked, with malicious innocence of mien, looking up from my page.

"I know you heard me." Again the book went up.

"Perhaps you'd like to write it for me," I hastened to suggest.

No answer, save the careful turning of a leaf, and then silence. I watched Alicia

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narrowly for a few moments to make sure she had retired from the field, because she has a way of galloping back and sometimes almost unhorsing me. But, apparently she was unaware of my presence. She was deep in her big chair and, so far as I was concerned, deep in her book. I decided not to glance at her again and returned to my note.

At the end of fifteen minutes I made a great business of putting down my pen, but Alicia's attention was not thus to be attracted. She simply raised her book slightly, as if to mark a barrier between us, and went on with her reading.

I waited, realizing that the end was not yet.—Page 151.

"Would you like to read this, Alicia?" I asked, after a dignified delay. "Just to see that I've not—er—disclosed my upset condition."

"Not if it's clever. You say I never understand clever things." The book came down slowly, but I noted that she thrust a marker between the leaves. Alicia had dropped her lance to rest.

"You might read it to me if you wish," she said, with an excess of indifference. "I'd really like to see the product of such arduous labor." She inclined her head and ran her hand deftly over her coiled hair. A man, I imagine, would have rolled up his sleeves. I waited until Alicia looked at me and then began.

"'Dear Miss Car——'"

"Why not '*My* dear'? You're writing formally, aren't you?"

I admitted that I was and wrote a prefatory "my," reading the corrected line in indisputable token of my obedience.

"'My Dear Miss Carmichael:

"'Your praise of "Castleton" is indeed oil and wine in my wounds. You must have seen how mercilessly the critics fell upon me and been moved to compassion. So many have passed by on the other side that I had begun to despair, but your gracious note bids me take heart. I thank you most sincerely for it.

"'I shall be delighted to talk over the book with you and take full heed of your criticism. I well know your generous skill in this.

"'Mrs. Rushton desires to be remembered to you most kindly.

"'Cordially yours,

"'Herbert Rushton.'

"Will that do?" I asked, and I confess I was taken somewhat aback by the look with which Alicia transfixed me.

"Do?" she cried. "Of all the gushy notes I've ever heard that is *the* gushiest. You certainly cannot mean to send it." Alicia's tone implied that I was either fool or knave, the choice being left to me.

"Certainly I intend to send it, my dear," I said, cheerfully. "Why do you suppose I wrote it? As for its being 'gushy,' as you call it, I don't know what you mean."

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Alicia read in silence with eyebrows slightly raised.—Page 151.

Alicia took the note from me and read it, not deigning an answer until she had finished.

"Well, I think it—simply disgusting," she said. "Gush, gush, gush from beginning to end."

Now, I respect Alicia's opinion in many things, many more than she claims, but this stirred the spirit of rebellion within me. I fancied the note rather well turned —not that I had a thought of intimating this to Alicia—and failed utterly to discern the justice of her censure. I was resolved to rest the burden of proof upon her, so I said:

"I wish you'd point out the gush, the disgusting gush. I fancied—", but I checked my words too late.

"Yes, you fancied it rather daintily done, didn't you?" This was no time for me to answer. "I imagined as much," Alicia added, with two or three quick nods, scrutinizing the note through half-closed eyes. "'Oil and wine in my wounds'—Hmm—'moved to compassion'—of course—'gracious note'—'bids me take heart'—Oh, to be sure—Goodness, Herbert, I don't see what possessed you to write such things."

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"These are more or less glittering generalities, my dear. Be specific; show me where I have gushed." I indicated the note somewhat loftily, I hoped.

"Do you mean to say you *don't* see it?" Alicia looked at me pityingly and I made a noise in my throat and shook my head. This, apparently, was too much for her. With the manner of a hopelessly tried teacher toward a stupid urchin Alicia *turned* to me. "Look and I'll show you. The gush begins here"—a finger on the date-line, "*and ends* here,"—my signature.

I smiled, nodded encouragement, and said, "Go on."

"In the first place," Alicia is exasperatingly methodical about unnecessary things, "you tell the girl that she alone has come to your aid with—er—'oil and wine,' yes, that's it, 'oil and wine,' and taken compassion on you. Now that's gushy-gush, can't you see it?"

"I think it's a very nice thing to say," I replied, stoutly.

"Yes, that's what she'll think, too." This triumphantly. "And how do you know she's read all of the criticisms of your book? 'You must have seen how mercilessly the critics fell upon me.' Do you suppose for one instant that she's so much interested in you? I don't. Her note is simply a formal congratulation, very brief and very pleasant, but certainly not requiring such an answer as you've written. I *know* she'll be surprised."

I am not much of a success at sarcasm, but I said, jauntily:

"Perhaps you'd like me to write, 'Miss Elizabeth Carmichael, Dear Miss: Yours of the 20th instant received. Many thanks——'"

"If you're going to be silly I'll not talk to you."

"Perhaps you'd like to write it for me," I hastened to suggest.—Page 151.

"My dear, I never was more serious in my life," I replied, and I know I looked serious enough.

"I am doing this only to save you from appearing ridiculous, Herbert. Now listen to this: 'Your gracious note bids me take heart.' If that isn't gush, pray what do you call it?"

"Why, it's just a little pleasantry; one of those things not meant to be taken literally. For mercy's sake, Alicia, permit me some latitude. I can't imagine that Miss Carmichael will subject my note to such critical analysis."

I momentarily regretted my words as suggesting a petulant comparison which I had not intended, but Alicia's parry was a thrust.

"No?" she said, with arched brows. "I see you refer here particularly to your knowledge of her skill in criticism."

"Yes, but you will note my use of the adjective 'generous,' my dear." I scored myself one.

"I note it simply as an admonition to her. You proffer her the gloves with which to handle you; that's quite obvi-

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No answer, save the careful turning of a leaf, and then silence.—Page 151.

ous." Alicia made it "one all" without even glancing up. "And when in this instance did Mrs. Rushton desire to be remembered to her most kindly?"

"You do, don't you?" I asked, evasively.

"Of course I do, but that's not the point. The point is that you thought to make it seem a bit less personal by putting on the domestic finish."

"I rather think that you've put on the finish," I said, turning to my pipe for consolation. "I don't see that you've left much of my note."

"I've let you know what I think of it," Alicia said, tossing it toward me in eloquent announcement that she had done with it. "What any woman would think," she added by way of strengthening her opinion.

"It's a good thing a man hasn't two wives," I said, contemplating my effort regretfully. "He'd never by the slightest chance succeed in getting any note past them. I wish you'd see what you've left me. 'I thank you most sincerely for it. I shall be delighted to talk over the book with you—Cordially yours.'"

"And that's all I think you should say," Alicia declared. "It need not be so abrupt as that, of course, and you might add that I wish to be remem-

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bered to her. You certainly can do that without all these—embellishments, can't you ? "

"I suppose I can, although it isn't the way I write notes. I——"

"Yes, I know, you want to take rhetorical flights whenever you put pen to paper. Now, do be sensible and write a formal, pleasant note ; tell her you appreciate her praise of your book, but don't attempt to make her think she's the only person who thinks it good. I told you that long before she did."

"I know you did, dear," I replied, and my hand instantly sought the slender white one which rested so near it. "But you have entirely misunderstood the spirit of my note." I was not to be so easily mollified with my carefully reared structure lying in ruins before me. "It was not my intention to have Miss Carmichael think herself my only champion, and I cannot see that my note admits of such an inference."

"Silly, of course I know you didn't intend that she should think that. I just didn't want you to think that she thought, I mean I didn't want her to think that you thought she—well, that she could flatter you so—you know what I mean."

"No, I'm blest if I do," I said, stubbornly, and I threw myself back and thrust both hands deep in my pockets for emphasis.

"Then it's because you don't wish to." Again I was the backward urchin and Alicia the wearied teacher. She gave me up as hopeless and directed much attention upon smoothing a bit of lace on her sleeve. I felt like a convicted innocent who realizes the futility of protest. "I've said all I can say," Alicia continued—the lace required an extraordinary amount of smoothing—"and I'm amazed that you don't understand. I beg, however, you will *not* send that "—she undoubtedly restrained some stronger adjective—"high-flown note."

As the lace had been smoothed to her entire satisfaction Alicia looked up at me.

"And next time," she said, and in a moment the clouds parted and the sunshine of a smile gleamed through. "And next time," she repeated, "I hope you won't rob me of a whole evening——"

Then I understood.

"Oh, jealousy, jealousy ! " I cried, as I caught Alicia's hand. She tried to draw it away, the sun still shining, but I held fast and kissed it—and I wonder what Miss Carmichael will think of the note I write her.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, GARDENER

By Henry van Dyke

YOURS is a garden of old-fashioned flowers ;
Joyous children delight to play there ;
Weary men find rest in its bowers,
Watching the lingering light of day there.

Old-time tunes and young love's laughter
Ripple and run among the roses ;
Memory's echoes come murmuring after,
Filling the dusk when the long day closes.

Simple songs with a cadence olden—
These you learned in the Forest of Arden :
Friendly flowers with hearts all golden—
These you borrowed from Eden's garden.

This is the reason why all men love you,
Remember your songs and forget your art :
Other poets may soar above you—
You keep close to the human heart.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE

BY JAMES FORD RHODES

THE English Constitution, as it existed between 1760 and 1787, was the model of the American, but parts of it were inapplicable to the conditions in which the thirteen Colonies found themselves, and where the model failed the Convention struck out anew. The sagacity of the American statesmen in this creative work may well fill Englishmen, so Sir Henry Maine wrote, "with wonder and envy." Mr. Bryce's classification of constitutions as flexible and rigid is apt: of our Constitution it may be said that in the main it is rigid in those matters which should not be submitted to the decision of a legislature or to a popular vote without checks which secure reflection and a chance for the sober second thought, and that it has proved flexible in its adaptation to the growth of the country and to the development of the nineteenth century. Sometimes, though, it is flexible to the extent of lacking precision. An instance of this is the proviso for the counting of the electoral vote. "The votes shall then be counted" are the words. Thus, when in 1876 it was doubtful whether Tilden or Hayes had been chosen President, a fierce controversy arose as to who should count the votes, the President of the Senate or Congress. While many regretted the absence of an incontrovertible provision, it was fortunate for the country that the Constitution did not provide that the vote should be counted by the President of the Senate, who, the Vice-President having died in office, was in 1877 a creature of the partisan majority. It is doubtful, too, if the decision of such an officer would have been acquiesced in by the mass of Democrats, who thought that they had fairly elected their candidate. There being no express declaration of the Constitution, it devolved upon Congress to settle the dispute: the ability and patriotism of that body was equal to the crisis. By a well-devised plan of arbitration, Congress relieved the strain and provided for a peaceful settlement of a difficulty which in most countries would have led to civil war.

In the provisions conferring the powers and defining the duties of the Executive the flexible character of the Constitution is shown in another way. Everything is clearly stated, but the statements go not beyond the elementary. The Convention knew what it wanted to say, and Gouverneur Morris, who in the end drew up the document, wrote this part of it, as indeed all other parts, in clear and effective words. It is due to him, wrote Laboulaye, that the Constitution has a "distinctness entirely French, in happy contrast to the complicated language of the English laws." Yet on account of the elementary character of the article of the Constitution on the powers of the President, there is room for inference, a chance for development, and an opportunity for a strong man to imprint his character upon the office. The Convention, writes Mr. Bryce, made its executive a George III. "shorn of a part of his prerogative," his influence and dignity diminished by a reduction of the term of office to four years. The English writer was thoroughly familiar with the *Federalist*, and appreciated Hamilton's politic efforts to demonstrate that the executive of the Constitution was modelled after the governors of the States, and not after the British monarch; but "an enlarged copy of the State governor," Mr. Bryce asserts, is one and the same thing as "a reduced and improved copy of the English king." But, on the other hand, Bagehot did not believe that the Americans comprehended the English Constitution. "Living across the Atlantic," he wrote, "and misled by accepted doctrines, the acute framers of the Federal Constitution, even after the keenest attention, did not perceive the Prime Minister to be the principal executive of the British Constitution and the sovereign a cog in the mechanism;" and he seems to think that

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if this had been understood the executive power would have been differently constituted.

It is a pertinent suggestion of Mr. Bryce's that the members of the Convention must have been thinking of their presiding officer, George Washington, as the first man who would exercise the powers of the executive office they were creating. So it turned out. Never did a country begin a new enterprise with so wise a ruler. An admirable polity had been adopted, but much depended upon getting it to work, and the man who was selected to start the government was the man of all men for the task. Histories many and from different points of view have been written of Washington's administration; all are interesting, and the subject seems to ennoble the writers. Statesmen meeting with students to discuss the character and political acts of Washington marvel at his wisdom in great things and his patience in small things, at the dignity and good sense with which he established the etiquette of his office, at the tact which retained in his service two such irreconcilable men as Jefferson and Hamilton. The importance of a good start for an infant government is well understood. But for our little State of four million people such a start was difficult to secure. The contentions which grew out of the ratification of the Constitution in the different States had left bitter feelings behind them, and these domestic troubles were heightened by our intimate relations with foreign countries. We touched England, France, and Spain at delicate points, and the infancy of our nation was passed during the turmoil of the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror. In our midst there was an English and a French party. Moreover, in the judgment of the world the experiment of the new government was foredoomed to failure. Wrote Sir Henry Maine: "It is not at all easy to bring home to the men of the present day how low the credit of republics had sunk before the establishment of the United States." Hardly were success to be won had we fallen upon quiet times; but with free governments discredited, and the word liberty made a reproach by the course of the French Revolution, it would seem impossible.

Washington's prescience is remarkable. Recognizing, in October, 1789, that France had "gone triumphantly through the first paroxysm," he felt that she must encounter others, that more blood must be shed, that she might run from one extreme to another, and that "a higher-toned despotism" might replace "the one which existed before." Mentally prepared as he was, he met with skill the difficulties as they arose, so that the conduct of our foreign relations during the eight years of his administration was marked by discretion and furnished a good pattern to follow. During his foreign negotiations he determined a constitutional question of importance. When the Senate had ratified and Washington, after some delay, had signed the Jay treaty, the House of Representatives, standing for the popular clamor against it, asked the President for all the papers relating to the negotiation, on the ground that the House of Representatives must give its concurrence. This demand he resisted, maintaining that it struck at "the fundamental principles of the Constitution," which conferred upon the President and the Senate the power of making treaties, and provided that these treaties when made and ratified were the supreme law of the land. In domestic affairs he showed discernment in selecting as his confidential adviser Alexander Hamilton, a man who had great constructive talent; and he gave a demonstration of the physical strength of the government by putting down the whiskey rebellion in Pennsylvania. During his eight years he construed the powers conferred upon the Executive by the Constitution with wisdom, and exercised them with firmness and vigor. Washington was a man of exquisite manners, and his conduct of the office gave it a dignity and prestige which, with the exception of a part of one term, it has never lost.

Four of the five Presidents who followed Washington were men of education and ability, and all of them had large political training and experience; they reached their position by the process of a natural selection in politics, being entitled fitly to the places for which they were chosen. The three first fell upon stormy times and did their work during periods of intense partisan excitement; they were

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also subject to personal detraction, but the result in the aggregate of their administrations was good, inasmuch as they either maintained the power of the Executive or increased its influence. Despite their many mistakes they somehow overcame the great difficulties. Each one did something of merit and the country made a distinct gain from John Adams to Monroe. Any one of them suffers by comparison with Washington: the "era of good feeling" was due to Congress and the people as well as to the Executive. Nevertheless, the three turbulent administrations and the two quiet ones which succeeded Washington's may at this distance from them be contemplated with a feeling of gratulation. The Presidents surrounded themselves for the most part with men of ability, experience, and refinement, who carried on the government with dignity and a sense of proportion, building well upon the foundations which Washington had laid.

A contrast between France and the United States leads to curious reflections. The one has a past rich in art, literature, and architecture, which the other almost entirely lacks. But politically the older country has broken with the past, while we have political traditions peculiar to ourselves of the highest value. For the man American-born they may be summed up in Washington, the rest of the "Fathers," and the Constitution; and those who leave England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Germany, and Scandinavia to make their home in America soon come to share in these possessions. While the immigrants from southern Europe do not comprehend the Constitution, they know Washington. An object-lesson may be had almost any pleasant Sunday or holiday in the public garden in Boston from the group of Italians who gather about the statue of Washington, showing, by their mobile faces and animated talk, that they revere him who is the Father of their adopted country.

During these five administrations, at least two important extensions or assertions of executive power were made. In 1803 Jefferson bought Louisiana, doing, he said, "an act beyond the Constitution." He was a strict constructionist, and was deeply concerned at the variance between his constitutional principles and a desire for the material advantage of his country. In an effort to preserve his consistency he suggested to his Cabinet and political friends an amendment to the Constitution approving and confirming the cession of this territory, but they, deeming such an amendment entirely unnecessary, received his suggestion coldly. In the debate on the Louisiana treaty in the Senate and the House, all speakers of both parties agreed that "the United States Government had the power to acquire new territory either by conquest or by treaty."* Louisiana, "without its consent and against its will," was annexed to the United States, and Jefferson "made himself monarch of the new territory, and wielded over it, against its protests, the powers of its old kings." †

The assertion by the President in 1823 of the Monroe doctrine (which Mr. Worthington C. Ford has shown to be the John Quincy Adams doctrine) is an important circumstance in the development of the Executive power.

President John Quincy Adams was succeeded by Andrew Jackson, a man of entirely different character from those who had preceded him in the office, and he represented different aims. Adams deserved another term. His sturdy Americanism, tempered by the cautiousness in procedure which was due to his rare training, made him an excellent public servant, and the country erred in not availing itself of his further service. The change from the *régime* of the first six Presidents to that of Jackson was probably inevitable. A high-toned democracy, based on a qualified suffrage, believing in the value of training for public life and administrative office, setting a value on refinement and good manners, was in the end sure to give way to a pure democracy based on universal suffrage whenever it could find a leader to give it force and direction. Jackson was such a leader. His followers felt, "He is one of us. He is not proud and does not care for style." ‡ The era of vulgarity in national politics was ushered in by Jackson, who as President introduced the custom of rewarding political workers with offices, an innovation

* Henry Adams, vol. ii., p. 113. † Ibid., p. 130.
‡ Sumner's Jackson, p. 138.

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entirely indefensible; he ought to have continued the practice of his six predecessors. The interaction between government and politics on the one hand and the life of the people on the other is persistent, and it may be doubted whether the United States would have seemed as it did to Dickens had not Jackson played such an important part in the vulgarization of politics. Yet it was a happy country, as the pages of Tocqueville bear witness.

Jackson was a strong Executive, and placed in his Cabinet men who would do his will, and who, from his own point of view, were good advisers, since they counselled him to pursue the course he had marked out for himself. Comparing his Cabinet officers with those of the Presidents preceding him, one realizes that another plan of governing was set on foot, based on the theory that any American citizen is fit for any position to which he is called. It was an era when special training for administrative work began to be slighted, when education beyond the rudiments was considered unnecessary, except in the three professions, when the practical man was apotheosized and the bookish man despised. Jackson, uneducated and with little experience in civil life, showed what power might be exercised by an arbitrary, unreasonable man who had the people at his back. The brilliant three, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, were unable to prevail against his power.

Jackson's financial policy may be defended; yet had it not been for his course during the nullification trouble, his declaration, "Our Federal Union: It must be preserved," and his consistent and vigorous action in accordance with that sentiment, it would be difficult to affirm that the influence of his two terms of office was good. It cannot be said that he increased permanently the power of the Executive, but he showed its capabilities. It is somewhat curious, however, that Tocqueville, whose observations were made under Jackson, should have written: "The President possesses almost royal prerogatives, which he never has an opportunity of using. . . . The laws permit him to be strong; circumstances keep him weak."

The eight Presidents from Jackson to Lincoln did not raise the character of the Presidential office. Van Buren was the heir of Jackson. Of the others, five owed their nominations to their availability. The evil which Jackson did lived after him; indeed, only a man as powerful for the good as he had been for the bad could have restored the civil service to the merit system which had prevailed before he occupied the White House. The offices were at stake in every election, and the scramble for them after the determination of the result was great and pressing. The chief business of a President for many months after his inauguration was the dealing out of the offices to his followers and henchmen. It was a bad scheme, from the political point of view, for every President except him who inaugurated it. Richelieu is reported to have said, on making an appointment, "I have made a hundred enemies and one ingrate." So might have said many times the Presidents who succeeded Jackson.

The Whig, a very respectable party, having in its ranks the majority of the men of wealth and education, fell a victim to the doctrine of availability when it nominated Harrison on account of his military reputation. He lived only one month after his inauguration, and Tyler, the Vice-President who succeeded him, reverted to his old political principles, which were Democratic, and broke with the Whigs. By an adroit and steady use of the executive power he effected the annexation of Texas, but the master spirit in this enterprise was Calhoun, his Secretary of State. Polk, his Democratic successor, coveted California and New Mexico, tried to purchase them, and not being able to do this, determined on war. In fact, he had decided to send in a war message to Congress before the news came that the Mexicans, goaded to it by the action of General Taylor, under direct orders of the President, had attacked an American force and killed sixteen of our dragoons. This gave a different complexion to his message, and enabled him to get a strong backing from Congress for his war policy. The actions of Tyler and of Polk illustrate the power inherent in the Executive office. It might seem that

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the exercise of this authority, securing for us at small material cost the magnificent domains of Texas, California, and New Mexico, would have given these Presidents a fame somewhat like that which Jefferson won by the purchase of Louisiana. But such has not been the case. The main reason is that the extension of slavery was involved in both enterprises, and the histories of these times, which have moulded historical sentiment, have been written from the anti-slavery point of view. It seems hardly probable that this sentiment will be changed in any time that we can forecast, but there is an undoubted tendency in the younger historical students to look upon the expansion of the country as the important consideration, and the slavery question as incidental. Professor von Holst thought this changing historical sentiment entirely natural, but he felt sure that in the end men would come round to the anti-slavery view, of which he was so powerful an advocate.

From Taylor to Lincoln slavery dominated all other questions. Taylor was a Southern man and a slaveholder, and by his course on the Compromise measures attracted the favor of anti-slavery men; while Fillmore, of New York, who succeeded this second President to die in office, and who exerted the power of the Administration to secure the passage of Clay's Compromise and signed the Fugitive Slave law, had but a small political following at the North. Pierce and Buchanan were weak, the more positive men in their Cabinets and in the Senate swayed them. For a part of both of their terms the House of Representatives was controlled by the opposition, the Senate remaining Democratic. These circumstances are evidence both of the length of time required to change the political complexion of the Senate and of the increasing power of the North, which was dominant in the popular House. For the decade before the Civil War we should study the Senate, the House of Representatives, the Supreme Court, the action of the States, and popular sentiment. The Executive is still powerful, but he is powerful because he is the representative of a party or faction which dictates the use that shall be made of his constitutional powers. The Presidential office loses interest: irresolute men are in the White House, strong men everywhere else.

Lincoln is inaugurated President; the Civil War ensues, and with it an extraordinary development of the executive power. It is an interesting fact that the ruler of a republic which sprang from a resistance to the English King and Parliament should exercise more arbitrary power than any Englishman since Oliver Cromwell, and that many of his acts should be worthy of a Tudor. Lincoln was a good lawyer who reverenced the Constitution and the laws, and only through necessity assumed and exercised extra-legal powers, trying at the same time to give to these actions the color of legality. Hence his theory of the war power of the Constitution, which may be construed to permit everything necessary to carry on the war. Yet his dictatorship was different from Cæsar's and different from the absolute authority of Napoleon. He acted under the restraints imposed by his own legal conscience and patriotic soul, whose influence was revealed in his confidential letters and talks. We know furthermore that he often took counsel of his Cabinet officers before deciding matters of moment. Certain it is that in arbitrary arrests Seward and Stanton were disposed to go farther than Lincoln. The spirit of arbitrary power was in the air, and unwise and unjust acts were done by subordinates which, although Lincoln would not have done them himself, he deemed it better to ratify than to undo. This was notably the case in the arrest of Vallandigham. Again, Congress did not always do what Lincoln wished, and certain men of his own party in Congress were strong enough to influence his actions in various ways. But, after all, he was himself a strong man exercising comprehensive authority; and it is an example of the flexibility of the Constitution that, while it surely did not authorize certain of Lincoln's acts, it did not expressly forbid them. It was, for example, an open question whether the Constitution authorized Congress or the President to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*.

It seems to be pretty well settled by the common-sense of mankind that when a nation is fighting for its existence it cannot be fettered by all the legal technicali-

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ties which obtain in the time of peace. Happy the country whose dictatorship, if dictator there must be, falls into wise and honest hands! The honesty, magnanimity, and wisdom of Lincoln guided him aright, and no harm has come to the great principles of liberty from the arbitrary acts which he did or suffered to be done. On the other hand, he has so impressed himself upon the Commonwealth that he has made a precedent for future rulers in a time of national peril, and what he excused and defended will be assumed as a matter of course because it will be according to the Constitution as interpreted by Abraham Lincoln. This the Supreme Court foresaw when it rendered its judgment in the Milligan case, saying: "Wicked men ambitious of power, with hatred of liberty and contempt of law, may fill the place once occupied by Washington and Lincoln, and if this right is conceded [that of a commander in a time of war to declare martial law within the lines of his military district and subject citizens as well as soldiers to the rule of *his will*] and the calamities of war again befall us, the dangers to human liberty are frightful to contemplate." No one can deny that a danger here exists, but it is not so great as the solemn words of the Supreme Court might lead one to believe. For Lincoln could not have persisted in his arbitrary acts had a majority of Congress definitely opposed them, and his real strength lay in the fact that he had the people at his back. This may be said of the period from the first call of troops in April, 1861, until the summer of 1862. McClellan's failure on the Peninsula, Pope's disaster at the second battle of Bull Run, the defeats at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville lost Lincoln the confidence of many; and while the emancipation proclamation of September, 1862, intensified the support of others, it nevertheless alienated some Republicans and gave to the opposition of the Democrats a new vigor. But after Gettysburg and Vicksburg in July, 1863, Lincoln had the support of the mass of the Northern people. Whatever he did the people believed was right because he had done it. The trust each placed in the other is one of the inspiring examples of free government and democracy. Lincoln did not betray their confidence: they did not falter save possibly for brief moments during the gloomy summer of 1864. The people who gave their unreserved support to Lincoln were endued with intelligence and common-sense; not attracted by any personal magnetism of the man, they had, by a process of homely reasoning, attained their convictions and from these they were not to be shaken. This is the safety of a dictatorship as long as the same intelligence obtains among the voters as now; for the people will not support a ruler in the exercise of extra-legal powers unless he be honest and patriotic. The danger may come in a time of trouble from either an irresolute or an unduly obstinate Executive. The irresolute man would baffle the best intentions of the voters; the obstinate man might quarrel with Congress and the people. Either event in time of war would be serious and might be disastrous. But the chances are against another Buchanan or Johnson in the Presidential office.

If the Civil War showed the flexibility of the Constitution in that the Executive by the general agreement of Congress and the people was able to assume unwarranted powers, the course of affairs under Johnson demonstrated the strength that Congress derived from the organic act. The story is told in a sentence by Blaine: "Two-thirds of each House united and stimulated to one end can practically neutralize the executive power of the Government and lay down its policy in defiance of the efforts and opposition of the President." * What a contrast between the two administrations! Under Lincoln Congress, for the most part, simply registered the will of the President; under Johnson the President became a mere executive clerk of Congress. In the one case the people supported the President, in the other they sustained Congress. Nothing could better illustrate the flexibility of the Constitution than the contrast between these administrations; but it needs no argument to show that to pass from one such extreme to another is not healthy for the body politic. The violent antagonisms aroused during Johnson's administration, when the difficult questions to be settled needed the best statesman-

* Twenty Years of Congress, Vol. ii., p. 185.

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ship of the country, and when the President and Congress should have co-operated wisely and sympathetically, did incalculable harm. Johnson, by habits, manners, mind and character, was unfit for the Presidential office, and whatever may have been the merit of his policy, a policy devised by angels could never have been carried on by such an advocate. The American people love order and decency; they have a high regard for the Presidential office, and they desire to see its occupant conduct himself with dignity. Jackson and Lincoln lacked many of the external graces of a gentleman, but both had native qualities which enabled them to bear themselves with dignity on public occasions. Johnson degraded the office, and he is the only one of our Presidents of whom this can be said. Bagehot, writing in 1872, drew an illustration from one of the darkest periods of our republic to show the superiority of the English Constitution. If we have a Prime Minister who does not suit Parliament and the people, he argued, we remove him by a simple vote of the House of Commons. The United States can only get rid of its undesirable Executive by a cumbrous and tedious process which can only be brought to bear during a period of revolutionary excitement: and even this failed because a legal case was not made against the President. The criticism was pregnant, but the remedy was not Cabinet responsibility. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of our polity, it has grown as has the English; it has fitted itself to the people, and cabinet government cannot be had without a complete change of the organic act, which is neither possible nor desirable. The lesson was that the National Conventions should exercise more care in naming their Vice-Presidential candidates; and these bodies have heeded it. When Grant, popular throughout the country, nominated by the unanimous vote of the Republican convention, became President, Congress restored to the Executive a large portion of the powers of which it had been shorn during Johnson's administration. Grant had splendid opportunities which he did not improve, and he left no especial impression on the office. In the opinion of one of his warm friends and supporters he made "a pretty poor President." An able opposition to him developed in his own party; and as he was a sensitive man he felt keenly their attacks. Colonel John Hay told me that, when on a visit to Washington during Grant's administration, he had arrived at the Arlington Hotel at an early hour and started out for a walk; in front of the White House he was surprised to meet the President, who was out for the same purpose. The two walked together to the Capitol and back, Grant showing himself to be anything but a silent man. Manifesting a keen sensitiveness to the attacks upon him, he talked all of the time in a voluble manner, and the burden of his talk was a defence of his administrative acts. It is impossible in our minds to dissociate Grant the President from Grant the General, and for this reason American historical criticism will deal kindly with him. The brilliant victor of Donelson, the bold strategist of Vicksburg, the compeller of men at Chattanooga, the vanquisher of Robert E. Lee in March and April, 1865, the magnanimous conqueror at Appomattox, will be treated with charity by those who write about his Presidential terms, because he meant well although he did not know how to do well. Moreover, the good which Grant did is of that salient kind which will not be forgotten. The victorious general with two trusted military subordinates in the prime of life and a personnel for a strong navy, persisted, under the guidance of his wise Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish, in negotiating a treaty which provided for arbitration and preserved the peace with Great Britain; although in the opinion of the majority the country had a just cause of war in the escape of the Florida and the Alabama. After the panic of 1873, when financiers and capitalists lost their heads, and Congress with the approval of public sentiment passed an act increasing the amount of United States notes in circulation, Grant, by a manly and bold veto, prevented this inflation of the currency. The wisdom of the framers of the Constitution in giving the President the veto power was exemplified. Congress did not pass the act over the veto, and Grant has been justified by the later judgment of the nation. His action demonstrated what a President may do

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in resisting by his constitutional authority some transitory wave of popular opinion, and it has proved a precedent of no mean value. Johnson's vetoes became ridiculous. Grant's veto compensates for many of his mistakes.

Said Chancellor Kent in 1826: "If ever the tranquillity of this nation is to be disturbed and its liberties endangered by a struggle for power, it will be upon this very subject of the choice of a President. This is the question that is eventually to test the goodness and try the strength of the Constitution, and if we shall be able for half a century hereafter to continue to elect the chief magistrate of the Union with discretion, moderation, and integrity we shall undoubtedly stamp the highest value on our national character." Just fifty years later came a more dangerous test than Kent could have imagined. Somewhat more than half of the country believed that the States of Florida and Louisiana should be counted for Tilden, and that he was therefore elected. On the other hand, nearly one-half of the voters were of the opinion that those electoral votes should be given to Hayes, which would elect him by the majority of one electoral vote. Each of the parties had apparently a good case, and after an angry controversy became only the more firmly and sincerely convinced that its own point of view was unassailable. The Senate was Republican, the House Democratic. The great Civil War had been ended only eleven years before, and the country was full of fighting men. The Southern people were embittered against the dominant party for the reason that Reconstruction had gone otherwise than they had expected in 1865 when they laid down their arms. The country was on the verge of a civil war over the disputed Presidency —a war that might have begun with an armed encounter on the floor of the Senate or the House. This was averted by a carefully prepared Congressional act, which in effect left the dispute to a board of arbitration. To the statesmen of both parties who devised this plan and who co-operated in carrying the measure through Congress; to the members of the Electoral Commission, who in the bitterest strife conducted themselves with dignity; to the Democratic Speaker of the House and the Democrats who followed his lead, the eternal gratitude of the country is due. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." The victories of Manila and Santiago are as nothing compared with the victorious restraint of the American people in 1876 and 1877 and the acquiescence of one-half of the country in what they believed to be an unrighteous decision. Hayes was inaugurated peacefully, but had to conduct his administration in the view of 4,300,000 voters who believed that, whatever might be his legal claim, he had no moral right to the place he occupied. The Democrats controlled the House of Representatives during the whole of his term, and the Senate for a part of it, and at the outset he encountered the opposition of the stalwart faction of his own party. Nevertheless, he made a successful President, and under him the office gained in force and dignity. Hayes was not a man of brilliant parts or wide intelligence, but he had common-sense and decision of character. Surrounding himself with a strong Cabinet, three members of which were really remarkable for their ability, he entered upon a distinct policy from which flowed good results. He withdrew the Federal troops from the States of South Carolina and Louisiana, inaugurating in these States an era of comparative peace and tranquillity. Something was done in the interest of Civil Service Reform. In opposition to the view of his Secretary of the Treasury and confidential friend, John Sherman, he vetoed the act of 1878 for the remonetization of silver by the coinage of a certain amount of silver dollars—the first of those measures which almost brought us to the monetary basis of silver. His guiding principle was embodied in a remark he made in his inaugural address, "He serves his party best who serves the country best." He and his accomplished wife had a social and moral influence in Washington of no mean value. The Civil War had been followed by a period of corruption, profligacy, and personal immorality. In politics, if a man were sound on the main question, which meant if he were a thorough-going Republican, all else was forgiven. Under Hayes account was again taken of character and fitness. The

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standard of political administration was high. While Mrs. Hayes undoubtedly carried her total abstinence principles to an extreme not warranted by the usage of good society, the moral atmosphere of the White House was that of most American homes. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes belonged to that large class who are neither rich nor poor, neither learned nor ignorant, but who are led both by their native common-sense and by their upbringing to have a high respect for learning, a belief in education, morality, and religion, and a lofty ideal for their own personal conduct.

The salient feature of Garfield's few months of administration was a quarrel between him and the Senators from New York State about an important appointment. Into this discussion, which ended in a tragedy, entered so many factors that it is impossible to determine exactly the influence on the power of the President and the growing power of the Senate. One important result of it shall be mentioned. The Civil Service Reform bill, introduced into the Senate by a Democrat, was enacted during Arthur's administration by a large and non-partisan majority. It provided for a non-partisan civil service commission, and established open competitive examinations for applicants for certain offices, making a commencement by law of the merit system, which before had depended entirely upon Executive favor. It was a victory for reformers who had been advocating legislation of such a character from a period shortly after the close of the Civil War; for it was at that time that a few began the work of educating public sentiment, which had acquiesced in the rotation of offices as an American principle well worthy of maintenance. Consequences far-reaching and wholesome followed the passage of this important act. Grant had attempted and Hayes had accomplished a measure of reform, but to really fix the merit system in the civil service a law was needed.

Regarded by the lovers of good government as a machine politician, Arthur happily disappointed them by breaking loose from his old associations and pursuing a manly course. He gave the country a dignified administration, but even had he been a man to impress his character upon the office conditions were against him. His party was torn by internal dissensions and suffered many defeats, of which the most notable was in his own State of New York, where his Secretary of the Treasury and personal friend was overwhelmingly defeated for governor by Grover Cleveland.

The unprecedented majority which Cleveland received in this election and his excellent administration as Governor of New York secured for him the Democratic nomination for President in 1884. New York State decided the election, but the vote was so close that for some days the result was in doubt and the country was nervous lest there should be another disputed Presidency; in the end it was determined that Cleveland had carried that State by a plurality of 1,149. Cleveland was the first Democratic President elected since 1856; the Democrats had been out of office for twenty-four years, and it had galled them to think that their historic party had so long been deprived of power and patronage. While many of their leaders had a good record on the question of Civil Service Reform, the rank and file believed in the Jacksonian doctrine of rewarding party workers with the offices, or, as most of them would have put it, "To the victors belong the spoils." With this principle so fixed in the minds of his supporters, it became an interesting question how Cleveland would meet it. No one could doubt that he would enforce fairly the statute, but would he content himself with this and use the offices not covered by the act to reward his followers in the old Democratic fashion? An avowed civil service reformer, and warmly supported by independents and some former Republicans on that account, he justified the confidence which they had reposed in him and refused "to make a clean sweep." In resisting this very powerful pressure from his party he accomplished much toward the establishment of the merit system in the civil service. It is true that he made political changes gradually, but his insistence on a rule which gained him time for reflection in making appointments was of marked importance. It would be idle to assert that in his two terms he lived wholly up to the

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ideal of the reformers; undoubtedly a long list of backslidings might be made up, but in striking a fair balance it is not too much to say that in this respect his administration made for righteousness. All the more credit is due him in that he not only resisted personal pressure, but, aspiring to be a party leader for the carrying out of a cherished policy on finance and the tariff, he made more difficult the accomplishment of these ends by refusing to be a mere partisan in the question of the offices. In his second term it is alleged, probably with truth, that he made a skilful use of his patronage to secure the passage by the Senate of the repeal of the Silver Act of 1890, which repeal had gone easily through the House. It seemed to him and to many financiers that unless this large purchase of silver bullion should be stopped the country would be forced on to a silver basis, the existing financial panic would be grievously intensified, and the road back to the sound-money basis of the rest of the civilized world would be long and arduous. His course is defended as doing a little wrong in order to bring about a great right; and the sequence of events has justified that defence. Harm was done to the cause of Civil Service Reform, but probably no permanent injury. The repeal of the Silver Act of 1890 was the first important step in the direction of insuring a permanent gold standard, and Grover Cleveland is the hero of it.

The Presidential office gained in strength during Cleveland's two terms. As we look back upon them, the President is the central figure round which revolves each policy and its success or failure. At the same time, it is his party more than he that is to be blamed for the failures. He made a distinct move toward a reduction of the tariff, and while this failed, leaving us with the reactionary result of higher duties than ever before, it is not impossible that the words, actions, and sacrifices of Cleveland will be the foundation of a new tariff-reform party. Allusion has been made to his soundness on finance. His course in this respect was unvarying. Capitalists and financiers can take care of themselves, no matter what are the changes in the currency; but men and women of fixed incomes, professors of colleges, teachers in schools, clergymen and ministers, accountants and clerks in receipt of salaries, and farmers and laborers have had their comfort increased and their anxieties lessened by the adoption of the gold standard; and to Cleveland, as one of the pioneers in this movement for stability, their thanks are due.

In the railroad riots of 1894 Cleveland, under the advice of his able Attorney-General, made a precedent in the way of interference for the supremacy of law and the maintenance of order. The Governor of Illinois would not preserve order, and the President determined that at all hazards riotous acts must be suppressed and law must resume its sway. In ordering United States troops to the scene of the disturbance without an application of the Legislature or Governor of Illinois he accomplished a fresh extension of executive power without an infraction of the Constitution.

In his most important diplomatic action Cleveland was not so happy as in his domestic policy. There are able men experienced in diplomacy who defend his message of December 17, 1895, to Congress in regard to Venezuela, and the wisdom of that action is still a mooted question. Yet two facts placed in juxtaposition would seem to indicate that the message was a mistake. It contained a veiled threat of war if England would not arbitrate her difference with Venezuela, the implication being that the stronger power was trying to browbeat the weaker one. Later an arbitration took place, the award of which was a compromise, England gaining more than Venezuela, and the award demonstrated that England had not been as extreme and unjust in her claim as had been Venezuela. It is even probable that England might have accepted, as the result of negotiation, the line decided on by the arbitrators. But, to the credit of Mr. Cleveland and his Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, it must be remembered that they later negotiated a treaty "for the arbitration of all matters in difference between the United States and Great Britain," which unfortunately failed of ratification by the Senate.

It is a fair charge against Cleveland as a partisan leader that, while he led a strong following to victory in 1892, he left his

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party disorganized in 1897. But it fell to him to decide between principle and party, and he chose principle. He served his country at the expense of his party. From the point of view of Democrats it was grievous that the only man under whom they had secured victory since the Civil War should leave them in a shattered condition, and it may be a question whether a ruler of more tact could not have secured his ends without so great a schism. Those, however, to whom this party consideration does not appeal have no difficulty in approving Cleveland's course. It is undeniable that his character is stamped on the Presidential office, and his occupancy of it is a distinct mark in the history of executive power.

Harrison occupied the Presidential office between the two terms of Cleveland, and although a positive man left no particular impress upon the office. He was noted for his excellent judicial appointments, and he had undoubtedly a high standard of official conduct which he endeavored to live up to. Cold in his personal bearing he did not attract friends, and he was not popular with the prominent men in his own party. While Cleveland and McKinley were denounced by their opponents, Harrison was ridiculed; but the universal respect in which he was held after he retired to private life is evidence that the great office lost not dignity while he held it. During his term Congress overshadowed the Executive and the House was more conspicuous than the Senate. Thomas B. Reed was speaker and developed the power of that office to an extraordinary extent. McKinley was the leader of the House and from long service in that body had become an efficient leader. The election of Harrison was interpreted to mean that the country needed a higher tariff, and McKinley carried through the House the bill which is known by his name. Among the other Representatives Mr. Lodge was prominent. It was not an uncommon saying at that time that the House was a better arena for the rising politician than the Senate. In addition to the higher tariff the country apparently wanted more silver and a determined struggle was made for the free coinage of silver which nearly won in Congress. In the end, however, a compromise was effected by Senator Sherman which averted free silver but committed the country to the purchase annually of an enormous amount of silver bullion against which Treasury notes redeemable in coin were issued. This was the Act of 1890 which, as I have mentioned, was repealed under Cleveland in 1893. It is entirely clear from the sequence of events that the Republican Party as a party should have opposed the purchase of more silver. It could not have been beaten worse than it was in 1892, but it could have preserved a consistency in principle which, when the tide turned, would have been of political value. The party which has stuck to the right principle has in the long run generally been rewarded with power, and as the Republicans, in spite of certain defections, had been the party of sound money since the Civil War, they should now have fought cheap money under the guise of unlimited silver as they had before under the guise of unlimited greenbacks. But the leaders thought differently, and from their own point of view their course was natural. The country desired more silver. Business was largely extended, overtrading was the rule. Farmers and business men were straitened for money. Economists, statesmen, and politicians had told them that, as their trouble had come largely from the demonetization of silver, their relief lay in bimetallism. It was easy to argue that the best form of bimetallism was the free coinage of gold and silver, and after the panic of 1893 this delusion grew, but the strength of it was hardly appreciated by optimistic men in the East until the Democrats made it the chief plank in the platform on which they fought the Presidential campaign of 1896. Nominating an orator who had an effective manner of presenting his arguments to hard-working farmers whose farms were mortgaged, to business men who were under a continued strain to meet their obligations, and to laborers out of employment, it seemed for two or three months as if the party of silver and discontent might carry the day. After some hesitation the Republicans grappled with the question boldly, took ground against free silver, and with some modification declared their approval of the gold standard. On this issue they fought the campaign. Their

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able and adroit manager was quick to see after the issue was joined the force of the principle of sound money and started a remarkable campaign of education by issuing speeches and articles by the millions in a number of different languages, in providing excellent arguments for the country press, and in convincing those who would listen only to arguments of sententious brevity by a well-devised circulation of "nuggets" of financial wisdom. McKinley had also the support of the greater part of the Independent and Democratic press. While financial magnates and the bankers of the country were alarmed at the strength of the Bryan party, and felt that its defeat was necessary to financial surety, the strength of the Republican canvass lay in the fact that the speakers and writers who made it believed sincerely that the gold standard would conduce to the greatest good of the greatest number. It was an inspiring canvass. The honest advocacy of sound principle won.

Under McKinley the Democratic tariff bill was superseded by the Dingley act, which on dutiable articles is, I believe, the highest tariff the country has known. The Republican Party believes sincerely in the policy of protection, and the country undoubtedly has faith in it. It is attractive to those who allow immediate returns to obscure prospective advantage, and if a majority decides whether or not a political and economic doctrine is sound, it has a powerful backing, for every large country in the civilized world, I think, except England, adheres to protection; and some of them have returned to it after trying a measure of commercial freedom. McKinley and the majority of Congress were in full sympathy, and the Dingley act had the approval of the administration. But the change in business conditions which, though long in operation, became signally apparent after 1893, wrought in McKinley, during his four and a half years of office, a change of opinion. Under improved processes and economies in all branches of manufactures the United States began to make many articles cheaper than any other country, and sought foreign markets for its surplus, disputing successfully certain open marts with England and Germany. In McKinley's earlier utterances the home market is the dominating feature; in his later ones, trade with foreign countries. In his last speech at Buffalo he gave mature expression to his views, which for one who had been a leader of protectionists showed him to have taken advanced ground. "We find our long-time principles echoed," declared *The Nation*. McKinley's manner of developing foreign trade was not that of the tariff reformers, for he proposed to bring this about by a variety of reciprocity treaties; but it was important that he recognized the sound economic principle that if we are to sell to foreign countries we must buy from them also. That McKinley had a strong hold on the country is indisputable from the unanimous renomination by his party and his triumphant re-election, and it was a step toward commercial freedom that he who more than all other men had the ear of the country and who had been an arch-protectionist should advocate the exchange of commodities with foreign lands. Economists do not educate the mass of voters, but men like McKinley do, and these sentences of his were read and pondered by millions: "A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal." It is useless to speculate on what would have been the result had McKinley lived. Those who considered him a weak President aver that when he encountered opposition in Congress from interests which were seemingly menaced, he would have yielded and abandoned reciprocity. Others believe that he understood the question thoroughly and that his arguments would in the end have prevailed with Congress; yielding, perhaps, in points of detail he would have secured the adoption of the essential part of his policy.

After his election McKinley became a believer in the gold standard and urged proper legislation upon Congress. It is to his credit and to that of Congress that on March 14, 1900, a bill became a law which establishes the gold standard and

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puts it out of the power of any President to place the country upon a silver basis by a simple direction to his Secretary of the Treasury, which could have been done in 1897. As it has turned out, it was fortunate that there was no undue haste in this financial legislation. A better act was obtained than would have been possible in the first two years of McKinley's administration. The reaction from the crisis following the panic of 1893 had arrived, made sure by the result of the election of 1896; and the prosperity had become a telling argument in favor of the gold standard with the people and with Congress.

McKinley was essentially adapted for a peace minister, but under him came war. Opinions of him will differ, not only according to one's sentiments on war and imperialism, but according to one's ideal of what a President should be. Let us make a comparison which shall not include Washington, for the reason that under him the country had not become the pure democracy it is at the present day. Of such a democracy it seems to me that Lincoln is the ideal President, in that he led public sentiment, represented it, and followed it. "I claim not to have controlled events," he said, "but confess plainly that events have controlled me." During his term of office he was one day called "very weak," and the next "a tyrant;" but when his whole work was done, a careful survey of it could bring one only to the conclusion that he knew when to follow and when to lead. He was in complete touch with popular sentiment, and divined with nicety when he could take a step in advance. He made an effort to keep on good terms with Congress, and he differed with that body reluctantly, although, when the necessity came, decisively. While he had consideration for those who did not agree with him, and while he acted always with a regard to proportion, he was nevertheless a strong and self-confident Executive. Now Cleveland did not comprehend popular opinion as did Lincoln. In him the desire to lead was paramount, to the exclusion at times of a proper consideration for Congress and the people. It has been said by one of his political friends that he used the same energy and force in deciding a small matter as a great one, and he alienated Senators, Congressmen, and other supporters by an unyielding disposition when no principle was involved. He did not possess the gracious quality of Lincoln, who yielded in small things that he might prevail in great ones. Yet for this quality of sturdy insistence on his own idea Cleveland has won admiration from a vast number of independent thinkers. Temperaments such as these are not in sympathy with McKinley, who represents another phase of Lincoln's genius. The controlling idea of McKinley probably was that as he was elected by the people he should represent them. He did not believe that if a matter were fully and fairly presented the people would go wrong. At times he felt he should wait for their sober second thought, but if, after due consideration, the people spoke, it was his duty to carry out their will. Unquestionably if the Cleveland and McKinley qualities can be happily combined as they were in Lincoln, the nearest possible approach to the ideal ruler is the result. One Lincoln, though, in a century is all that any country can expect: and there is a place in our polity for either the Cleveland or the McKinley type of executive. So it seemed to the makers of the Constitution. "The republican principle," wrote Hamilton in the *Federalist*, "demands that the deliberate sense of the community should govern the conduct of those to whom they intrust the management of their affairs." "But," he said in the same essay, "however inclined we might be to insist upon an unbounded complaisance in the Executive to the inclinations of the people, we can with no propriety contend for a like complaisance to the humors of the legislature. . . . The Executive should be in a situation to dare to act his own opinion with vigor and decision." It is frequently remarked that no President since Lincoln had so thorough a comprehension of public sentiment as McKinley. This knowledge and his theory of action, if I have divined it aright, are an explanation of his course in regard to the Spanish War and the taking of the Philippines. It does not fall to me to discuss in this article these two questions, nor do I feel certain that all the documents necessary to a fair judg-

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ment are accessible to the public, but I can show what was McKinley's attitude toward them by reporting a confidential conversation he had May 2, 1899, with Mr. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who made a record of it the day afterward. The President, Mr. Pritchett relates, spoke of the "war and of his own responsibility, and the way in which he has gradually come to have his present position with respect to the Philippines. The talk was started by my reminding him of the fact that just a year ago that morning, on May 2, 1898, I had come into his room with a map of Manila and Cavité on a large scale—the first time he had seen such a map—and from this he drifted into a most serious and interesting talk of his own place in the history of the past twelve months. He described his efforts to avert the war, how he had carried the effort to the point of rupture with his party, then came the Maine incident, and, finally, a declaration of war over all efforts to stem the tide. Then he spoke of Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines, related at some length the correspondence he had had with the Paris Commission, how he had been gradually made to feel in his struggling for the right ground that first Luzon and finally all the Philippines must be kept. He then went on to indicate his belief that Providence had led in all this matter, that to him the march of events had been so irresistible that nothing could turn them aside. Nobody, he said, could have tried harder than he to be rid of the burden of the Philippines, and yet the trend of events had been such that it seemed impossible to escape this duty. He finally came to speak with more emotion than I have ever seen him exhibit, and no one could doubt the sincerity of the man."

Of McKinley's achievements in the field of diplomacy Secretary Hay in his memorial address spoke with knowledge and in words of high praise. Sometimes the expression of a careful foreign observer anticipates the judgment of posterity, and with that view the words of the *Spectator*,* in an article on the Presidential election of 1900, are worth quoting: "We believe that Mr. McKinley and the wise statesman who is his Secretary of State, Colonel Hay, are administrators of a high order. They have learnt their business thoroughly, hold all the strings of policy in their hands."

Opinions will differ as to the impress McKinley has left on the Presidential office. It is the judgment of two men of large knowledge of American history and present affairs that no President since Jefferson has been so successful in getting Congress to adopt the positive measures he desired.

Of the administration of Theodore Roosevelt it would be neither proper nor wise for me to speak in other terms than those of expectation and prophecy. But of Mr. Roosevelt himself something may be said. His birth, breeding, education, and social advantages have been of the best. He has led an industrious and useful life. As an American citizen we are all proud of him, and when he reached the Presidential office by a tragedy that nobody deplored more than he everyone wished him success. His transparent honesty and sincerity are winning qualities, and in the opinion of Burke especially important in him who is the ruler of a nation. "Plain good intention," he wrote, "which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is, let me say, of no mean force in the government of mankind." To these qualities, and to a physical and moral courage that can never be questioned, Mr. Roosevelt adds a large intelligence and, as his books show, a power of combination of ideas and cohesive thought. Moreover, he has had a good political training, and he has the faculty of writing his political papers in a pregnant and forcible literary style. He is fit for what Mr. Bryce calls "the greatest office in the world, unless we except the Papacy." His ideals are Washington and Lincoln. "I like to see in my mind's eye," he said, "the gaunt form of Lincoln stalking through these halls." "To gratify the hopes, secure the reverence, and sustain the dignity of the nation," said Justice Story, "the Presidential office should always be occupied by a man of elevated talents, of ripe virtues, of incorruptible integrity, and of tried patriotism; one who shall forget his own interests and remember that he represents not

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a party but the whole nation." These qualities Theodore Roosevelt has. Whether he shall in action carry out the other requirements of Justice Story may only be judged after he shall have retired to private life.

Mr. Roosevelt merits the encouragement and sympathy of all lovers of good government, and he is entitled, as indeed is every President, to considerate and forbearing criticism. For, ardently desired as the office is, it is a hard place to fill. Through the kindness of President Roosevelt, I have been enabled to observe the daily routine of his work, and I am free to say that from the business point of view, no man better earns his pay than does he. Mr. Bryce remarks that a good deal of the President's work is like that of the manager of a railway. So far as concerns the consultation with heads of departments, prompt decisions, and the disposition of daily matters, the comparison is apt if a great American railway and a manager like Thomas A. Scott are borne in mind. But the railway manager's labor is done in comparative privacy, he can be free from interruption and dispose of his own time in a systematic manner. That is impossible for the President during the session of Congress. Office-seekers themselves do not trouble the President so much as in former days; they may be referred to the heads of the departments; and, moreover, the introduction of competitive examinations and the merit system has operated as a relief to the President and his Cabinet officers. But hearing the recommendations by Senators and Congressmen of their friends for offices consumes a large amount of time. There are, as Senator Lodge has kindly informed me, 4,818 Presidential offices and 4,000 Presidential post-offices; in addition there are army and naval officers to be appointed. The proper selection in four years of the number of men these figures imply is in itself no small labor; it would by a railway manager be considered an onerous and exacting business. But the railway manager may hear the claims of applicants in his own proper way, and to prevent encroachments on his time may give the candidates or their friends a curt dismissal. The President may not treat Senators and Representatives in that manner, nor would he desire to do so, for the intercourse between them and the Executive is of great value. "The President," wrote John Sherman, "should 'touch elbows' with Congress." There are important legislative measures to be discussed in a frank interchange of opinion. Senators and Representatives are a guide to the President in their estimates of public sentiment; often they exert an influence over him, and he is dependent on them for the carrying out of any policy he may have at heart. While the encroachments on the President's time are great, I am convinced that no plan should be adopted which should curtail the unconventional and frank interchange of views between the President and members of the National Legislature. The relief lies with the public. Much of the President's time is taken up with receptions of the friends of Senators and Representatives, of members of conventions and learned bodies meeting in Washington, of deputations of school-teachers and the like who have gone to the capital for a holiday: all desire to pay their respects to the Chief Magistrate. Undoubtedly, if he could have a quiet talk with most of these people it would be of value, but the conventional shaking of hands and the "I am glad to see you" is not a satisfaction great enough to the recipients to pay for what it costs the President in time and the expenditure of nervous force. He should have time for deliberation. The railway manager can closet himself when he likes: that should be the privilege of the President; yet on a certain day last April, when he wished to have a long, confidential talk with his Secretary of War, this was only to be contrived by the two taking a long horseback ride in the country. It is difficult for the President to refuse to see these good, patriotic, and learned people; and Senators and Representatives like to gratify their constituents. The remedy lies with the public in denying themselves this pleasant feature of a visit to Washington. One does not call on the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad or the president of the New York Central Railroad in business hours unless for business purposes; and this should be the rule observed by citizens of the United States toward the President.

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The weekly public receptions are no longer held. All these other receptions and calls simply for shaking hands and wishing him God-speed should no longer be asked for. For the President has larger and more serious work than the railway manager and should have at least as much time for thought and deliberation.

Moreover, the work of the railway manager is done in secret. Fiercer by far than the light which beats upon the throne is that which beats upon the White House. The people are eager to know the President's thoughts and plans, and an insistent press endeavors to satisfy them. Considering the conditions under which the President does his work, the wonder is not that he makes so many mistakes, but that he makes so few. There is no railway or business manager or college president who has not more time to himself for the reflection necessary to the maturing of large and correct policies. I chanced to be in the President's room when he dictated the rough draft of his famous despatch to General Chaffee respecting torture in the Philippines. While he was dictating two or three cards were brought in, also some books with a request for the President's autograph: and there were some other interruptions. While the despatch as it went out in its revised form could not be improved, a President cannot expect to be always so happy in dictating despatches in the midst of distractions. Office work of far-reaching importance should be done in the closet. Certainly no monarch or minister in Europe does administrative work under such unfavorable conditions; indeed, this public which exacts so much of the President's time should in all fairness be considerate in its criticism.

No one, I think, would care to have abated the fearless political criticism which has in this country and in England attained to the highest point ever reached. From the nature of things the press must comment promptly and without the full knowledge of conditions that might alter its judgments. But on account of the necessary haste of its expressions the writers should avoid extravagant language and the too ready imputation of bad motives to the public servants. "It is strange that men cannot allow others to differ with them without charging corruption as the cause of the difference," are the plaintive words of Grant during a confidential conversation with his Secretary of State.

The contrast between the savage criticism of Cleveland and Harrison while each occupied the Presidential chair and the respect each enjoyed from political opponents after retiring to private life is an effective illustration of the lesson I should like to teach. At the time of Harrison's death people spoke from their hearts and said, "Well done, good and faithful servant." A fine example of political criticism in a time of great excitement were two articles by Mr. Carl Schurz in *Harper's Weekly* during the Venezuela crisis. Mr. Schurz was a supporter and political friend of Cleveland, but condemned his Venezuela message. In the articles to which I refer he was charitable in feeling and moderate in tone, and though at the time I heard the term "wishy-washy" applied to one of them, I suspect that Mr. Schurz now looks back with satisfaction to his reserve; and those of us who used more forcible language in regard to the same incident may well wish that we had emulated his moderation.

The Presidential office differs from all other political offices in the world, and has justified the hopes of its creators. It has not realized their fears, one of which was expressed by Hamilton in the *Federalist*. "A man raised from the station of a private citizen to the rank of Chief Magistrate," he wrote, "possessed of a moderate or slender fortune, and looking forward to a period not very remote when he may probably be obliged to return to the station from which he was taken, might sometimes be under temptations to sacrifice his duty to his interest, which it would require superlative virtue to withstand. An avaricious man might be tempted to betray the interests of the State to the acquisition of wealth. An ambitious man might make his own aggrandizement, by the aid of a foreign power, the price of his treachery to his constituents."* From dangers of this sort the political virtue which we inherited from our English ancestors has preserved

* See also the *Federalist* (Lodge's edition), p. 452; Bryce, Studies in History and Jurisprudence, p. 308.

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us. We may fairly maintain that the creation and administration of our Presidential office have added something to political history, and when we contrast in character and ability the men who have filled it with the monarchs of England and of France, we may have a feeling of just pride. Mr. Bryce makes a suggestive comparison in ability of our Presidents with the prime ministers of England, awarding the palm to the Englishmen,* and from his large knowledge of both countries and impartial judgment we may readily accept his conclusion. It is, however, a merit of our Constitution that as great ability is not required for its chief executive office as is demanded in England. The prime minister must have a talent for both administration and debate, which is a rare combination of powers, and if he be chosen from the House of Commons it may happen that too much stress will be laid upon oratory, or the power of making ready replies to the attacks of the opposition. It is impossible to conceive of Washington defending his policy in the House or the Senate from a fire of questions and cross-questions. Lincoln might have developed this quality of a prime minister, but his replies and sallies of wit to put to confusion his opponents would have lacked the dignity his state papers and confidential letters possess. Hayes and Cleveland were excellent administrators, but neither could have reached his high position had the debating ability of a prime minister been required. On the other hand, Garfield, Harrison, and McKinley would have been effective speakers in either the House or the Senate.

An American may judge his own country best from European soil, impregnated as he there is with European ideas. Twice have I been in Europe during Cleveland's administration, twice during McKinley's, once during Roosevelt's. During the natural process of comparison, when one must recognize in many things the distinct superiority of England, Germany, and France, I have never had a feeling other than high respect for each one of these Presidents ; and taking it by and large, in the endeavor to consider fairly the hits and misses of all, I have never had any reason to feel that the conduct of our national government has been inferior to that of any one of these highly civilized powers.

* American Commonwealth, vol. i., p. 80.

A MORNING SONG

By Marguerite Merington

SHE is white, she's fair as a jonquil, tall
  As a bride for the high gods mete,
And a thousand slaves in her father's hall
  Are as rushes beneath her feet.

Last night I dreamt—was it only a dream?—
  'Mong the laurels with moon-dew wet,
She stooped to the least of her prostrate deme
  And her lips to his forehead set.

So the world is new as when stars began
  At Cybele's waking to sing,
For I know she's woman as I am man,
  And by grace of her kiss I'm king!

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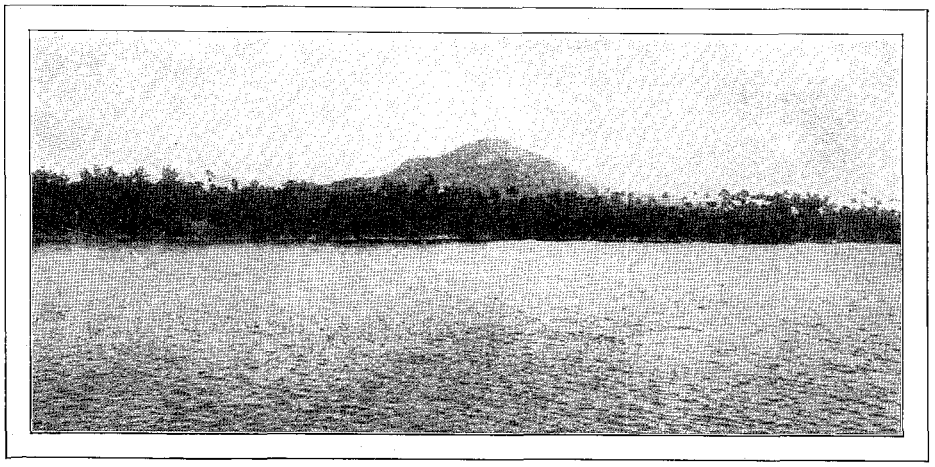


Mangrove-bordered River. Sierra de Caballos beyond.

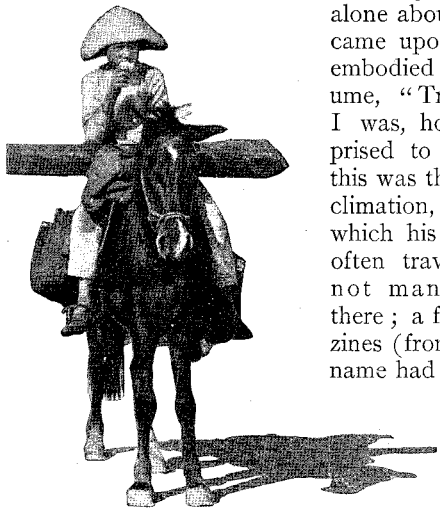
THE ISLE OF PINES

By John Finley

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

I WAS in the Palace in Havana when President Palma accepted for Cuba the temporary guardianship of the Isle of Pines, pending negotiations; and desiring to see this bit of earth which might some day become ours, lying less than a hundred miles to the south, I set out for its shores as soon as the celebration was over.

The island's dim peak came up over our horizon early in the tropical morning; it grew to a glowing mountain by noon, but it was not until the sun was going down in the most gorgeous of skies that we entered the mangrove-bordered estuary which lets the boats of modest keel up into the level stretches of what seemed at a distance but a luminous cone. It was nightfall when we reached the wharf of the little pueblo-capital, Nueva Gerona, and I stumbled then through the darkness a mile or two farther across the fields to the hospitality of an American resident who, with a Danish cook, an ice-plant, and a swimming-pool built across the path of a stream of sweet cool water, was moving the boundaries of civilized and Temperate happiness nearer the equator.



An Isle of Pines Boy.

It was not till the afternoon of the second day that, wandering alone about the hacienda, I came upon Stevenson (re-embodied in that loved volume, "Treasure Island"). I was, however, not surprised to find him there; this was the zone of his acclimation, the latitude in which his imagination had often travelled. He had not many companions there; a few recent magazines (from which alas his name had disappeared), an engineer's logarithmic tables, catalogues of farming utensils, a "floral guide," and an

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orange-grower's hand-book. But he had the fumes of the Padre's tobacco upon his clothing; so I knew that he was not without human friendship even there, and that he had probably sat late with the Dominican Father the night before.

We went out into the pergola, which both kept out the sun and let in all the landscape: the palms and the mountains

Interior Court-yard in Nueva Gerona House.

and the nearer thicket where the mammee and the mango trees stood, full of perfumed fruit, and there we sat through the elysian afternoon while he told again the story of the Treasure Island.

When I could take my eyes away from my companion, doubly a friend in this environment, I found myself wondering with boyish imagination if that hill might not be "Spy-glass Shoulder," or if yonder tall tree might not be the pine of the adventurous tale; and once my eager search discovered a white object in the apparent motions of digging in a bare spot upon the mountain-side. Through the long, torrid May afternoon it continued its seeming labors till dusk came on, and at sunrise the next day it was still there. My imagination could not deceive my senses at that time of day; it actually was an old man of the island digging for buried pirate treasure. He had sold his caballeria of land, I was told at breakfast, to my American friend, who instead of hiding his money in diminutive quadrilaterals of earth in Manhattan Island and building hideous parallelopipeds upon them, had bought him for his pleasure a modest row of marble mountains, a perpetual stream of medicinal water, and a fertile plain stretching from the river to the interminable sea. The old "Piñero" who had sold to my friend his own bit of this landscape had, after the sale, discovered some cabalistic marks upon a giant royal palm, quite in the character of the gold-bug formulæ, and he was digging day and night to recover the treasure before the deeds of transfer had to be made.

I who sat watching the treasure-hunter knew of the philosopher Kidd's theories concerning the control of the tropics; but here was a man beyond the reach of cable and of the world's current philosophy who still cherished the traditions of the elder Kidd, unwitting

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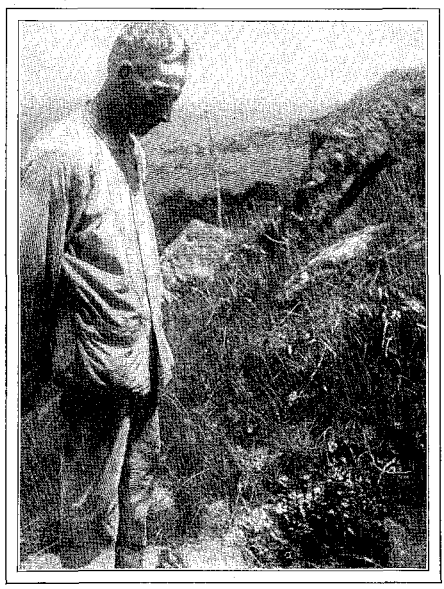
that his theories of colonial exploitation no longer prevailed, and who still searched for the treasure of the pirates who had more than once after their forays found shelter for their corsairs in the little Casas River below. The "Piñero" hid himself from the "projected efficiency" of our impudent Western civilization when he saw me approaching from the plain, but he emerged from his ambush when he observed that I was making for the place of his buried gold, and he was at last persuaded by visible coin to lead me to the little trenches and mounds of his disappointed hopes.



The Treasure Hunter.

Yet buried treasure has been found in the island, enough, if the rumors be true, to entitle it to the name which Stevenson gave to his story (and which some have thought he meant to give the island). You will hear of a Frenchman who, ostensibly in search of precious woods, bought a tract of timber on the farther shore, hired natives to hew down the mahogany-trees and then suddenly sailed away, after paying the men handsomely, leaving a chest with a few coins dropped in the haste of transfer. And you will be shown a palatial house, with a beautiful interior court, built of recovered treasure and at great cost; but you will not be too inquisitive unless you are a historian of the matter-of-fact iconoclast school.

This island has only recently come upon our personal maps, though I have been told that an earlier generation, in a geographical jingle of its childhood, sang it as the "isle of pirates." The Platt Amendment is negatively responsible for its restoration, for this amendment provided that the Isle of Pines should be omitted from the constitutional boundaries of Cuba and its title left to future adjustment by treaty. Except for this implied propinquity, it would be most readily imagined as lying fragrant of balsam, in some high latitude and amid chill waters. That the Temperate pine associates in this island with the indigenous trees of the Tropics is perhaps an intimation that Temperate man may here find healthful habitation. Yet it is not the pines that give character to its landscape; it is rather the palms, which follow the water-courses and with their comrade native trees clamber up the mountain-sides. There are forests of pine as well as of mahogany and cedar, but the part of the island which I saw had the fragrance of the pineapple rather than that of the pine-tree.

Though the Isle of Pines has been put politically beyond the limits of Cuba's Constitution and is geologically dissociate, it is yet historically, and even physically, closely attached to the larger island. It is as a pendant hung from the fair throat of Cuba. There is a little band of railroad running from Havana, on the north shore, to Batabano, on the south, and then a string of almost continuous keys from Batabano to the emerald mountain of Daguilla. The appropriateness of the simile is increased by the island's resemblance at a distance to a great jewel blazing in the sun. And it is seldom out of the proud sight of the Señora, for from the mountains of Pinar del Rio the Sierra de Caballos are always visible if the day be fair.

If you would visit the island you would best go to Havana and thence to Batabano. In this little seaport town you will hear, as you pass through the streets, the sounds which one born on the prairies associates with sheep-shearing. And when you

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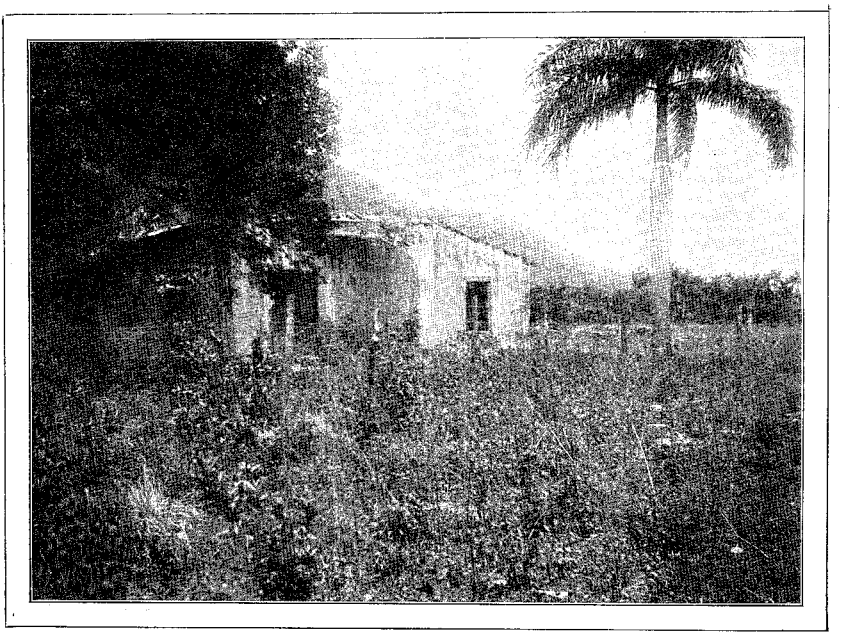
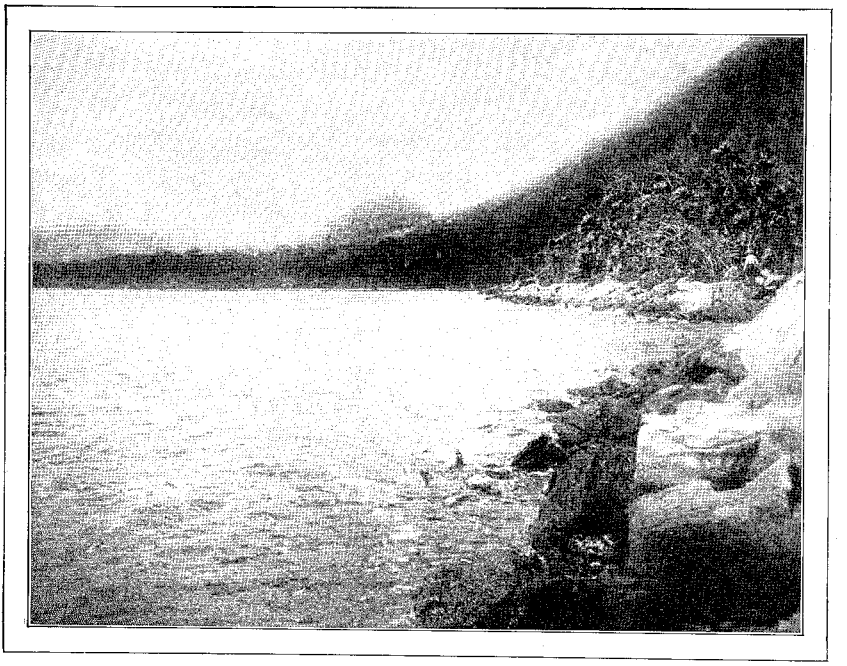


Ruins of Convict Quarters at Marble Quarries.



Point Columpo and Marmol Harbor.

peer into the darkened sheds where the shearers sit protected from the sun you do indeed see the wool upon their laps ; but it is the sea-wool which has been gathered from the shallows and the keys ; for this is the centre of the sponge industry. Those who prepare the sponges for the market are Cubans (who at the time of my visit

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had just been celebrating "Cuba Libre") but the herders, those who gather the wool, are, I am told, of the race whose mythical ancestors got the golden fleece in Colchis. To hear one of those Greek fishermen singing his plaintive song somewhere out upon the water while the moon is coming up behind a cayo is to be transported to the

Hotel on the Plaza in Santa Fé.

Cyclades, and to be certain that your captain is bound for a lotus country.

One might almost walk and wade from Cuba to the Isle of Pines, so numerous are the keys and so shallow the intervening waters. There is a retired Hudson River steamboat with a Spanish name plying between these two islands, and nominally controlling the passenger traffic, but there are other ways of going if the Captain of the Port be gracious. The distance "as a crow flies" is not above sixty-five miles, but the boats must take a circuitous route to find a passage through the keys — and the wind is sometimes, in the language of my Spanish captain, *mucho malo*.

But when one is there, one is isolate. The cayos are indeed "keys" to keep the natives in and the rest of the world out. It is said that Columbus came near being locked in for good when he landed here in 1494. There is no cable, though the Padre (who knows something of science as well as theology) talks of wireless telegraphy between a Cuban peak and the top of the mountain back of his little cathedral. No native, however, even with the absolution of the Church, is likely to venture upon this height, for it is seen often to burn with an unearthly flame. There are no commercial noises of cars to disturb the quiet of the inhabitants—only the inexplicable rumblings in the caves of Columpo which prevent all treasure-hunting there. The boats alone, winding in and out of the river-harbor, keep converse with the outer world. And strange converse it sometimes is. I saw in Batabano, on my homeward trip, the captain of a schooner who had taken us in tow on the way over, his face now much swollen. He told of having just landed a cargo of bees who had mutinied on the way (doubtless in anger at being carried from their Hymettian fields), and kept him beneath the hatches till he could arm himself. Yet the intercourse is not all of trade. A Spanish schooner carries out with its charcoal, and in with its food and raiment, a leathern bag with letters and

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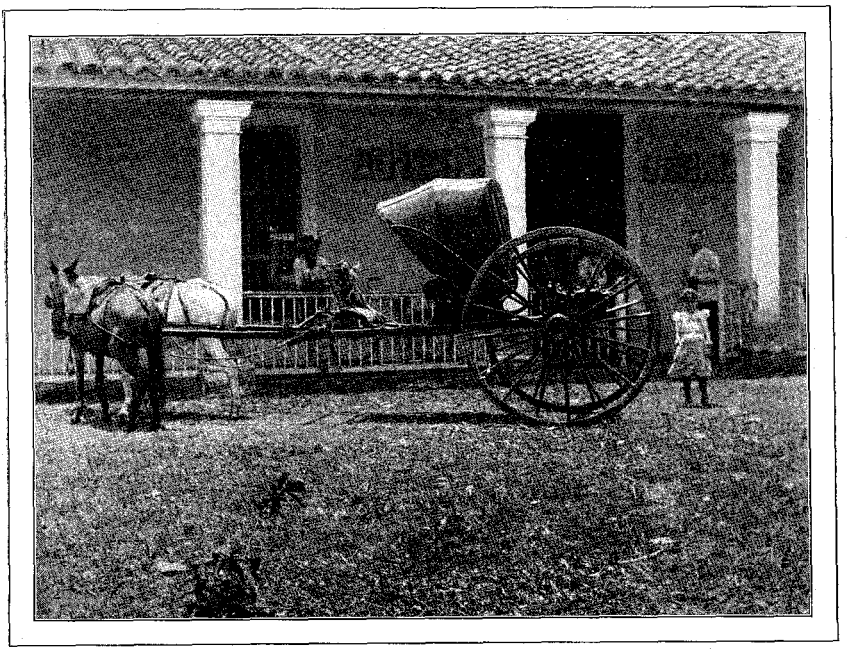
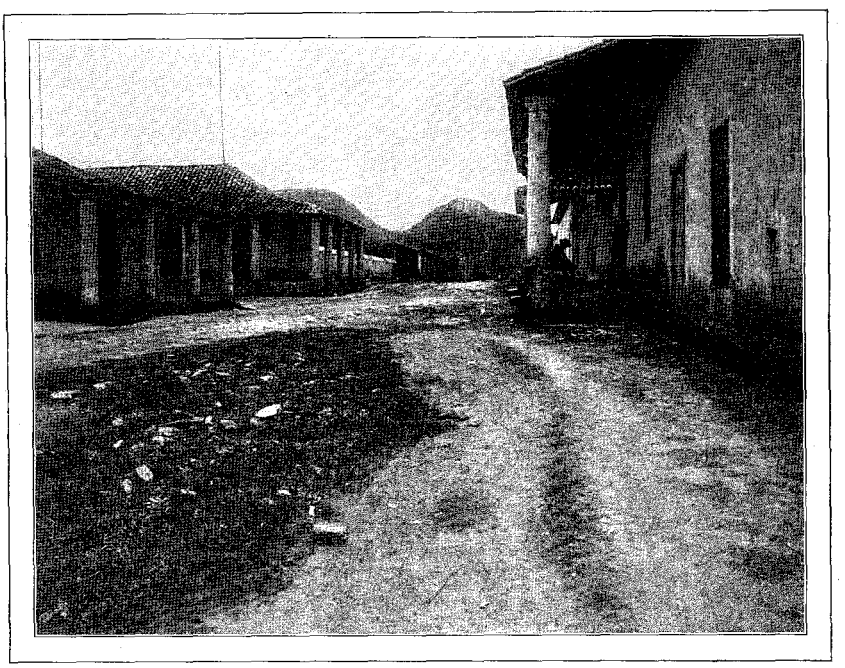


The Santa Fé Volante.



Street in Nueva Gerona. Post-office at right.

papers, and there is a post-office in Nueva Gerona upon whose steps the native has already learned to lounge.

There are only about thirty-two hundred people in the island, and twenty-five hundred or more of these are white. Most of them have come, according to the census of 1899, from Spain by way of Cuba.

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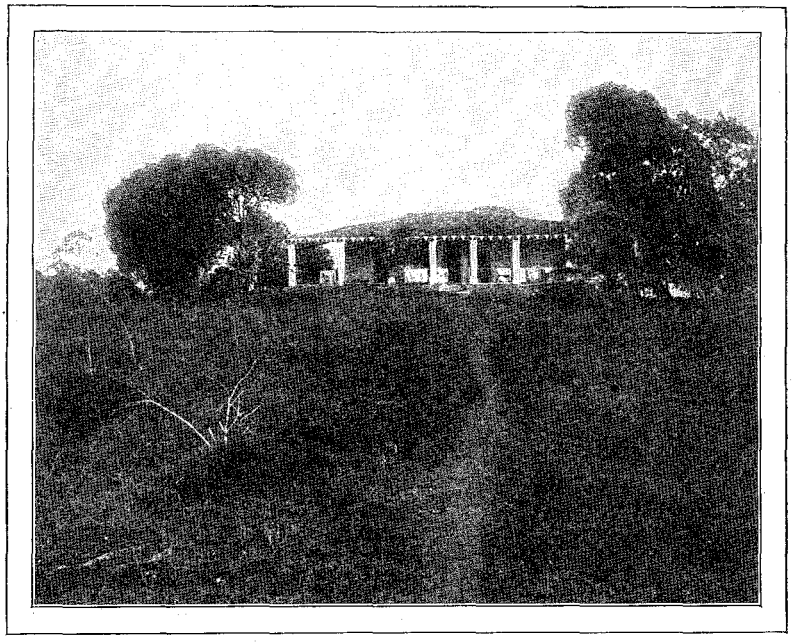
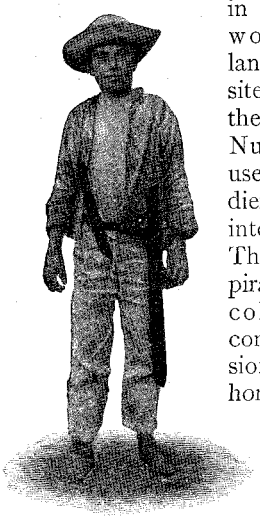


"Villa del Pilar." An Isle of Pines Country House.

There is undoubtedly some political jetsam here, thrown out of the neighboring island in its peril, and some flotsam of the past colonial wreckage: relicts of buccaneers who once made this their rendezvous, of political offenders who were here in banishment, and of criminals in servitude. But though the convict cells still stand near the quarries of Marmol, trees have grown up through the wheels of the old mill in which the convicts worked, the pirates' landing-place is now the site of a store-house, and the sometime prison in Nueva Gerona, later used as barracks for soldiers, has been converted into a village school. The island is no longer a piratical resort or a penal colony, but a quiet, comfortable, well-provisioned, and respectable home for those who have been born in it, and a delightful hospice to those who may be travelling that way. It seems to be less subject to hurricanes and "geological vicissitudes" than its tropic neighbors, and to be free of pestilence.



A Native Boy.

One-third of its people live in the village of Nueva Gerona. To its church (the only one on the island) the people come for shriving; to its wharves the "carbonari" bring their charcoal, the peasants their cassava and tobacco, their fruits and shells, and the primitive manufacturers the few wares of their handicraft. What they carry back for their simple satisfaction is from foreign ports. Another third live in a village a dozen miles inland named Santa Fé, founded many years ago by the inhabitants of Nueva Gerona, fleeing from the reach of the pirates who came up the river. They have since found the medicinal waters which give it its fame, and have not returned. A "volante" conveys guests to its hotel, and there is a beautiful metalled road (calzada) between the two towns, built during the American occupancy, over which the Padre on his American wheel can reach the bedside of a dying parishioner in Santa Fé in less than an hour. Yet he is not often called, for few die in the Isle of Pines. The other third are scattered through the habitable parts of

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the island, which, with the Cienaga (swamp), have an area of but little less than that of Rhode Island. This means that outside the two villages there is an average of but one person to the square mile, or one family to every five square miles.

It is not strange that Americans, who have since the Spanish War found their way to this paradisiacal place, should be advocating its annexation to the United States. They have already pre-empted a good portion of the forest land and productive plain and have begun the planting of oranges, bananas, and pineapples, in anticipation of the day when their lumber and fruit may be shipped without duty to our ports. They urge that it is the only tropical territory within the American system not only climatically adapted but unreservedly open to American colonization, the native population bearing so trifling a proportion to the sustaining capacity of the island, and that the moral effect of a thoroughly Anglo-Saxon colony in the midst of the West Indies would be most wholesome. But the Congressional reason for putting its title in commission was its supposed strategic value. It can easily be made impregnable, and it lies not far from the Yucatan Channel, and so along one of the paths to and from Panama and Nicaragua. The important preliminary question, which seems yet not to be settled, is as to whether the water of its harbors is deep enough to give shelter to the great war vessels.

Meanwhile, the inhabitants go their way unconcernedly, with a few Cuban police to keep the peace (which probably needs no keeping), yet "without adequate schools, magistrates, and other appurtenances of civilization;" for the island was by deed of our transfer left in care of the *de facto* government, and there is no *de facto* government except that of the alcalde of Nueva Gerona. The Americans who have interests there, both resident and non-resident, are asking our Government to do something to relieve the present anomalous situation; and doubtless action will soon be taken; but it is a matter for congratulation that the President has left Cuba free to treat in the matter. Perhaps a greater number of people would be happier if the "volante" island (for it is shaped like one of their primitive "volantes") were hitched to our enterprise, but I am not so sure that the "Piñeros" would like the speed. They are a polite people, however, and would probably make no protest. But whatever their political status is to be I hope the island's æsthetic and romantic values are not to be destroyed with the exploitation of its material resources. Here is an ideal home for a philosopher and artist. With its marble, and its sea and mountain, it might be what Chios or Paros or Ceos was to Greece, or give environment to another Stevenson.

SONG FOR MUSIC

By John Ellerton Lodge

WEEP, and the air is thick with cloud,
Smile, that the sun may shine.
Speak, and the voice of thy words is sweet.
Call to me, beckon me up to thy feet,
In this young hour of thine.

Help me to taste the fruit of life,
Love me that I may know;
For we are born to a world of hate,
Where men shall come by the dawn's bright gate,
And pass with the sunset's glow.

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SCRAPPER HALPIN

By Marcus Kavanagh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENMAN FINK

I

MR. JOHN HALPIN

WHEN Mr. John Halpin began selling papers three years ago, at the southwest corner of Clark and Randolph Streets, in the city of Chicago, he was seven years old. According to his own words, he was "the greenest in the bunch." This last statement was always made in confidence, and he generally waited for expressions of extreme surprise—even protestations—from his hearers; the fact of that past innocence was to him a matter of honest wonder.

Now he smokes cigarettes as he can get them, and when excited, swears with brilliancy and appropriateness, and does not disdain a fight when the occasion demands it.

Such occasions are as plentiful as blackberries in a wayside thicket; but inasmuch as Mr. Halpin has never seen a wayside thicket, as plenty as blackberries on South Water Street will be a more appropriate figure. From this fighting propensity the name of "Scrapper Halpin" has been earned.

A certain gentleman who beats his wife has declared that he has been driven to it, and that the event is consummated with such a solemn sense of duty that, were his motives correctly exhibited, the proceedings would be regarded as partaking of the nature of a religious ceremony.

In swift argument of such effect Mr. John Halpin excels, and has most occasion for. Not that he is married or even contemplates matrimony; on the contrary, he has often expressed his doubts as to the wisdom of that holy institution.

"De wimmin is terrible bosses," he cries excitedly; "look at poor Casey, de janitor! Mrs. Casey fights de booze whenever she wants ter, but if poor hard-workin' Casey dares—jus dares, to come home drunk, wunst, only wunst, what does she do? Why she licks de stuffin' outen him!"

It is only fair to warn young women generally that this oft-cited instance of Mrs. Casey has done much to prejudice the young gentlemen of the street against them.

That Mr. Halpin is a class of bad boy even his warmest admirers admit; among whom, strange to say, are two crossing policemen. He himself cheerfully acknowledges it, as one would admit a certain pride of personality. When chided, as he often is by Matt Reilly the crossing policeman, he vehemently assures Mr. Reilly that during youthful days he ascetically abstained, and that these habits have been acquired only during mature years. Then he points out the policeman's well-known failings, and with excited gesture rides the officer down, and gallops over him.

During the past year he has been "fired," as he expresses it, from every newsboys' home in Chicago. The rules in these institutions were broken mostly because they *were* rules, not that he particularly yearned to do the things forbidden. At present he claims for himself simply that he is "square"; that he has never stolen anything, or cheated anyone, and that he will not lie, unless under such provocation that anyone in the same case might easily seek such a refuge. These claims are offered with other important modifications and exceptions. The fruit-venders, for instance, are alien enemies, whose property may rightfully be sampled at the moment; or, clearly speaking, he considers a fruit-stand in much the same light that the ordinary City Alderman regards a City Treasury—one may help one's self and one's friends from it, decently and in order; but to take openly or

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to get caught is common larceny and disgraceful.

Through some peradventure, however, there has begun to be mixed with his blood a certain groping reverence for honor, and such stunted and badly watered veneration for manliness that Matt Reilly has often declared that with a house to shelter the boy, careful hands to wash and soap him, and a loving mother's ear to hear his prayers at night, that much good would blossom, most of the bad in him being the grime that the streets have rubbed into him. And Matt Reilly understands!

Scrapper Halpin, in return, expresses high esteem for Mr. Reilly. "He's a good slob—for a copper," the boy declares.

Probably Scrapper Halpin is no stranger to the Chicago reader. All who ride on the North Side cable-cars must frequently have seen him, as his dress and figure are rather striking, and his manner neither timid nor retiring.

If you remember having noticed a newsboy about ten years old, of a set, though active, figure, with a freckled face, and a white fuzzy head—like a dandelion gone to seed—standing at the Sherman House corner, you have seen Scrapper Halpin. Probably you heard him first. Not a bad-looking boy, mind you. He carries as honest a pair of big gray eyes as ever looked from a boy's face. A passing artist would look twice at that shapely chin and mouth.

The sleeves of his jacket are far too long—for that reason he keeps them turned up at the wrists; the legs of his trousers are too short, and have a distressing tendency to defy his frayed suspenders and sag down whenever his hand leaves them. This habit on the part of his trousers is believed to be an empty threat, and gives Scrapper little concern, although it has often caused sudden and grave alarm to lady-customers. Elderly maidens have heard his shrill voice, and looked at his cloudy face, through which the freckles shine like winter stars, and have passed on shuddering.

A story has often been told on the corner that has travelled even to the Harrison Street police-station, how a fleshy lady from the country, and of singularly courageous mould, while fishing in her reticule for two pennies with which to pay for a *Tribune*, asked the boy a dozen questions about himself, which he—chafing and fretting—answered; how she gently stroked his tumbled hair, and, with the mother-light shining through her spectacles, murmured: "Poor friendless little fellow. God help you, you poor homeless baby!" and other phrases of like meaning. The Scrapper bore these strokings, it is said, after the manner of a nervous horse being curried, and as she went away, threw toward her that softened, eager look that a stray dog throws you when you drop him an unexpected bone.

How he learned to read, Heaven alone knows, but the sporting page of the *Tribune* occupies him frequently. Other papers report police news or accounts of disasters correctly enough, but are not so reliable in the respect of sporting information; and Scrapper Halpin wants the best.

The greater part of his education has been furnished from the front seats of the theatre gallery. His favorite play-house is Hopkins's, although he has a great weakness for the Academy in Halsted Street. "A Life For a Life," "Under the Gaslight," and "The Two Orphans" are his favorite plays, although a good vaudeville sketch with buck-and-wing dancing gives more lasting satisfaction. A villain should be absolutely thorough in his villany, he thinks, and a hero be handy with his gun.

It is surprising what one may pick up in the front row of a gallery. Should anyone tell Mr. Halpin that ladies of good social position ever appeared at home or on the street in other than *décolleté* gowns with long trains, he would laugh him to scorn. When they go abroad to rescue their children, or, if unmarried, to warn their lovers, he knows they add a black lace shawl wrapped about their heads.

This costume not being much seen upon State Street, Mr. Halpin shares the opinion held by distinguished visitors—that Chicago has no good society.

He admits that when he first began going to the theatres he was dreadfully ignorant of the real characters of stage people. In imagination he followed them to their homes, and kept them invested with the traits they wore in the glare of the footlights. No young lady who frequents matinées ever found more comfort before disillusion than he in that theory.

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When the "Northern Lights" was given at the Academy, he never dreamed but that the young gentleman who took the part of *Swift Wing* was a full-blooded Sioux Indian, although the programme said that the actor's name was Robert Broderick. This piece so worked upon Scrapper's nerves that he was forced to see it five nights out of the six of its run, and whenever *Swift Wing* struggled with death and fell off his horse, a freckled-faced, fuzzy-haired small boy hung over the rail limp with emotion.

His religious experiences have not been numerous nor particularly happy. He vaguely remembers that years before, with a hand clasped in his mother's, and with hair newly combed, and eyes stinging with soap-suds, he was sometimes led into a great room filled with people where mists of incense arose, and he beheld, as if behind a veil, waving lights and flowers, and had been frightened by the swell of choral music. The recollection is dim now, but he knows the place to have been a church, and it all happened before his poor mother and father were—well—sent away.

So far as memory *distinctly* serves, his pious experiences have been confined to one visit to The Mission Sunday-school, one week before its annual picnic. This brings us to the occasion upon which he was hoodooed.

That visit is now steeped in regret, not unmixed with bitterness, because, during that time he was offered humiliation and indignity by the scholars, and insults from a young woman who wore spectacles—all within five minutes after entering the room—also, in some unknown way, he was hoodooed.

For this calamity he had to thank his friends, many of whom were in the boot-blacking and news business. The most persistent was the negro boy Kinky Jackson, who had urged him for several weeks to attend the Sunday-school, and so make himself eligible for the picnic. Partly through forgetfulness, but mostly through carelessness, he let each Sunday slip by until the last was upon him. Still, he was advised to make the venture, although Lame Johnson strongly recommended him not to take the chance, for fear of trouble, as it took three Sundays, under the rules, to entitle one to a bid to the picnic.

We have all experienced some premonition in the shadow of approaching danger; something like that came to Scrapper, and warned him not to go into this strange camp, or peril would be his. Better judgment was conquered by more zealous friends whose interests lay in having the rules tested, so that they might govern themselves next year accordingly.

The day came. He entered the church, alert, wary, uncomfortable, and defiant.

Five minutes later he found himself on the sidewalk, exposed, humiliated, angry, and more defiant. A young woman with a flushed face stood in the doorway. Through her spectacles she gave him glare for glare.

That night the now-famous prize-fight between Scrapper Halpin and Kinky Jackson occurred. Lame Johnson was the referee, and the affair was fought through to the end of eleven rounds in the court behind the Board of Trade Building. There were over a hundred spectators. Lame Johnson had been heard to boast that he had started more fights and fought less himself than any other boy in the street. He declared this the gamest, genteelest, and most elevating thing of the kind he had ever brought off. Honor crowning honor, the twelfth round was stopped by the police.

This fight was only one of a series occasioned by the picnic; natural-born quarrels were so numerous that within a month Mr. Halpin couldn't borrow a paper or a penny from Michigan Avenue to the river. Then came a regular long-drawn-out series of misfortunes. Trouble tumbled over trouble to get a chance at him; the days and the weeks were filled with calamity.

By a singular coincidence, Kinky Jackson arrived at the same exiled destination; the route was different, but one not necessary for the narrator to traverse.

Both boys claimed that the bad luck had started from the quarrel in the church.

"That Sunday-school hoodooed me," the Scrapper often declared, with averted eyes, and downturned, outstretched palms. "It hoodooed me, an' dat's all der is about it! I looked fer it from de first," he exclaimed. "I expected it all de time;

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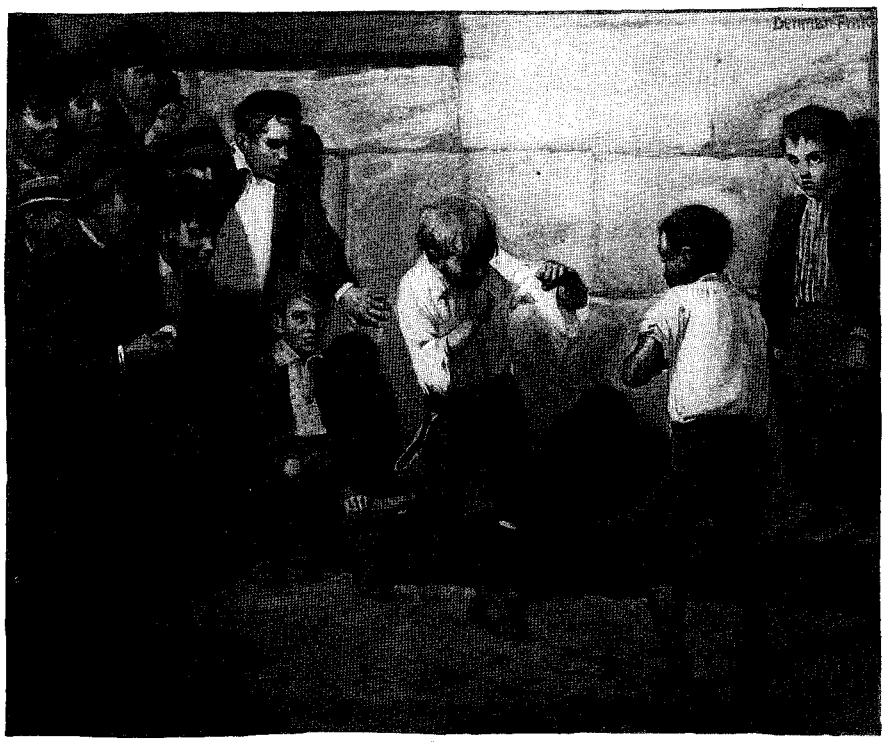

The affair was fought through to the end of eleven rounds.—Page 184.

from de minute dat young woman set her lamps on me, I knew she meant trouble! An' trouble," he added, gloomily, "sure enough it is!"

II

HOW HE WAS HUNGRY

LAME JOHNSON had an easy poetical way about him, and often declared that trouble was like a boil. "It gathers an' hurts an' hurts, an' gathers until it breaks an' goes away," he exclaimed, "leaving a scar more or less deep, and the scar stays!" Lame Johnson ought to have known, because he was fourteen years old and had saved up sixty dollars, both of which things —the age and the treasure—necessitate wisdom.

It was a dreary October night when Scrapper's trouble broke. He sat on the east steps of the County Building, in the shelter of the great stone columns, without a friend in the wide gloomy city, and without a penny in his pocket. He was at furious odds with the whole world. A chill wind came out of the lake. Clark Street was full of people hurrying from the cares of the day, so it was the best hour to sell papers; yet he never looked up. Bending forward with both hands gripped about his jaw, and the freckles standing out aggressively on his pale face, he sat. Not a newspaper lay by his side. Even the blacking-box was gone.

I had hoped to skim through this narrative without mentioning a certain vice, but it must out with the others. The Scrapper gambled. No alley from Polk Street to the river was sacred to his crap-shooting. The black crisis came one night. He went broke! He had had harder luck than any other boy in town; he just knew that.

Occasionally, he raised his eyes, and saw, not twenty feet away, the person who had started the hoodoo, and who was, without intending it, the origin of all his ill-luck. Crowded against the lower pillar was the disconsolate figure of Kinky Jackson, not a word coming from his mouth.

Then from Washington Street came the voice of Kinky's old rival, Reddy Hogan.

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"Here's yer poipe, a *Joynal*, a *News*, an' a *Pos'*, 'n '*Numerican!*" Over and over the call sounded, but Mr. Jackson sent back no answering slogan; like Scrapper, he had no wares to offer. The enmities of the street are short-lived; and of a truth misery loves company. Each boy wished the other would speak first; each proudly refused to make the advance.

Express wagons, trucks, and horse-cars surged through the street; here and there a hansom or private carriage struggled madly among them. Drivers pelted and cursed their poor beasts, and passengers in the carriages looked anxiously upon the tangled mass.

By and by Scrapper slipped down a step or two toward the pavement. Mr. Jackson moved a step or two higher. After that they waited, without another move, without a word. The lights flared within the large sign at the Grand Opera House opposite; the saloon windows were ablaze before either boy spoke.

The Greek fruit-seller watched them with a hawk's eye.—Page 187.

Then Kinky, without turning his head, addressed the other. "Hello!" he said, in an astonished voice. "Hain't it time you 'uns was gwine home to youah family?" The remark was not intended as a jest; it was a sort of galloping scout to find out whether friend or enemy was to be met with.

"Well," returned the white boy, with a futile attempt at mirth, "me doctor makes me come out dis time ev'ry evenin' to get an appertite fer me dinner."

The ice was broken. The negro arose carefully, dusted his ragged trousers, and planted himself beside the late enemy.

For an appreciable time they sat with brows knitted, each searching his brain to find some funny thought or at least a pleasant one to turn into a garment for the late unfriendliness. It was long in coming, and bore marks of labor. Mr. Jackson fashioned it, with a rich Southern accent, into which was mixed the twang of the street.

"To tell de trute," he began, confidently, "dey's a young lady I've been waiting for. Her father owns the Van Buren Street tunnel. I 'spects you 'uns must a skeered her off."

"De wimmen's a good deal of trouble to a man, specially if he's handsome," replied the Scrapper, ignoring the reflection. "Dere's t'ree or four allers runnin' after me, sendin' me t'ings. Dere poppers is mostly bankers, but I'm leery of 'em." He said this with a sage wag of the head. But there was a querulous twinge to his voice; the mirth in it was dead. Having spoken, they fell into a friendly but moody silence; it lasted until broken by the black boy.

"W'at's wrong?" asked Kinky, suddenly.

Like a stone flung into a shallow pool, it started all the black and ugly things of the past few weeks to the surface.

"Everything's wrong," replied Scrapper, hotly. "De whole world's wrong; dat's w'ats! When a feller's in de 'orspital an' sick, an' can't eat nothink, dey brings him jellies an' cakes an' chicking; when he's out of de 'orspital an' could eat a live baby if they'd only let him, w'y he can't get anything at all. Dat's w'at's wrong!"

"Den yer broke?"

"Flat, flat," and Mr. Halpin spread out a small dirty hand; "flat as dat!"

"So am I," said Mr. Jackson, sympathetically. "When did ye eat?"

"Last night."

"Phew!" the black boy whistled. "I had breakfus dis mawnin'. It wasn't much—only a banana I swiped from a dago an' a bun Lame Johnson give me;

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but Lordy, it was breakfus ! " He paused, as if struck with an important idea.

For a time he reflected deeply. At last, with something like a sigh, he ran his hand down into the innermost depths of a jacket pocket, and fished from it a battered cigarette and some matches. These had been hoarded for some time — that was evident ; he eyed them tenderly as he handed them to his companion.

" Dis'll help some," was all he said.

The other lighted the cigarette, drew a deep breath of it into his lungs, and carefully blew the smoke in Kinky's direction. Then he leaned back against the steps.

Soon the furrows smoothed themselves a little on the gamin's forehead ; the hard lines about the lips relaxed, an expression akin to comfort stole over the worried face. With eyes half-closed he watched the white vapor wander into Mr. Jackson's knotty hair and shining features. When the cigarette was half-consumed, Scrapper handed the remaining portion to his friend, and waited until it dwindled.

" Well," said he, looking at the last of the yellow fragment in Kinky's hand, " dere's no more money fer us here today. Suppose we hike it ? "

" I'm wid ye ! " and Mr. Jackson stood up.

The crowd on the sidewalk thinned out to an occasional pedestrian. The two reached the pavement.

" How do you feel ? " asked Mr. Jackson.

" Feel ! " said Scrapper, earnestly. " I feel as if dere was a wolf inside o' me tearin' at me ribs ! "

" An' I got his mothah an' his lil' sistah an' th' rest of th' family," responded the other fervently.

They stood an instant, searching the street.

The noise of traffic was hushed. It was the hour when the day was fleeing before the conquering darkness ; that last lingering touch fell upon the clouds in the western sky. The night came on in triumph ; the sad-faced city rose with waving lights and greeted the victor. The tall buildings folded themselves in sable cloaks that spread out into the deserted highways at their feet, and the fitful pulse of the weary town throbbed faintly a moment ; then all was still.

The boys saw the torches blazing in front of the fruit-stand on the corner of Washington Street, and turned in that direction.

It was not the first time they had been hungry. From some corner succor had always blown toward them, and that strengthening hope that Heaven gives so bountifully to children, to cripples, and to the unwise, floated near them now. As for to-morrow, through all their remembrance they never doubted it. It was a powerful friend, and they asked of it any wish ; it *promised* fulfilment, at least.

" Cab, gentlemen ? " called out a facetious driver as they passed the line of vehicles along the curb.

" Less noise, me man ; less noise, me man," warned Scrapper, loftily, " or we'll quit ridin' wid ye ! "

The Greek fruit-seller watched them with a hawk's eye until they turned up Washington Street and were lost to sight.

The angry clang of a patrol-wagon—dashing up to where the murky yellow glare of State Street cut through the gloom—decided their direction. They ran after it, calling to each other in excited surmises. At any hour one can count on some kind of excitement on the corner of State and Madison Streets.

It was, after all, only a man hurt by a cable-car at that place.

Because of the evenness of the buildings and of the high electric lights, the sky here seems at night to rest upon the tops of the houses. State Street appears like a huge tunnel with black streams flowing along its sides. Like strange, timid monsters, with great, staring eyes, cable-cars follow one another continuously down its centre, uttering hoarse cries.

" Scrapper Halpin "

Other streets at evening go off in quiet slumbers, but State Street—never ! The surging,

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rumbling thunder that beats against its gray walls at noon sinks into hoarse complainings through the struggling darkness.

After midnight the street becomes more terribly fascinating than any other in the world. Then the burglar slinks back from his quarry; the priest hurries to a death-bed, the last *viaticum* hidden reverently in his hands; the worker plods on with a glad thought of sheltered children warming his heart; the preying female outcast; the seeker after pleasure; the intended suicide, creeping back to his bare room, poison in his pocket; the hunted thief; the officer who drives him; aye, even the murderer who sees freshly the set jaws and staring eyes of his victim; all jostle one another under the sickly lights. Their feet beat time upon the breast of the great highway until it throbs and moans helplessly. It never knows rest.

Mr. Halpin and Mr. Jackson strayed along in the glare of the streets, pausing now and then to gaze at the resplendent mirrors, gaudy with shows of millinery; looking with longing eyes at piles of confections; lingering near lunch-room doors, and parting from them with regret; wandering as idly as leaves blown by a vagrant autumn wind. Throbbing along a sombre accompaniment to every word, to every sound and every thought, however, was the hunger. A dozen times, at least, they begged of passers-by, but to no purpose.

At last they stood before the café of the Auditorium; the brilliantly lighted room, with its elegantly dressed customers, attracted them.

"Come and take dinner wid me," entreated Mr. Halpin.

"Well, I reely ain't hongry," said Mr. Jackson.

They sauntered over to an open window and stood beside it, fascinated by the scene within. Servants were carrying about trays loaded with every food and delicacy. The fragrance of coffee and spices floated toward them. There were fowls browned and still smoking, cuts of roast beef, stacks of flaky bread with yellow butter beside them, potatoes with amber gravy in bowls, and, Great Scotland! slice after slice of watermelon! The whole scene moved in the glamour of fruits and flowers and shining silver; it was like a fairy story.

It seemed strange to the boys that no one was in a hurry to eat. People talked to one another, looked about them, read the newspapers, and did everything in so leisurely a way that it was maddening.

One middle-aged, beetle-browed gentleman in evening dress was particularly irritating. He sat so near the window that the boys could hear his conversation with the waiter. The man dawdled over his dinner in a resentful way; nothing seemed to please him. Suddenly he saw the begrimed, wistful faces at the window, watching every morsel that passed his lips. He grew annoyed at the comments made upon his dinner, but did not complain to the waiter.

"What'll ye take first?" asked Scrapper.

"Gimme some chicking."

"Naw, take soup. It's imperlite to eat anythink but soup at de breakaway."

"All right," responded the negro boy, smacking his lips and pretending to eat. "De soup was good, but de chicking is better."

"What'll yer take next?"

"More chicking."

"Why don't yer take some roas' duck wid unyuns an' stuffin' an' brown gravy, or some scorned beef an' cabbage?"

"Ah-h-h, I didn't know you had it. Den yo' may bring me a little of de duck."

The jest grew upon the boys until it was no longer jest. With increasing earnestness their eyes and hearts followed the courses carried before them.

The man at the table heard all the comments; and some faint suggestions of the truth dawned upon him. Still, not all the truth. At his elbow the servant stood, dignified, wrathful, and glancing helplessly about for assistance. The words of the two Arabs were so penetrating that soon twenty people were looking toward the window. Its two occupants couldn't tell which they most enjoyed, the general interest they had aroused, or the helpless wrath of the waiter. The diner next to them, turned again and noticed closer. There was such a suggestion in the ragged turned-up sleeve upon the sill, in the frayed and soiled neckband of Mr. Halpin's colorless shirt, that a recollection swiftly came to him. A few notes of a buried song, the perfume of trodden grass,

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the odor of a flower, an old familiar word or two, even commoner things have at times enough magic in them to uncover forgotten faces, disclose distant lands or vanished scenes, although, in one's memory, the mould has covered them for years.

There was a certain yellow and gray web in Mr. Halpin's coat that made it the image of one this man had worn one night thirty years before. The buttons were missing, too, at the top, and stains were frequent down its front. The devil-may-care yet eager expression in the face of the street Arab prompted his memory strongly.

He closed his eyes a moment as from a lightning flash; yet he saw in its glare a barefoot, wild-hearted boy steal from a farm-house through the pasture-gate out into the lonely night-covered road. He thought of it all now; not slowly, but with a rush of feeling; the white mist crept up out of the marsh to sit upon the shining hills; the dew sparkled and shivered upon the star-lit plains; the thick corn shook its golden tassels and rustled its silken leaves; and the cattle lying by the roadside raised their patient eyes to him in reproach as he went. The road climbed a little hill and then plunged into a wood. At the hill-top he saw the boy stand and gaze at the little white house down in the valley. Then his eyes grew dim, and the blackness of the forest enfolded him.

Lingering near lunch-room doors —Page 188.

The years were long in passing, then, but now they leaped over one another as he looked backward—years that had beaten him with whips.

The old house at the bottom of the hill is empty of human habitation to-night. Its blackened and fallen rafters shelter the owl and the prowling fox. And where the orchard was, in a little place he had walled up a few years before, is a row of graves close to one another. He has gained all that his first ambition had wished for, yet he has nothing. Ah, God! If he could only go back to that old house this quiet night and find them all again, just as he saw them last! Oh, oh, oh!

"I say, me fine feller," a shrill voice said from the window. Scrapper was leaning on the sill and addressing the banqueter. "I say, me fine feller, I'd like to trade ye me appertite fer yer supper!"

The revery broke into fragments. The man's glance met this time the big gray eyes at the window, and their appearance brought him half-way to his feet. The rings under the eyes, their feverish gleam, the pallid cheeks, named it famine.

The waiter was already at the door, but the black boy had disappeared. These two, the white boy and the man who dined, stared, fascinated at each other; then the boy slipped to the pavement, while the man hastened after the waiter. All unmindful of the place and forgetful

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of others, the man called hoarsely to the servant, "Stop him! For God's sake, stop him!"

Like young antelopes the boys started to the south along Michigan Avenue, the negro boy in the lead.

"Stop thief!" called someone on the sidewalk. A cabman thrust his whip between the black boy's legs as he ran. The child stumbled and fell heavily, his face upon the stone sidewalk.

The Scrapper looked back in his flight, and saw a man in evening dress raise Kinky, who hung limp in his arms, and then the crowd hid them. He turned west on Harrison Street, his mind in a haze of sudden fear, and ran until he darted into the alley, where he climbed through an open window into a coal-shed, and leaned panting against the wall. There he waited, his heart beating furiously, hunger for the time forgotten, every sense strained for the noise of pursuit.

Five anxious minutes passed: there was only the far-off rumble of carriages. He crept furtively out of the coal-shed and stole wearily down to the avenue again. There was no crowd about the Auditorium, and the stream of passage flowed on with untroubled current. The boy turned south, walking leisurely, trying to collect his thoughts. But where was Kinky?

III

HOW HE WAS TEMPTED

PEOPLE were coming down to the theatres. Miles upon miles to the south stretched the sentinel lamps. Out from between leaped teams of spirited horses, their dark swaying freight behind. Scrapper caught fleeting glimpses of snowy gowns and happy faces, and he wondered whether those within the carriages could be hungry.

Out on the lake the darkness fell; back and forth it swayed like a curtain. Red lamps upon the masts of boats bobbed up and down, showing at times a glimpse of folded sails that beckoned like spectres.

Where should he go? What could he do? His brain was racked for an answer; his head ached. The cruel hunger came back, and pinched him with sharp, burning gripes. Then the full tide of desolation also came, sweeping like an angry ocean wave. His soul surrendered to its misery.

"Wot have I ever done agin anybody?" he sobbed aloud. "W'y is everyone jumpin' on a poor little boy like me, kin yer tell? Say, ain't I been square? I wish, oh, I wish someone would give me a lift, wunst, jus' dis wunst!"

But there was no one near who could help. In fact, there was no one in sight except a bare-legged, bare-headed boy, who trotted just ahead, carefully holding in front a handleless tin can.

An idea struck Scrapper. The boy had come out of one of the charitable dispensaries. That can held something for the family supper—nice warm milk, perhaps—and there was no one in sight. The boy, too, was such a little boy—almost a baby. To rob him would be like robbing a baby, anyway that one figured. The stranger turned up Eldridge Court, and the newsboy, after hesitating a moment, followed him. The street was deserted, and the glimmer of the gas-lamps but emphasized its loneliness. The alley bisecting that court was a capital place for a footpad, and Scrapper remembered it well.

Scrapper struggled hard to keep from thinking of that can, yet he could not help following it, and the thought that it might turn into any of the houses, and be lost there, made his heart sink. Why should consideration be shown to this boy, he reasoned; no one had ever any mercy on *him*. Still, if he deprived the boy of his possession, he would never again be able to say that he was square. Why not? Who would ever know? The boy, besides, was such a weak little fellow, but Scrapper was starving. Was it his fault that he was starving? One had to look out for one's self in this world. It wasn't his fault that the boy was little and weak. Scrapper preferred to see the boy larger and stronger; then there would be a fair fight. Well, but there was God! He knew about the matter all the time. Why didn't He do something? It was a hard thing, and no one could deny it, to leave a little boy like him at the devil's mercy!

Thus the newsboy's mind ran on. What right had this other boy to go home to a

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warm comfortable supper, while Scrapper wandered about the streets, homeless and starving. There was nothing square about it!

A hard look came over Scrapper's face, and he quickened his pace; his feet fell soft as snow-flakes.

The stranger trotted along unconscious of the threatening shadow behind. Scrapper's fists were clinched, his teeth set, his breath came hard and fast. The moral struggle was over; it was now simply a case of the hawk and the dove. The only question remaining was one of security, and the dark alley gloomed just ahead.

The pursuer crept up so close that he could hear the labored breath of his victim, and noticed how weakly the poor little shoulders curved beneath. But there was no pity, no compunction; only a savage determination to possess himself of the booty.

The child stumbled and fell heavily.—Page 190.

But Providence ordained that Mr. Halpin was not to be a highwayman—at least not just then. When they were within five feet of the alley a huge figure moved slowly out of the shadow of some trees. Scrapper fell back with a frightened gasp, and Big Pete, the policeman, walked past leisurely, swinging his club and whistling a mournful air.

The officer did not notice the frightened figure below him; nevertheless, Mr. Halpin's heart stood still in awful expectancy. "Gee," he muttered, "dat was a close call!"

He lingered near the alley till the officer was out of hearing. But the prey had escaped him.

The little boy had climbed the front steps of an old frame building a few doors farther on, and had laid his burden down. Then he pulled violently at the white bell-knob and waited. There was no answer. To the watcher in the alley a vague hope came that made his heart beat faster. The boy jerked the bell again, with both hands, but again there was no response. Scrapper crouched lower in the shadow. A dim light gleamed in the basement, but the rest of the house was in darkness.

After ringing again and receiving no answer, the little boy ran impatiently down the steps, leaving the can behind, on the door-sill, and disappearing within a door leading to the basement.

Scrapper looked up and down the street. Not a soul was in sight. The policeman had turned the corner. From Wabash Avenue came the clang, clang of the passing cable-cars; but no other sound was heard. It was now or never!

Scrapper crept stealthily to the front of the house and darted up the steps. An instant after he was sitting on the curb-stone, the can resting upon the gutter at his feet and covered by his hat. At the same instant the little boy returned. A rich, meaty odor came up from the can. It certainly did not contain milk, but some kind of soup; the fragrance was intoxicating.

The owner of the can soon missed it from the porch, and began, in a frightened way, to look for it. High and low he searched about the porch and steps.

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Scrapper watched every move, hoping for a peaceable possession, determined, however, to retain his booty at any hazard.

The search broadened. The little bare white legs of the owner crossed the grass-plot, trotted out into the street, disappeared into the alley, and then came back to the steps. Then he cast one despairing look around and sat down. Mr. Halpin knew the crisis had arrived. Whether it would call for armed might or simple diplomacy he did not know; he hoped fervently for the latter.

"We got money enough fur a breakfus."—Page 194.

The little boy was silent for a moment; then a dismal howl broke the stillness, succeeded by another and another, each exceeding its predecessor in vigor, until at last the noise settled down to a steady downpour of wailing. Scrapper had never heard anything in the mourning line to equal it.

"Well, I'm blest!" he muttered, in a kind of dismay, "if *you* don't break de record!"

The noise made him exceedingly uncomfortable. Indeed, he had been rather uncomfortable since he had taken possession of the can. Now that it was safe, the act seemed a little meaner than before, and the more he thought of it, the worse it all appeared.

An impulse came over him to give up the can, but a breath from its contents made that impossible. The noise showed no sign of abatement, and, according to all indications, it would continue till morning. Besides being annoying to a sensitive ear, it was a serious menace to Mr. Halpin's safety—it might bring aid and fresh explorations. Scrapper determined to use his powers of persuasion.

"I say," at last he blurted out desperately, "w'y don't yer stop dat noise? Don't yer know dere's a man sick in Hyde Park?"

"Oh, oh, oh! I lost my father's supper! I lost my father's supper! Oh, oh, oh!"

"Well, don't ye see w'at a mistake yer makin'," expostulated Mr. Halpin. "W'y don't yer go in an' take yer lickin', an' den come out an' cry. Now yer goin' ter cry after de lickin'; yer crying twist fer de same t'ing, see!"

His air of superior virtue and authoritative wisdom caused the little boy to look up appealingly. Scrapper grew more uncomfortable.

"It ain't the fear of a whipping makes me cry," the victim sobbed, "I only wish my father could whip me; but he's too — too — sick to whip anybody. Oh, oh!"

"Stop dat durn noise," said Scrapper, now red in the face. "Don't set there bawlin' like a dago girl, but go an' get some more!" He said this savagely.

"I can't—can't—help it! There *ain't* any more, and there ain't any five cents to get more if there was;" and the boy rocked back and forth upon the steps, his body convulsed with sobs, his face saturated with tears, looking very little, very helpless, and miserable.

"You didn't—see a tin can with some —some beef-tea in it—did—did—you?"

Now did any boy ever have such luck as Scrapper Halpin? Everyone was against him, trying to make him feel bad, and doing the most unobliging and perverse things. What right had this boy to be little and weak? What right had

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his father to be sick, anyway ? Durn the luck !—just like that man to go and die if he didn't get that beef-tea. If he thought it would make Scrapper more uncomfortable, he certainly would die.

Scrapper felt that if he could only get away from the odor of that can, he believed he could give it up ; he made an effort to rise. But when his hat was lifted a little off the can, the perfumes from Araby the blest were not as subtle as those that now floated up to him. He sat down again and fought with the hunger. Every time that good impulse seized him the wolf stuck its claws deeper into his heart. He called up every good and decent thing in his poor miserable little life to help him wrestle with the assailant, but the infernal can overpowered them. The other lad was now sobbing hysterically. Every sigh went through Scrapper like a knife ; a great lump came into his throat ; he felt that he must surely break down and cry if the struggle lasted much longer.

"Don't holler any more, little feller," he said weakly, "an' I'll find it fer yer." He waited a moment, bracing his soul.

The little fellow jumped to his feet.

Mr. Halpin slowly but firmly grasped his nostrils with his left hand, and closed them against the deadly incense. With his right he placed the ragged hat upon his head, then stood up. "Dere's yer can," he said to the little boy, "I was only jokin' yer. Take it !"

The fight was over ; he had conquered. But his body felt weak and sick from the effort ; his mind whirled. There was a feeble trial to grasp the situation, but a spasm of agony smothered his reason. For an instant he thought that this was death coming on, and he grew horribly afraid. The world seemed to have slipped from under his feet ; the black universe closed in to crush him.

Just then, the moon, which had been sulking for a time behind the clouds, came out again. With sudden splendor it blazoned the cross upon the top of St. Mary's Church at the corner, and flung a mighty shadow athwart the street. A part of the dim figure covered the boy like a canopy. It was the image of the cross upon St. Mary's that fell in silence around him.

When the door closed upon the little boy, Scrapper turned wearily away. His last hope was gone. The spasm of physical weakness abated somewhat. Then youth and strong red blood dashed to his rescue. He walked across the street and sat for a time upon the steps of the church ; he was very tired, as well as very hungry. "Anyway, I *was* square, I was square," he kept saying to himself, grasping for comfort. After awhile, the pain growing less, he arose, went out into the street, and struggled up the steps of a northbound car. No one seeing him, he rode all the way down-town.

Fronting on Dearborn Street and running back to within twenty-five feet of the alley, is a bakery. The alley forms a little court. The front doors of the bakery close at eight o'clock in the evening, but in the basement ten or fifteen men struggle with great masses of dough : kneading, rolling, and pounding it until morning. They sing and pound, and chatter in German with one another until sunrise ; then the canvas-covered wagons begin to arrive, and they climb up in their white caps and aprons, bare-armed and laughing, and pile their fragrant loads into the waiting carts.

During the day, flour-barrels are rolled down a cellar-door—in the rear of the building—never used at night. Next to it is an iron grating through which ascends all night long the odor of new-baked bread and the heat from the ovens.

This court was Scrapper's hotel. A dozen such hotels were in nightly use between the river and Van Buren Street ; some of them crowded with occupants.

It was ten o'clock when Mr. Halpin came slouching into the alley. He went to a barrel and emptied it of some straw and boards, and drew forth two ragged blankets. One he spread upon the cellar-door, and fell, rather than lay, upon it ; he covered himself with the other.

The hunger did not hurt so much now, but he was weak and feverish. If he could only go to sleep, all would be well in the morning. But the clouds floating above the court took on such queer shapes that he could not close his eyes. Beasts, men, houses, birds of the most uncouth shapes hung over him. All at once he found

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himself in a row-boat in the middle of Lake Michigan; it was broad daylight, and he was alone and without oars or sail, the boat floating and rocking, the cool green waves all about it.

All this was strange enough; but more marvellous were the things that swarmed about him. A shining table, furnished exactly like one of those at the Auditorium, was dancing and cavorting round his boat, not twenty feet away. Try as he would, he couldn't reach it; whenever the boat leaned toward it, the table floated farther away. Suddenly it began moving toward him. Nearer and nearer it came. Without motion he waited till it got within arm's reach. Even then he waited till it was absolutely safe against the side of the boat, when he made a sudden dive and caught it in both hands; and though it struggled with him, he felt that he was slowly but surely getting it into the boat. Then a hand upon his shoulder shook him roughly. "Wake up, wake up!" said someone.

"Wait a minute, jes' wait a minute!" begged Scrapper, struggling with the table.

"Hyar, git up an' lissen to me! See what I've got," said the voice, and the shaking still continued.

Mr. Halpin slowly opened his eyes, then closed them for a moment; the boat and the table had vanished.

Looking up, he saw that he was on the cellar-door and that Kinky was sitting beside him. "Fur de Lord's sake," he complained, "w'y didn't yer wait a minute, jes' a minute?"

For answer, Mr. Jackson merely held out a large white disk out of which red juice was bursting.

In an instant Scrapper sat up to grasp it with both hands. Was this a dream, too? Would Kinky, the hotel, and the pie fade away like the vision on the lake? At any rate, he'd waste no time, and he'd eat as much as possible before he awoke.

No dream-pie ever melted so exquisitely upon one's lips, nor left so delicious a taste in one's mouth. Scrapper's face had moved half-way through, and his cheeks and neck were purple with the juice, before he spoke. Then his utterance was very indistinct:

"How did yer make de raise?"

It was very simple. And Mr. Jackson told in detail how the gentleman had taken him to a restaurant. "An' de best of it is," said Mr. Jackson, in conclusion, "we got money enough fur a breakfus an' a stake fur business in de mawnin'."

Scrapper lay down again and covered his face with the blanket. Against all the troubles of the day he had borne without shedding a single tear, but this sudden rush of good-fortune was too much for him; the unmistakable sound of weeping came from beneath the blanket. Scrapper had always maintained that it was a weak, shameful thing for a boy to cry.

"Don't lay it up ag'in me, Kinky," he sobbed, "I ain't meself to-night. I'm playing de dago, an' I'm ashamed of it as you are. Don't tell Lame Johnson or de gang I cried," he pleaded, "fur I can't help it."

The black boy turned down the blanket, crept in beside him, and comforted him with a lie: "It *was* a bad day, Scrapper. A little while ago I bellered like a gal meself. But de trouble is broke." He put his arm round the white boy, and they both lay that way till they fell asleep.

The moon changed to silver, and rode out into the deepest sky; it flooded with a gray glory the dingy court. The Germans sang and pounded and chattered in the cellar. From the lake, fainting and afar, came the song of the hungry waters; the city moaned and tossed in uneasy slumber. But only peaceful and happy thoughts came to the two on the cellar-door; locked in each other's arms, they lay there until the morning sun chased the shadows from the court.

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ENGLISH COURT AND SOCIETY 1883–1900

LETTERS OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADRESS

By Mary King Waddington

SECOND PAPER

To H. L. K.

LONDON, July 12. 1888.

LAST night I had a novel and most amusing experience. I went with Count and Countess Florian (they are always ready to do anything I want) to dine at the Mansion House. W. could not go. As soon as we arrived they roared out my name, or rather my official title—"Her Excellency the French Ambassadress," and I walked alone (the Florians a little behind) up the great hall lined with people to where the Lord Mayor was standing, with his robes, chains, etc., a mace-bearer on one side, and a sort of trumpeter on the other. He stood quite still until I got close to him, then shook hands and asked my permission to remove his robes (ermine). We then went in to dinner. The Lord Mayor and his wife sat side by side, and I was on his right. The dinner was fairly good (a regular banquet, 70 or 80 people) with music and speeches. I rather liked the ceremony of the "loving cup." The cup was a handsome heavy gold tankard, with handles and a cover, and was brought first to the Lord Mayor. He rose—I did the same, and he asked me to take off the cover, which I did, and held it while he drank. Then he wiped the edge with his napkin, and passed it to me. The man next to me got up and held the cover while I drank. (The cup is very heavy and I had to take it with both hands.) The same ceremony was repeated all around the enormous table, and it was a pretty and curious sight to see a couple always standing—the women in full dress and jewels standing out well between the black coats of the men. It seems it is a very old custom, a remnant of rough feudal times, when the man drinking was obliged to have a friend standing next to him, to ward off a possible blow, his hands being occupied. I don't know what we drank—I should think a sort of hot spiced wine. Of course one just touches the edge of the cup. A wonderful man, in old-fashioned garb and a stentorian voice, stood always behind the Lord Mayor's chair, and called out all the names, toasts, etc. We went in afterward to Mrs. O., who had a musical party—all the pretty women and Mme. Nordica singing beautifully, with the orchestra of the Opera.

To G. K. S.

Tuesday, May 28, 1889.

We had our first encounter with Boulanger this morning. W. * and I were walking our horses down the Row when we met three gentlemen cantering toward us. As they passed we heard they were speaking French, but didn't pay any particular attention. I merely said, "I wonder who those men are," one so rarely hears French spoken in the Row. A few minutes later we met Lord Charles Beresford, who took a little turn with us, and said to W., "the other distinguished Frenchman is also in the Row," then we divined. A few moments afterward (the Row is so small one crosses people all the time) we met them again, Boulanger in the middle riding his famous black horse—a man on each side riding good horses, chestnuts. They all wore top hats, which no Englishmen do now in the morning. The men all wear low hats, the women also, and covert coats, the girls cotton blouses; not at all the correct style we used to admire as children in *Punch* when those beautiful women of Leech's riding in the Park filled our childish hearts with envy. I was

* W. here and throughout these letters refers to Mme. Waddington's husband, M. William Waddington.

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rather curious as to what would happen, as W. knows Boulanger slightly, and went to him when he was Minister of War about something concerning the military attaché; however, there was no difficulty as Boulanger was apparently too engrossed in conversation with his companions to notice anyone. I wonder if we shall meet him anywhere? They tell us that some of the society people mean to invite him, but I suppose they will scarcely ask us together.

To G. K. S.

Thursday, March 12, 1891.

Yesterday we were at Windsor to dine and sleep. The party was small—Staal, the Russian Ambassador, Lord Hartington, Sir Frederick Leighton, Lord and Lady Curzon, Ctesse. Perponcher and Cte. Seckendorff in attendance on the Empress Frederick, and of course the regular members of the Queen's Household. Lady Antrim was in waiting. We assembled as usual in the long corridor close to the door by which the Royal Party entered. We were all in black as the Empress was there. The Queen and the Empress came in together. The Queen shook hands with me and the two Ambassadors—the Empress with me only, bowing to the others. She is still in deep mourning—her dress black (woollen stuff of some kind) covered with crêpe, and a crêpe veil arranged in a point, or sort of Mary Stuart cap, on the top of her head, and falling behind to the edge of her skirt. The corsage was a little open, and she had a splendid necklace of pearls, also a miniature of the Emperor Frederick set in diamonds fastened on the front of her bodice. The dress was very becoming—she looked very stately and graceful as she walked through the corridor. She gave her arm to the Queen, and they walked in first to the dining-room, the Empress sitting next to the Queen on her right. W. followed with Princess Beatrice, sitting on the Queen's left. Staal with Princess Margaretta, and sat on the right of the Empress. Lord Hartington took me. The Queen talked a great deal to W.—the Empress joined in occasionally. They were both much interested in the Protestants in France, and wanted to know if the feeling was as strong as in the old days of Huguenots and Catholics. I think there is a very strong feeling, and it is rare when a French Protestant marries a Catholic—rarer still when they become Catholics.

The dinner is always quickly served, and the conversation nil. Nobody talks except those who are next the Princesses. The Cercle was, as usual, in the corridor between the two doors. The Queen stood a little but not all the time. She spoke to me about Johannes Wolff—admired his playing so much. The Empress talked a long time to W., and spoke immediately about her visit to Paris and Versailles, which was rather awkward for him, as he regretted very much that she had gone. All the first part of her stay went so well. She told him she had had nothing but respect, and even sympathy wherever she had been, and that she was much astonished and distressed when she saw the papers and found what a storm was raging in the Press. The Queen said a few words to me about the visit, and seemed to think it was a radical demonstration against the Government. I answered vaguely that all radicals made mischief—it wasn't a very easy subject to discuss. The Cercle was not very long—about three-quarters of an hour—and then the Court retired, the two Sovereigns going out as they came in, together. We finished the evening in the drawing-room, but broke up early. W. went off to smoke, and I had a nice hour in the beautiful little yellow salon. I had a splendid fire, quantities of candles (always my mania—I hate lamps, particularly in these days of petroleum), and was quite happy. Adelaide was very eloquent over the style of the housekeeper's room, and was funny over Charles, our French footman, and his indignation at being excluded from the society of the valets and ladies' maids. W.'s man was ill, so he took the French footman who has often done his service. That gentleman being in livery was considered one of the lower servants (sat some way below the salt) and when the swells (Adelaide, of course, included) retired to the housekeeper's room for dessert and coffee he remained with the under servants. All these domestic arrangements are quite unheard of

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in France—any distinctions of that kind would set the whole establishment in a storm.

It was a cold night, snow lying thick on the ground, clouds dark and low, and the great towers looked grim and formidable. W. came in about 12—said the talk in the fumoir was pleasant. He likes Count Seckendorff very much, finds him intelligent and moderate and sensible in his opinions—like all men who have knocked about a great deal and who know, not only other countries but the *people* of the country. After all churches, and palaces, and picture galleries have a certain "ressemblance," but people are different, and sometimes very interesting. We came away this morning at 10.30. I did not see anyone except Lady Antrim, as I never go to the dining-room for breakfast. I was ready a little before the time, and wandered about the corridor a little, looking at all the pictures. I met Staal doing the same thing. There is so much to see.

It is a beautiful bright day, and Hyde Park looked very animated as we drove through. Everyone was waiting to see the Queen pass. She arrived about an hour after us, as there is a Drawing-Room to-morrow. We had some music this afternoon—2 pianos, 8 hands—and we played rather well a splendid symphony of Brahm's—not at all easy. We dined with Mr. Henry Petre, one of the most soigné dinners in London. It is always pleasant at his house—they say it is because he is a bachelor, which is not very flattering to *us*, but I think it is true, I don't know why. As we were out we *went on*, as they say here, to Lady Aberdeen, who had a small dance, but did not stay very long, as it was rather a young company. People always say there is nothing going on in London before the Season, but we dine out every night and often have (I at least) something in the afternoon—a tea, or music. I don't believe anybody ever dines at home in London. The theatres are always crowded, quite as much as in Paris. Hilda and I went the other night with Count Seckendorff to see "Charlie's Aunt," a ridiculous farce which is having a great success. He protested at first at our choice—would have preferred something more classic, but he was perfectly amused (though protesting all the time). The piece is absolutely stupid, but so well played that the house was in roars of laughter, and that is always infectious. The man who played the part of the maiden aunt was extraordinarily well got up. His black silk dress and mittens were lovely—he looked really a prim old spinster and managed his skirts so well.

Saturday, April 4, 1891.

We lunched to-day with Ferdinand Rothschild to meet the Empress Frederick. We were a small party, principally Diplomatists. The Deyms, Hatzfeldt, Soveral, Harry Whites, etc. The Empress came (punctually) with Ctesse. Perponcher and Seckendorff. The lunch was very handsome, quickly served and very animated, everybody talked. I had Hatzfeldt on the other side (I sat between him and Rothschild) so I was quite happy—there is nobody I like so much to talk to. He is very clever, very entrain, speaks French beautifully and talks about anything—just enough "moqueur" to keep one's wits sharpened. We had a discussion as to what was the origin of "Mrs. Grundy." None of us knew. I must ask Jusserand, who will I am sure be able to tell us.

We were all dressed in black velvet, one would have thought it was a "mot d'ordre." The Empress is very easy and likes to talk. She asked me if I knew Deroulède, said she heard some of his poetry was charming. I told her the "Chants du Soldat" were delightful, but *I* couldn't send them to her (they are all about the French-German War). One of the ladies, Mrs. White I think, said she would.

Tuesday, April 19, 1891.

We had a most interesting day at Hatfield, and evidently we were right in going. We went down by a special, W. in deep mourning, I in my black crépon, my big pearls in my ears and around my neck, a little crêpe bonnet (with a soupçon of jet) and an ordinary dotted tulle veil. All our colleagues were most empressés and nice—said it had been so strange not to see either of us at any of the fêtes. There were as usual a certain number of young men, sons of the house, secretaries, etc., at the station at Hatfield; plenty of car-

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riages, and in a few minutes we were at the house. We passed straight through the rooms to the terrace, where a very smart company was assembled. Some of the young women in white satin and lace, high bodices of course, all very much dressed, and all with necklaces and jewels on their corsages. No one in particular received us. Lady Salisbury was driving with the Empress, Lord Salisbury talking with the Prince of Wales, and the Emperor riding. (The Salisburys had an enormous house party, all arrived the night before for dinner—the Emperor and Empress with their suite, also the Prince and Princess and theirs). I was strolling about the terrace with Countess Deym when we came suddenly upon the Princess of Wales, walking about with her "Kodak" and looking about 25 in her simple gray foulard and big black hat. As we went up to speak to her, she made us a sign to stop, saying "I want you in my picture." We talked to her a little while and then she said she must go and make herself "smart" for the lunch-party. There was still some time before there was any sign of Princes—or lunch. Mr. Barrington asked us to stand near the perron, as he had charge of the placing of the people. The Emperor and Empress appeared first, and immediately made a sort of cercle. Lady Salisbury presented me at once to the Empress, and she was most amiable, regretted not having seen me at the Reception at Buckingham Palace, adding, "J'ai vu toutes vos jeunes femmes plus jolies les unes que les autres." The Emperor too was easy and pleasant, but so many people were brought up to him all the time that he couldn't talk much. It was interesting to watch him. He was of course *the* central figure, and there is always a certain curiosity as to what he will do. He holds himself very straight, has a stern face and rather a stiff manner, not particularly gracious, speaks English of course perfectly well (in fact looks like an Englishman particularly in ordinary dress—of course the uniform changes him a little). I think he knew about everybody who was presented to him; soldiers, statesmen, artists, and seemed to be interested in the very short talks he had with each one. He and W. had quite a talk, and he again expressed his regret at not having seen him before, and also for the cause which had kept him away. The Prince and Princess stood about on the terrace while all the presentations were going on, talking to their friends. After about half an hour there was a move to the great dining-hall. I think there were about 150 guests. The Royalties and swells lunched in the great hall at small tables of ten, and the others in the ordinary dining-room. I was at Lord Salisbury's table, who took in the Empress; the Prince took me; Hatzfeldt (German Ambassador) Mdme. de Staal; Rustem (Turkish Ambassador) Princess Maude; Soveral (Portuguese Minister) Countess Spencer. At Lady Salisbury's table were the Emperor, Princess, Staal, W., etc. The talk was fairly easy at our table—Hatzfeldt said to me rather pointedly, "Je suis très heureux de vous voir ici aujourd'hui, Madame Waddington." The Prince also said we were quite right to come. I said I thought my plain black dress was rather out of place at such a brilliant entertainment, but he assured me it was quite correct. About half way through luncheon came the pearl necklace incident (which you saw in the papers). I suddenly felt that my necklace was unclasped. It was sewed on the corsage in front as the pearls are large and heavy, and I am always afraid of breaking the string. I asked Soveral, who was next to me, if he couldn't clasp it for me. He tried, but was nervous or awkward; at any rate couldn't manage it, and we were both getting red and flustered when suddenly we heard the Emperor from his table calling W.'s attention to the fact that "le Portugal était en train d'étrangler la France"; also Staal, saying that his "Collegue de France se livrait à une gymnastique étrange." They all made various jokes at my expense, and the Prince said "Let me do it," but he couldn't either, and again we heard the Emperor remarking "maintenant c'est plus sérieux l'Angleterre s'en mêle." W., who had his back to me and who couldn't see what was going on, was decidedly mystified, and wondered what on earth I was doing to attract so much attention, in fact was rather annoyed. When we got up from table the Prince and I retreated to a corner of the terrace, and he cut the stitches that held the

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necklace in front with his knife (which again looked funny to the people assembled on the terrace). He advised me to put the pearls, *not* in my pocket, but in a safe place, as they were very handsome, so I put them *inside* my dress. Of course everybody asked me what had happened, and what the Emperor was saying to me from the other table. I asked the Empress if she was never afraid of losing her pearls, but she said all her jewels were most carefully sewn on and strung on a very thick string or sort of silk cord.

Very soon after lunch the Emperor and Empress left, as they were starting in the evening for Germany, and had to go to Windsor to take leave of the Queen. The Prince and Princess followed quickly, and then of course all of us. W. had again a talk with the Emperor, and all his colleagues told him he was quite right to come. Any little incident between France and Germany always assumes gigantic proportions, and the papers, both French and German, would have been full of the *marked* absence of the French Ambassador from all the fêtes for the Emperor; his mourning a pretext, etc. It was a beautiful entertainment—bright, perfect summer day, quantities of pretty women beautifully dressed (a great many in white) and representative people of all kinds. The general impression was that the Emperor was not a lady's man—he evidently preferred talking to army and political men. My talk with him was so perfectly banal that I can scarcely have an opinion, but I should think one might talk to him easily. His face is certainly stern, and the manner very cold, but his smile, like the Queen's, lights up and softens the face. I said to one of the pretty young women who had made a luncheon-party for him, that I had heard that it was beautifully done, and that he was much pleased. She said she hoped he was, that as far as she personally was concerned he hadn't the slightest idea whether she was 25 or 50.

French Embassy, February 13, 1893.

I went this afternoon to the House of Commons to hear Mr. Gladstone make his great Irish speech. I had an excellent place in the front row of the ladies' gallery, and heard and saw everything. The House was packed, chairs all along the gangway—the Prince, Dukes of York and Teck in their places, quantities of peers and some diplomats—no Ambassadors, which surprised me. I know that W. always prefers reading a speech the next day, but I thought some of the others would be there. Mr. Gladstone was much cheered by both sides when he came in (a tribute to his age and intelligence rather than to his politics). He rose to speak at a quarter to 4, finishing at 5 minutes past six (two hours and 20 minutes). He was much quieter and less passionate than I had expected. There was no vehement appeal for the wrongs of Ireland. It was more an "exposé de motifs" than a real speech, but it was an extraordinary effort for a man of his age (83). His voice was so clear and strong, never faltering: a little weaker and lower perhaps toward the end. I suppose it is the last great political speech he will ever make.

French Embassy, March 3, 1893.

We are beginning our tournée of farewell visits, and to-day we have been to take leave of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. I had not seen the Princess since Prince Eddie's death. I wore blue velvet and my Jubilee medal. We were received at the door by all the household—Probyn, Lord Suffield, Stanley Clark, Lady Suffield, and Miss Knollys. Prince George was in the first drawing-room. The Prince and Princess with two daughters in the big long room. I can't say I found the Princess changed or grown older. She looked sad, but it was the same slight, youthful figure. She was still in deep plain black (woollen stuff) with no ornaments. She was charming, with the sweet, simple manner she always has. Tears came into her eyes when she said she hadn't seen me for so long on account of her mourning. I asked her about her first grandchild—Princess Louise Fife's little girl. She said she was a dear little thing, talked a great deal, trotted about everywhere, and called her "Granny." W. and the Prince talked together, but we didn't stay very long. I didn't say a word to the Princess about Prince Eddy (they told me not to) only just as we were going. I said I hoped the end of the

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year would bring her happiness and blessing. She squeezed my hand, but her lips quivered and she couldn't speak. She has been unfailing to us always and said we should certainly meet again, and that I must always let her know when I came to England. I begin to realize now that we are going with all these leave-takings. After all we have been here 10 years, and that is a good piece out of one's life.

To H. L. K.

ALBERT GATE, March 5, 1893.

I wish you had been here yesterday to see the farewell dinner for W. at the Mansion House. It was a great tribute to a departing Ambassador—all the distinguished men in England assembled to say good-by. The Lady Mayoress had asked me to dine with her and bring any one I wanted, so I took Hilda and Mdme. de la Villestreux. Hilda and I started together a little before 7. As we drew near the Mansion House there was quite a crowd; quantities of policemen, and empty carriages driving away. We went in by the same entrance as the men, and then turned off sharp to the right and were conducted to the drawing-room of the Lady Mayoress. I wore black moire with a great band of orange velvet on the corsage, and all the jewels I possessed—tiara, pearls, and diamond necklace and diamond stars and ornaments fastened on the front of the dress, as I knew we were to sit in the gallery after dinner to hear the speeches. We found Mdme. de la Villestreux already there—there were 16 women. The Lady Mayoress presented them all to me. They were all ex-Lady Mayoresses—"ladies who had passed the chair," which it seems is the technical term. She also gave me a splendid bouquet tied with a tricolor ribbon. The dinner was very good, the traditional London public dinner menu—turtle soup, salmon, etc. There was very handsome silver on the table: great massive bowls and flagons and beautiful flowers—very quickly served, and really very pleasant. After the first five minutes every one talked. Some of the women were handsome, all well dressed and with quantities of diamonds. Just as we were finishing a servant came to summon us to the gallery. The loving cup was going round and the speeches were to begin. The Lady Mayoress led the way to the gallery in the great banqueting hall directly opposite the table d'honneur. It was a striking sight, particularly that table where was the Lord Mayor in his robes, and all the diplomatists with stars and broad ribbons. There was a blaze of light and at first I couldn't recognize anyone (we were very high), then I saw W. standing, drinking out of the loving cup, with the Lord Mayor on one side and Rustem on the other, and gradually I made out a good many people. There were two long tables besides the table d'honneur, and they told me about 300 guests. All the representative men and intelligence of England assembled to say God-speed to the departing Ambassador. The Speaker and Lord Herschel (Presidents of the two Houses) were both there, and men of every possible coterie from Lord Lorne to James Knowles of the "19th Century." As soon as the regular toasts had been drunk there was a pause and then came the toast of the evening with "bumpers," "The French Ambassador." There were roars of applause when W. got on his legs, and I must confess to a decided choke in my throat. W. spoke (in English, which they had asked him to do) very simply and very well, going back to his early days. When he said that he had done his best always to keep up good and friendly relations with England, and that he had had much sympathy from all sides, he was much cheered; but much more when he said that perhaps what had given him more friends in England than any of his public acts as a statesman was the fact that he had rowed in the University eight at Cambridge. Then there were roars of applause, and he heard quite distinctly the people below saying—"he is quite right, we always remember it." He was quite ému when he came to the end; his voice taking that grave tone I like so much when he said "good-by." One heard every word. He was much cheered when he finished. The Lady Mayoress came and shook hands with me and asked me if I wasn't proud of my husband. Some of the speeches were charming—the Speaker's particularly; Lord Lorne also made a very pretty little speech, and

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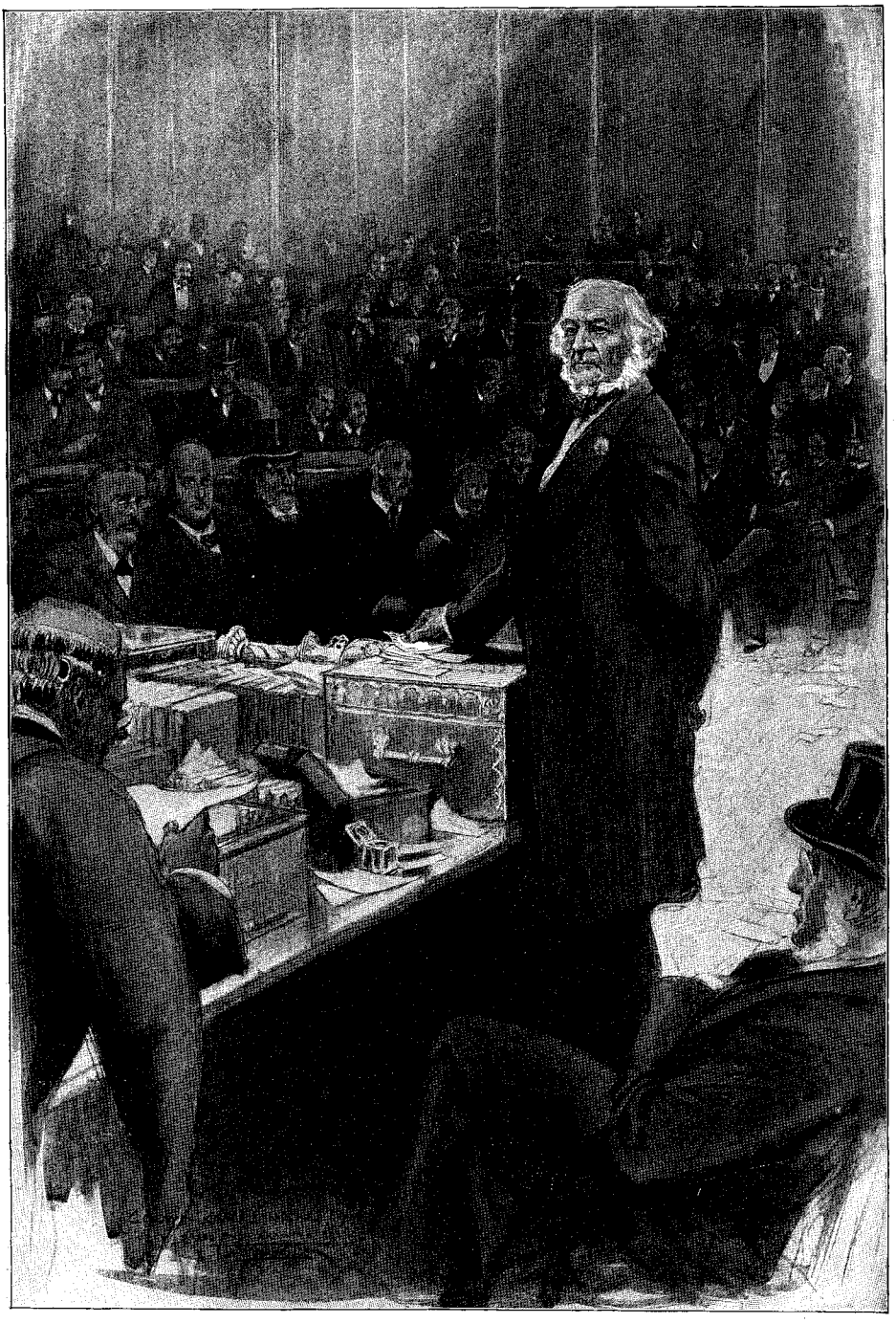

Drawn by C. K. Linson.

Mr. Gladstone bringing forward the Irish Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons, February, 1893.

(Based on a drawing by Walter Wilson published by *The Illustrated London News*, February 18, 1893, by permission of the publishers.)

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Rustem (Turk) who answered the toast for the "Corps Diplomatique" made a very good speech. I can't remember all the names and all the speeches, but it was a most brilliant assembly, and as Cte. Deym said to me, a wonderful tribute to W. As soon as the speeches were over we all went down to the great hall where I had a perfect defile of compliments and regrets, Lord Lorne again repeating his words "that W.'s departure was a national calamity." All had something friendly to say—the two Law Lords, Judge Bowen and Sir Francis Jeune most sympathetic. S. too told me I should be much pleased—he had never seen such a demonstration in England for a foreigner. Of course some of the young men came in to the Embassy to talk the dinner over, and gave their impressions. They were all much pleased. W. certainly was, and said he felt quite "ému" when he saw all the faces turned to him and knew that every word he said would tell—also he knew quite well that his reference to the boat-race would appeal much more to the *general* public than any expressions of good feeling toward England. He hasn't always had an easy time with his English name and his English education. Of course it has been very useful to him here, as he has been thrown with all sorts of people, and could understand the English point of view, but in France they were always afraid he was too English. I think when he has gone they will realize at home what good work he has done here *because* he understands them.

Comtesse de Florian.
From a photograph by Walery, London.

French Embassy, London,
March 8, 1893.

W. and I went together to the Mansion House, Tuesday, to pay a farewell visit to the Lady Mayoress, who was receiving formally with music, tea, and quantities of people. The Lord Mayor appeared too when he heard we were there, and was quite pleased when W. said how gratified and touched he had been by the banquet and the universal expression of regret at his departure. The Lord Mayor said to him, "You can't find any warmer friends, Ambassador, in France than those you are leaving here, but I quite understand that a man can't live long out of his own country." We had just time to get back to the Embassy, dress, and start for Windsor, where we dined: our last stay in the yellow rooms. The dinner was almost entirely Royal—The Empress Frederick, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Duchess of Connaught, del Mazo, the Spanish Ambassador, I the only other lady. The Cercle was not long—I thought the Queen looked tired. She sat down at once; said she wouldn't say good-by as she hoped to see me once more at Buckingham Palace. She said at her age she rather dreaded saying good-by, also seeing new faces, and she was very sorry we were going. "Who comes to replace you?" I said I thought nothing was yet decided. I talked some time to the other Princesses after the Queen had congédied me. The Empress was as usual charming, and said, "I am afraid we sha'n't meet again often, Mdme. Wad-

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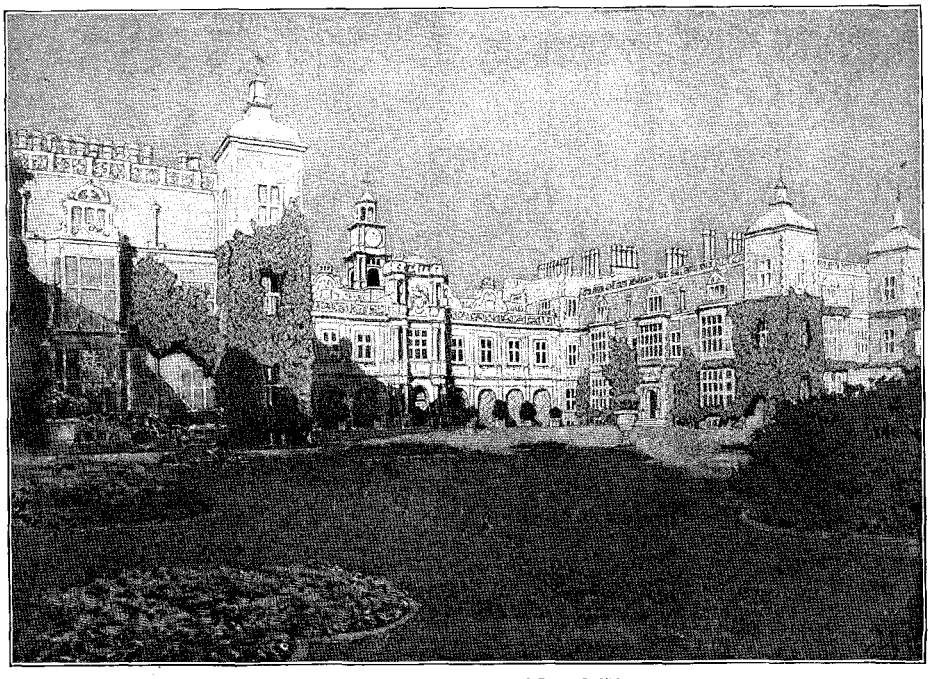

Hatfield House. Residence of Lord Salisbury.

Drawn from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company.

dington, you won't cross to Berlin, and I can't go again to Paris, but that isn't my fault. I think we shall have to meet in Italy, where I first had the pleasure of seeing you." The end of the evening we spent as usual in the drawing-room with the "household." I had quite a talk with Prince Henry,* who is very good-looking and attractive. We left the drawing-room about eleven—W. going as usual to smoke, and I to my rooms. I sat some time in front of the fire in the beautiful little yellow drawing-room wondering if I ever should see it again, and going back to our first Windsor visit when all was so new and strange to me. I wonder where we shall be this time next year, and if we shall settle down easily to our quiet life in France. W. came in rather late from the smoking-room: he said all the men were so nice to him, and seemed really sorry he was going; also were very anxious to know if he wasn't sorry himself.

This morning (Wednesday) it was beautiful. I breakfasted as usual in my rooms and sat some time in the deep window recess watching all the people coming and going. There is always so much life about Windsor when the Queen is there. About 10 Colonel Byng came to take us to the Chapel to see the sarcophagus of Prince Eddie,* which is enormous and has rather too much color — almost gaudy. I went with Hilda the other day to Gilbert's studio to see the monument he is making, and which I liked. It is very elaborate and complicated, but the sleeping figure good: so reposeful and young; the long straight limbs. One quite realized a young life cut short. Gilbert is clever and interesting, and begged us to criticise freely.

We got home about 12 and I took a short turn in the Park before breakfast, which was full as usual when the Queen passes. She came this afternoon for two Drawing-Rooms. I shall do my last tomorrow—I sha'n't go to the second.

FRENCH EMBASSY, March 10, 1893.

I am doing all my last things. I went to the Drawing-Room yesterday (our last).

* Prince Henry of Battenburg—husband of Princess Beatrice.

* Duke of Clarence, eldest son of Prince and Princess of Wales, died of typhoid fever, at Sandringham in January, 1892.

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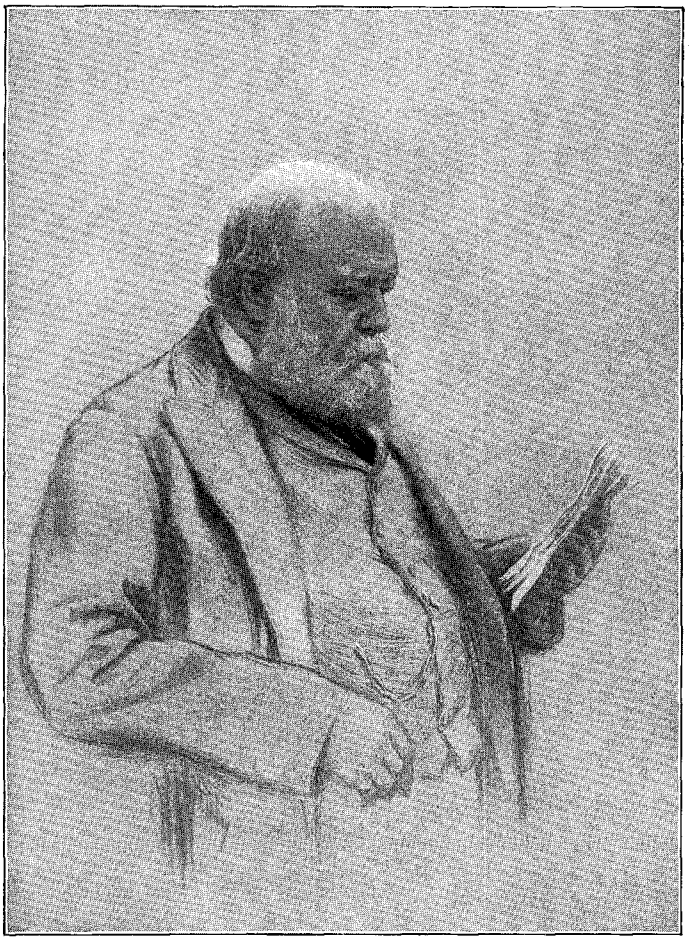

Lord Salisbury.

From a photograph by Lambert Weston & Son, Dover.

Countess Spencer presented the ladies, and looked very stately and handsome in black, with splendid jewels. The Queen didn't stay very long, but looked less tired I thought than the other night at Windsor. I said good-by to a great many people whom I sha'n't see again. At this season plenty of people are still in the country, and only come up for a day or two for Drawing-Rooms, theatres, etc. Teesdale and I had quite an affectionate parting. For so long now we have made our entrée together into the Throne Room: he holding my hand and both of us making a deep bow and courtesy at the door, that we have become quite like puppets.

This afternoon I have had my farewell audience from the Queen at Buckingham Palace at 4 o'clock. I wore as usual the blue velvet, which will walk about alone soon, as it has done all the ceremonies lately; my pearls, and a crême velvet bonnet with light blue feathers. I went in the ordinary open carriage (not gala). The gala carriage with the powdered wigs, big footmen, canes, etc., went out yesterday for the last time to the Drawing-Room. I had some difficulty in getting into the court-yard, which was filled with carriages, luggage-vans, soldiers, etc., as the Queen was leaving this afternoon for Windsor. I was sent from one entrance to another, in spite of the tricolor cockade, and finally drew up at a side-door (where a shabby little victoria was standing). A man in ordinary black livery appeared, and after a short parley (in which I intervened myself, saying that I was the French

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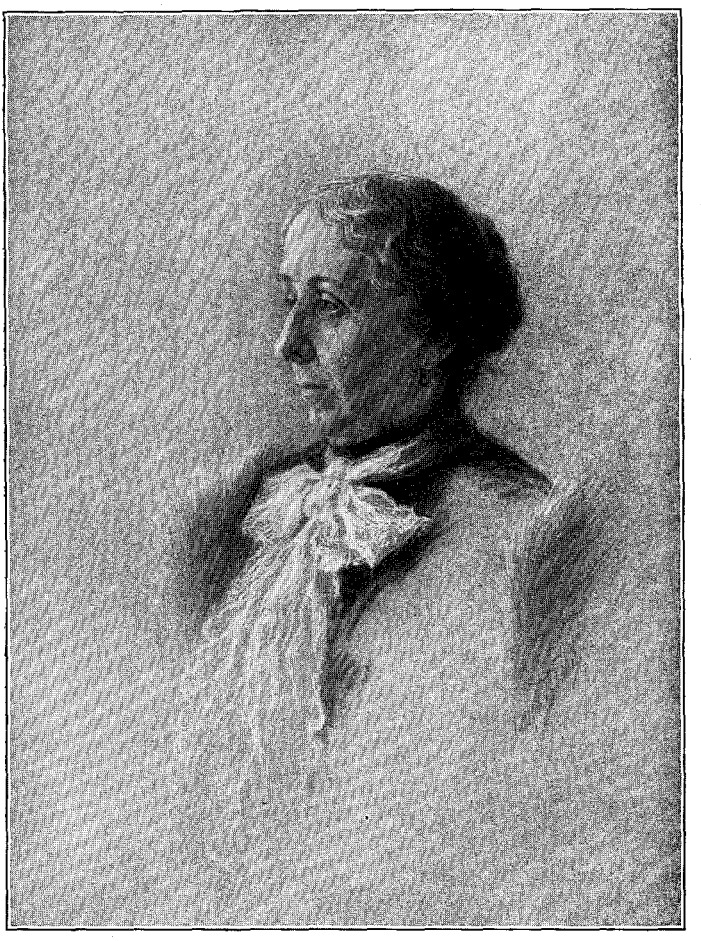

Lady Salisbury.

Ambassadress and had an audience with the Queen) he showed me into a room on the ground floor. I waited about 15 minutes (it was 5 minutes to 4 when I arrived) and then Lady Southampton, Lady in Waiting, appeared, with many apologies for being late—she didn't think I would come so soon (and I was a little afraid of being late they kept me so long in the court-yard). We went upstairs to a small drawing-room looking out on the court-yard, and in about 10 minutes the same servant in black appeared, saying, "The Queen is ready to receive the French Ambassadress." Lady Southampton said she couldn't come as the Queen wished to see me alone, so I followed the servant down a long corridor—he stopped at a door, knocked, a voice said "come in," and I found myself in the Royal Presence. It was a small, ordinary room, rather like a sort of waiting-room, no traces of habitation, nothing pretty nor interesting. The Queen was standing, very simply dressed in black (her travelling dress she said, she was starting at once for Windsor) before a writing-table which was in the middle of the room, covered with books and papers. She was most kind, made me sit down on the sofa next to her, and said she was afraid she had kept me waiting, but that she had been kept by a visit from Mr. Gladstone—she then paused a moment, so I made a perfectly banal remark, "what a wonderful man, such an extraordinary intelligence," to which she replied, "He is very deaf." She expressed great regret

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at our departure, and hoped we were sorry to leave England and all our friends, but after all Paris was not very far off, and she hoped she should see me again. She was sure M. Waddington would find plenty to do when he got back—would he continue his literary work? I said he would certainly have plenty to do as he was Senator and Membre de l'Institut, but that we should both miss the Embassy life and the varied interests it brought. She repeated she hoped to see me again, so I asked if ever I came back to England might I write to one of her ladies, and ask if I could be received. "Pray do, and I shall not say good-by, but au revoir." We talked about 15 minutes about all sorts of things—some of our colleagues—our successor, etc. She asked again who was coming to London, and said, "My last two Ambassadors to France were ex-Viceroys." It seemed to me that she said it on purpose, and that she wanted France to send one of her best men to St. James's. I repeated the remark to my husband, and the chancellerie. It is quite true. The present British Ambassador, Lord Dufferin, is certainly the first diplomatist they have. He has had every distinguished post England can offer—Ambassador to St. Petersburg and Rome, Governor of Canada, and Viceroy of India, and has played a great part. His predecessor, Lord Lytton, was also Viceroy of India, and very distinguished, though in a different way from Lord Dufferin. I rather fancy that Montebello would be an acceptable appointment. He knows English well, has English relations, and I should think would like the post, but I have really no idea. Some of the papers say that Ribot wants the place, but I think he prefers home politics and would not care to leave France; however I could not tell the Queen anything definite. She kissed me at parting, and gave me her photograph, signed, in a handsome silver frame—then half turned her back, moving to a door on the other side of the room, so that I could get out easily and not altogether à reculons, which would have been awkward to open the door. I tucked my parcel under my arm, opened the door myself (a thing I don't often do in these days, except my bed-room door) and found myself again in the long corridor. My audience was over, and I daresay I shall never see the Queen again. She was unfailing to us both from the first moment, always welcomed us with the same smile, was always inclined to talk about anything and to understand and smooth over any little difficulty or misunderstanding. I think she is a wonderful woman and a wonderful Queen. In her long life she must have had many difficult questions and responsibilities, and certainly England has not suffered under her rule. I met Lady S. in the corridor, who came downstairs with me, and said she was quite sure the Queen meant it when she said she would like to see me again, that she *never* said anything she didn't mean.

Empress Frederick, wearing the Order of the Black Eagle.

The last portrait of the Empress by the artist Angeli.

I found Hilda and one or two friends when I got home who told me that the English ladies, headed by Ladies Salisbury and Spencer, representing the two parties, Conservative and Liberal, were going to give me a souvenir (in memory of my ten years in London), a jewel of some kind. I was rather pleased. The last days of adieux are rather melancholy. I shall be glad when they are over. I

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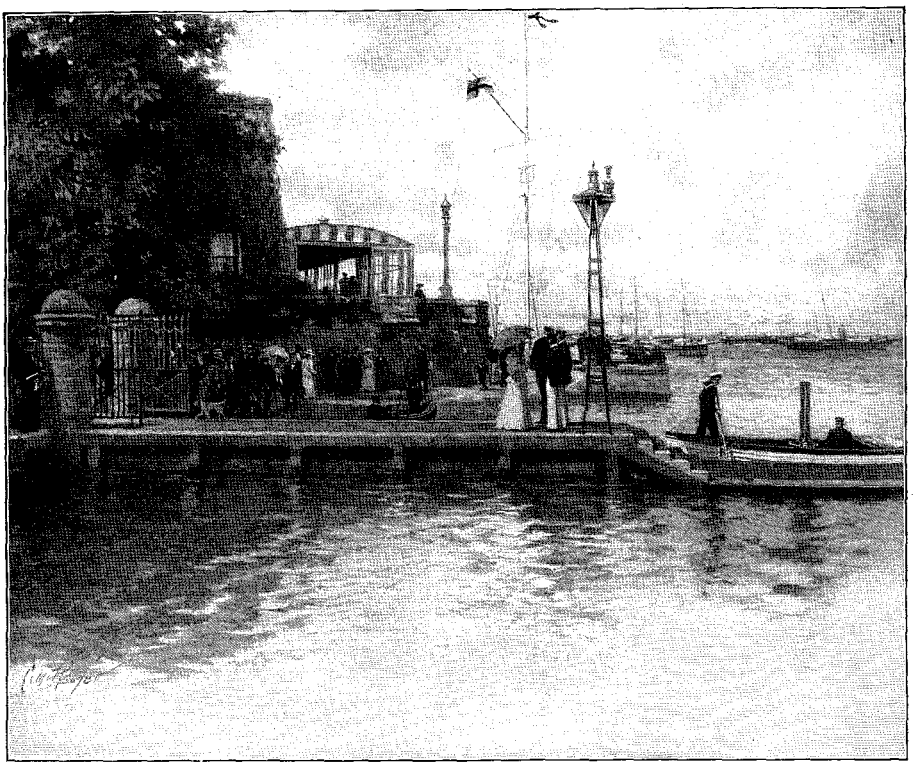

Entrance to the Club and Gardens, Cowes, Isle of Wight.
From a photograph by Broderick.

forgot to say that Wednesday I had a message about 3 o'clock from the Princess Beatrice, saying she and Prince Henry of Battenberg would come about 5 and ask me for a cup of tea. The notice was so short that I hadn't time to ask anyone except Hilda, who happened in, and some of the secretaries. They came alone and were most friendly—said they had not given me any more time on purpose, as they didn't want a party, but merely to see us. They were as easy and pleasant as possible, she talking much more than she ever does in the grand monde. I told her I hoped she would let me know if ever she came to Paris. She said, "Oh, yes—and we will do a lively play together."

French Embassy, April 12, 1893.

My last letter from Albert Gate, Dear. Yesterday all our small things, silver, house linen, etc., departed. The packing seemed well done. We put everything that was to go in the ball-room (little Dresden figures, glasses, silver ornaments) nothing packed, all spread out on tables. A man came and made an inventory, packs everything in a great van that comes to the door and arrives at our door in the Rue Dumont d'Urville, where equally everything is taken out and unpacked. He says nothing will be broken. It is certainly a very easy way of moving, and I shall be anxious to see how they arrive. The Florians had their furniture taken over like that, and I think one table was a little *démantibulée*. We leave to-morrow; we being Henriette and I. W. stays some little time still. I take over all the French servants, both coachmen, and my victoria and horses, as I must settle myself for the Spring in the Paris house. W. sends over one of the secretaries, M. Lecomte, with us, and the Colleagues are all coming to the station to say good-by. The rooms look melancholy to-night, so many things gone; piano of course and all books and small tables, screens, etc.—all the *gros mobilier* belongs to the Embassy. We sat some time talking, just we three: W., Henrietta, and I, after

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dinner. W. has just been named one of the *Directeurs du Canal de Suez*. I think he will find plenty of occupation when he gets back.

PARIS, 31, RUE DUMONT D'URVILLE,
April 16, 1893.

Here I am, Dear, back in my little salon, writing at my table in the corner by the window, and rather distracted by the quantities of carriages passing. There is so much more movement in the street than when we left ten years ago, and I have got accustomed to such a quiet bedroom and salon. All our living rooms (except the dining-room) at Albert Gate gave on the Park, so we never heard the rattle and noise of carriages over pavements, and as no cabs nor camions are allowed in the Park the passing never disturbed us. We came over very comfortably on Thursday. All our colleagues were at the station to see us off, and I think they are sorry to say good-by. We found our voiture-salon filled with flowers. Sir George Arthur and S. came over with us. It was very cold and very rough. All the men disappeared at once, but Henrietta and I remained on deck and were quite happy, well wrapped up with rugs, and tarpaulins stretched in front of us to keep out the wet. Lecomte had arranged our lunch in the private room of the buffet at Calais (where W. and I always breakfasted when we came over) and it was comfortable to see a bright fire. I am ashamed to say that the ladies of the party eat a very good breakfast. The men looked rather white, and certainly were not good "*fourchettes*" at that meal. At Dover we had found Lord William Seymour in uniform, with his aide-de-camp, wife and daughter waiting for us. He took me on the boat, and to the cabin, where there were more flowers, and stayed to the last moment, giving the captain all manner of instructions for my comfort, and particularly to see that my cabin was warm, with plenty of rugs, etc. I never went near it. I think Adelaide and Bonny had a very comfortable time there. Francis met us at the Gare du Nord, much pleased to have us back. We went to Henrietta's to dine. I was glad to come home directly after dinner and go to bed. Well, Dear, there is one chapter of my life closed—I wonder what the future reserves for us. I shall be uncomfortable for a few days until my van arrives. It left the same day we did, and the man said it would take a week to bring the things over, but I shall not expect them for ten days. I found quantities of cards and notes here, and Louise and Henrietta of course will give me dinner or anything else I want until I can get quite settled. Hubert only got over today. The sea was so rough he wouldn't cross on Thursday; he waited a day at Folkestone, and another at Boulogne, to rest the horses who had been knocked about. W. writes that the Embassy seems absolutely empty. Still he dines out every night (at the club when he hasn't an invitation) and will come over as soon as he can. The house looks so small after the big rooms at Albert Gate, and the stable and little cour minute. It sounded so familiar to hear the carriage coming in under the voute, and also the street cries. I dare say in a few days I shall take up my ordinary Paris life, and London will seem a dream—like Moscow.

To H. L. K

EAST PAVILION, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT,
Monday, August 13, 1900.

Well, Dear, I am just back from Osborne. I have the salon to myself, Bessie and Borghese are out, and I will write you all about my audience while it is fresh in my memory, but I must begin at the beginning and tell you about the Royal visit to the "Nahma" which went off very well. A little before twelve Mr. W., Mrs. G.'s brother, came for us and we went off at once to the yacht. The Royal party arrived very punctually, Prince and Princess, Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Victoria, and various gentlemen. They were all delighted with the yacht, particularly the Duke of York, who saw everything. He called an officer of the "Osborne" to see some arrangement of signals which it seems is wonderful, and said they had nothing so perfect in the Royal Yacht. Mrs. G. did the honors very well and simply, receiving the Princes at the gang-way with her son and daughter on each side of her, a pretty, graceful figure in her plain, black dress. I re-

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Group at Hatfield House during the visit of the Shah of Persia, July 8, 1889.

The following are among those in the picture: Prince of Wales; Lord Salisbury; Shah of Persia; Princess of Wales; Rustem, Turkish Ambassador; Hatzfeldt, German Ambassador; Lord Halsbury, the Lord Chancellor; M. de Staal, Russian Ambassador; Duc d'Aumale; Countess of Cadogan; M. Waddington, French Ambassador; Madame Waddington; Countess of Galloway; Duchess of Devonshire.

From a photograph by Russell & Sons, London.

mained on board to lunch after the Princes departed, and they sent me ashore at 2.30 as I had just time to dress and go to Osborne.

I started again a little before 4, wearing my black taffetas trimmed with lace and a tulle bonnet and white aigrette (quite costume de ville—I could not go to the Queen in a serge skirt and big hat). I took Joseph with me in plain black livery. We arrived quite in time as there was no delay at the ferry this time, and the large gates were open, the man making a sign to us to drive in. There were two or three policemen standing near the gate and in the park. The park is pretty —not very large but beautifully green, and as we got near the house, quantities of flowers—a mass of color. The house is not handsome—rather imposing, a large gray stone house with two wings, and flower-beds close up to the windows. Three or four footmen in plain black livery were waiting in the hall, and they took me at once up-stairs to the ladies' drawing-room—a nice room at the side of the house not looking out to sea. The Duchess of Roxborough was waiting for me, and we talked about fifteen minutes. Then came a Highland servant saying, "Her Majesty was ready to receive *Lady* Waddington." The Duchess and I went downstairs, walked through various galleries, and stopped at a door where there was no servant. The Duchess knocked, the Queen's voice said, "come in," and I

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found myself in a beautiful large salon, all the windows opening on the sea. The Queen, dressed as usual in black, was seated in the middle of the room facing the door. I had barely time to make one courtesy—she put out her hand and made me sit down next to her. She spoke to me at first in French (just as she always did when I was at the Embassy—to mark I suppose that I was the French Ambassadress) "Je suis très heureuse de vous revoir—I think we can speak English—how much has happened since we met;" and then we talked about all sorts of things. I thought she looked extremely well—of course I couldn't tell if her sight was gone, as she knew I was coming and I sat close to her. Her eyes were blue and clear, and her memory and conversation quite the same. She thanked me for my letter; said the Duke of Edinburgh's death was a great blow to her. It was so sudden, she had not thought him ill. She had lost three children all very dear to her, and it was hard at her age to see her children go before her. She spoke at once (so moderately) of the caricatures and various little incidents that had occurred in France. I said I was very glad to have an opportunity of telling her that everybody in France (except for a few hot-headed radicals and anti-English) was most indignant at such gratuitous insults not only to the Queen but to a woman. She said she quite understood that—that wherever she had been in France everybody had done what they could to make her stay happy and comfortable; that she never could forget it, and hoped the French nation felt that—also that she would never dream of holding the country responsible for the radical press, but "my children and my people feel it very deeply." We talked about the King of Italy's murder (she was much pleased with the expression in one of the Italian papers "e morto in piedi") and she expressed great sympathy for Queen Margherita—"She is fond of Italy and is always thinking and planning what she could do for the people." We also talked about the Shah and the *attentat* in Paris. I said that left me rather indifferent, but she answered instantly, "You are quite wrong—it is the principle, not the person that is attacked in those cases." I then remarked that it was a great pity, I thought, that one of those gentlemen (anarchists, not sovereigns) shouldn't be lynched; that I believed the one thing they were afraid of was the justice of the people. She said, "that is not a very Christian sentiment"; but I don't think she altogether disagreed with me. She asked me about Francis—was he working for diplomacy; and then I don't know exactly how we began talking about mixed marriages. She said she didn't think religion ought to be an invincible obstacle. I said I thought with her, but that French Protestants were very strict. I told her it had been said that my husband, who was certainly a very large-minded man in most things, was really narrow about Catholics. She said with such a charming smile, "Oh, I can't think M. Waddington was ever narrow about anything, I always thought him one of the most large-minded, just men I ever knew." I must say I was pleased, and W. always felt that for some reason or another he was sympathetic to her. We talked a little about the Empress Frederick; she said the last news was better, but she evidently didn't want to pursue the subject. We talked on some little time, and when she finally dismissed me, she said, "I hope you will come back to England, and whenever you do I shall be very glad to see you." She shook hands—I backed myself to the door, opened it, and there found the Highland servant who took me back to the drawing-room where the Duchess of Roxborough was waiting. She suggested that we should go for a turn in the garden, and when she went to get her hat I looked about the room which is quite plainly furnished—a grand piano, comfortable furniture, not pretty, and no particular style.

We walked about the gardens a little which are pretty, such quantities of flowers, and had tea under the trees. Two of the ladies came out—Mrs. Grant and Miss Harbord. They were very anxious to know if I found the Queen changed after seven years, but I really can't say I did. My impression is that they find her older. They say she felt the Duke of Edinburgh's death very much, and that she is very worried about the Empress Frederick, though she don't talk much about her. It was lovely sitting under

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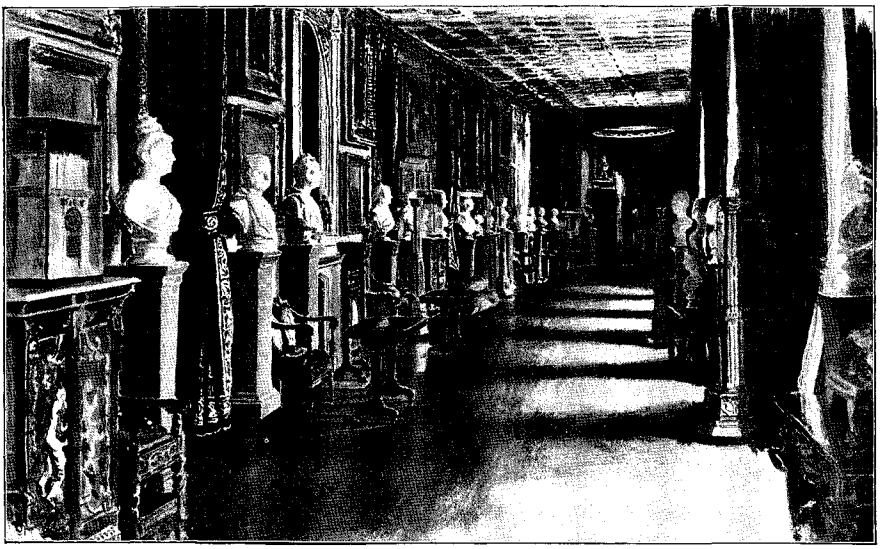

The Corridor, East End, Windsor Castle.

the trees, so cool and quiet after the noise and glare of Cowes. All the people bowed as we drove home through Cowes. I think they took Joseph in his black livery for one of the Queen's servants. I must tell you that Joseph and Elise are also moving in high society. Joseph came with a most smiling face to me Saturday night to say that one of his friends was chef on the Empress's yacht (The Thistle) and had invited them to breakfast on Sunday on the yacht. I said they could go, and when Bessie and I were going to church we saw them start. He in the regulation Cowes blue serge costume (*not* the short, very short Eton jacket which is the dress attire of the Club men) and yellow shoes, and she in my old purple foulard, with a very nice little toque. A very smart little boat was waiting for them.

Now, my Dear, I must stop as I am exhausted, and a perfect Mrs. Jellyby, papers flying all over the place, as I am writing at the open window, and ink all over me, fingers, hair, etc. I can't say, as Madame de Sévigné did, "ma plume vole," for mine stops and scratches, and makes holes in the paper, and does everything it can to make my writing difficult. I wonder why I hate it so—I do—as soon as I sit down to my writing-table I want to go out or play on the piano, or even crochet little petticoats—anything rather than write. I suppose I shall never see the Queen again—at her age it isn't very likely, especially if I wait another seven years without coming over. I am glad she received me, it was a great pleasure.

PARIS, 29, RUE AUGUSTE VACQUERIE,
Dimanche, 29 Decembre, 1901.

Of course I never saw the Queen again. She began to fail that same autumn (1900) after her return home from Balmoral, and died at Osborne the 22nd of January, 1901—a beautiful death, painless, sleeping away and all her children and grandchildren with her. It isn't only the Queen who has disappeared—it is the century. England will enter on a new phase—but it must be different from the chapter that has just closed.

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The Imperfect Pilgrim

By Arthur Colton

I HAVE a home. Though palmer bound
For holy lands I pine for it.
I know its sheltering walls around
The hearth and lamp that shine for it,
The door apart.

I shall return by windward seas
And blue shores of Illyria
To find it filled with melodies
From Eden, beyond Syria.
It is thy heart.

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WEATHERBY'S MOTHER

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRISON FISHER

WEATHERBY'S mother looked distinctly guilty when he entered the room. She went on talking to her caller with the nervous fluency of one hastily changing the subject, and in an elaborately accidental fashion contrived to drop a newspaper over the open magazine in her lap. When Mrs. Carter had gone, she inquired, solicitously, about her son's day, avoiding his eyes.

"Mother," said Weatherby, remorselessly, "you have been talking about my immortal works." There was amusement as well as resigned patience in his voice, but Mrs. Weatherby felt the irritation underneath and defended herself with flurried indignation.

"I did not, Howard! I had to. She brought the subject up herself."

"Didn't you just casually ask her if she had seen the February magazines?" His tone was still bantering, but his forehead was slightly drawn and his eyes seemed to pierce the newspaper lying so artlessly on her lap. Mrs. Weatherby resorted to dignity. She laid the paper aside and placed the magazine on the table.

"I am sure I don't know how we reached the point, Howard. But when she asked me about your poems I could not very well snub her on the subject—as you do me. And she thought this extremely pretty, dear." The desire to mollify came uppermost again. "She said it was as good as anything Keats ever wrote. I don't see why you should always act so ashamed of your pieces."

"But, dear mother, if you would only let the public discover them for itself!" Howard said, wearily. "When you slug a nice, kind old lady with a madrigal, and then demand, 'Isn't that as good as anything Keats ever wrote?' of course she is going to say yes. She has been drinking your tea and sitting on your chairs—it's the least she can do. Only"—his voice suddenly became serious, and even entreating, as he stood before her, long, thin, and gentle, hating above all things to give pain—"only don't you realize that it makes me rather ridiculous?"

Mrs. Weatherby turned to her unfailing help in time of trouble—hurt feelings.

"I am sorry if I mortify you, Howard," she said, very meekly.

Weatherby looked down on the plump, powdered face, handsome in spite of its injured expression, on the white hair coiling and puffing between its combs with an elaborate precision that someway suggested landscape gardening, and the stout figure in its tight and fashionable garments, and sighed to himself. But he was a good son. He kissed her and made affectionate fun of her, and she relented to his intention. Her dignity would have chosen a more deferential overture to peace, but she had learned to make sighing compromises in a long life with an irreverent child.

"How did your club meeting go off?" he asked, presently. "Any hair-pulling?"

"Very pleasantly," said Mrs. Weatherby, ignoring the latter question beyond a slight lifting of eyebrows at its questionable taste. "Mrs. Carter was made chairman of the next entertainment committee, and I and Mrs. Van Horne and Elizabeth Trent are to serve with her." Weatherby had lifted his head with a quick frown at the last name.

"Whatever is Bessie Trent doing on that committee?" he exclaimed.

"Apparently trying to block our plans and make everything as difficult as possible," said his mother, with tightened lips. "I have never forgotten, Howard, the way she scratched your face because you made a rhyme about her, and I don't think the past twenty years have im-

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proved her in the least. All the others want me to give a reading from Browning, but she seems to think that would not be sufficiently—entertaining."

"Well, really, you know," Weatherby began with cheerful energy, "Browning is rather—overdone, don't you think?"

"I realize that you don't like my reading, my dear;" his mother spoke with careful politeness. "But as the club does, and as you do not have to go to the entertainments——"

"Oh, I know," he said, contritely. "It's a very harmless vice, dear mother, and I suppose you must have a flaw or two, to keep you human. Don't mind me—I'm a carping ass." And he rubbed his cheek against hers, then went to dress for dinner.

In his own room he paused at his desk and took from a drawer a little photograph, of a fashion ten years past. The face was full of young curves, the appealing roundness of sixteen, but he found there force, humor, and a trace of impishness.

"What a jolly mother you would make, thirty years older," he reflected. "You would be so *on*, Bessie Trent! One could be intimate friends with a mother like you." Then he put away the thought as disloyal and dropped the photograph back again with a frown. The Elizabeth Trent of to-day was a more complicated problem than the school-girl who had given him her photograph, or the small child who had scratched his face.

A few days later Weatherby, coming home early, heard voices in the drawing-room and paused in the hall to reconnoitre. A voluminous flow of silk from a big chair suggested Mrs. Carter, and against the window was Elizabeth Trent's profile, looking so profoundly bored that he smiled to himself. Evidently there was a committee meeting in progress and his mother had been giving a sample reading, for the sonorous roll of her Browning voice came to him as he closed the front door, and a scattering fire of small compliments could now be heard.

"Wonderful!" "Oh, charming!" "And so perfectly rendered!" Elizabeth Trent said nothing, and Weatherby nearly laughed outright at the suppressed impatience of her face and attitude.

"Poor Bess! I know just how you're feeling," he murmured, with twinkling eyes. Then Mrs. Van Horne's voice fell on his ears with a cold shock.

"It must be beautiful to have such a talented son," she was saying. "I envy you, Mrs. Weatherby."

Weatherby stood rigid, the color slowly rising to his forehead. Oh, it couldn't be—she wouldn't do that! He moved cautiously till his mother was in range between the *portières*. In her hands was, not a volume of Browning, but a publisher's proof that he had been correcting the night before. On her face was a heavenly composure.

"Oh, Lord!" muttered Weatherby, helplessly. His eyes again sought Bessie Trent's bored profile, but he no longer found it amusing. The red in his face deepened and he was turning noiselessly to escape when his mother's voice arrested him.

"Yes, Howard has great talent. All the magazines are running after him," she said. "Now I am going to read you——"

Weatherby turned back in desperation and entered the drawing-room.

"Oh—am I interrupting a committee meeting?" he asked, pausing deferentially.

"Oh, no: we had finished," said Elizabeth Trent, rising hastily. His mother dropped the proof under the table and welcomed him blandly. When he had shaken hands with the others, he made himself face Elizabeth.

"Well, Bessie," he said, nervously.

"How is the poet?" she returned. Her smile was all derision, and he found himself voiceless before it. "You came at the wrong moment," she went on. "You should time your entrances better. You have cut us off from a great privilege." She gave him a little mocking smile and left before he could answer.

He waited grimly for the others to go, resolved to settle this thing forever with his mother, with no weak relenting before hurt feelings. But Mrs. Weatherby, after a glance at his face, insisted on Mrs. Carter's staying to dinner, and when, after an interminable evening, Weatherby returned from taking her home, his mother had discreetly gone to bed. Not till the next evening could his attack be made, and then, unsupported by the freshness of his

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indignation, he came off with a very poor victory. Mrs. Weatherby suggested that if he preferred she would never mention him in any way: perhaps that would be best: it was hard to teach an old woman new ways, and if her pride and affection were a trial to him—here she cried, and Weatherby felt like a plain brute. Presently he discovered himself begging her pardon, and gave up with a sigh of despair. He knew that it was unfair of her to cry, but he could not stand up against it.

A couple of weeks later Weatherby, wishing to refer to a small volume of verse he had published the year before, searched the house in vain for a copy. His mother gave them away so fast that there was seldom one on hand, and now even his private book-case had been rifled. The next day he stopped furtively at a book-store and asked for it, with a guilty stammer over the name. The clerk held out the little gray-and-gold volume for inspection.

"Yes, that's it," said Weatherby, hastily.

"Ah—so the poems are still selling?" said a cool, amused voice at his shoulder. His start brought him face to face with Elizabeth Trent. He flushed miserably, then clutched at his self-possession and managed a rueful laugh.

"Bessie, I'd rather you had caught me picking a pocket!" he exclaimed.

"So would I," she assented, with a trace of sharpness. Peace-lover though he was, Weatherby could fight on occasion. He paid for his book with a new effrontery, then looked reflectively down on her.

"You scratched my face for one of my early works; and the later ones seem to affect you in exactly the same way," he said, mildly. "I wonder why—is it poetry in general, or just my idea of it? I must have improved some in the interval."

She recognized the challenge with a slight flush, but stood her ground valiantly.

"Your work has improved—yes," she said with meaning; "it is extremely good, for modern verse."

"Then it is I myself who have gone downhill?"

She shrugged slightly. "Oh, well, I don't believe I like celebrities. But others do—your name will be on every tongue at the club this afternoon. The applause for you will be quite as loud as for Browning—louder, even. It is too bad you can't be there!" She turned to go, with a somewhat trying smile and nod, but Weatherby did not notice. He was staring at her in growing dismay.

"What do you mean—about me—at the club?" he burst out. "Oh, you don't—it couldn't——"

She looked at him in surprise and her face unbent a little.

"Didn't you know that your mother is going to read from your works, as an encore—by unanimous request?"

"Oh, Lord!"

His sincerity was unmistakable. She laughed out, and the old friendliness suddenly dawned in her eyes.

"Why, I thought you would like it!" she said in frank relief.

"Like it!" he stammered. "*Like* it? My good Bessie, my life is one long fight to keep my mother from making a public show of me. I have hurt her feelings, I've insulted her—and she won't stop. I'm perfectly helpless. What can I do?" All the bitterness of past struggles was in his voice. It was the first time he had ever broken out on the subject, and he could not stop. "You have no idea what she does, Bessie! She has special copies made on vellum and gives them round at Christmas. I caught her once reading samples of me and then of Keats to a select crowd and making them guess which was which! She's a dear good woman and she'd give her life for me, and I try to be big about it and find it merely amusing. But, by heaven, I can't. This has got to end. What time does your show begin?"

"At three. I am just flying home to dress."

"Well, I shall settle one number on your programme." And he left her with scant ceremony. But she smiled after him as she had not since the days of his obscurity.

A growing fear made Weatherby rage at the slowness of his car. Yesterday he had finished the first draught of a little drama in verse, the most serious attempt he had yet made. His mother had begged to see it, and he had laughingly refused, on the ground that this was his one intelligible copy and that he could not trust

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it out of his hands. His real reason was a certain divine shame that came with every new piece of work, a longing to treasure it in secret for a few days till the glamour of the hours of labor was a little dimmed and comment from without would not seem a hateful familiarity. His mother, of course, did not understand—could not have understood, even if he could have explained—and persisted, so, finally, being a good son, he had given it to her, with many exaggerated cautions for its safe-keeping. Then he had abruptly gone off for the evening. What she had wanted of it became every moment more certain and more exasperating.

She had gone when he reached the house. Being on the reception committee, she had to be there early, he remembered. Weatherby made a careful search for his manuscript, knowing quite well that he should not find it; then, with set lips, turned toward the club. He had never been quite so angry in his life. For the first time he forgot that there was an element of the ridiculous in the situation. She had got to understand—if he had to leave home to teach her.

A block on the car-line forced him to alight several squares from the club and he noticed with surprise that snow was beginning to fall. The sidewalks were already wet and slippery with it. At the door of the club-house he was told that his mother was not there: she had come and gone hurriedly away again. As he stood on the steps wondering what to do, the familiar family carriage of the Trents paused in front and Bessie came to his relief. She volunteered to find out where his mother had gone, and disappeared with a glimmer of amusement in her eyes; but this had quite vanished when she came back. She looked grave and puzzled. It seemed his mother had been taking off her things in the dressing-room, talking pleasantly with the maid, when suddenly she had given a little cry, looked wildly about, then caught up her wrap and rushed out without bonnet or gloves. She had given no explanation, but she had seemed deeply distressed.

They looked helplessly about. The drug-store on the corner gave Bessie a dim suggestion. Could she have felt ill and gone there for some remedy?

"She does faint, once in a very great while," Weatherby admitted. "But surely she would have sent someone." Nevertheless they went in and asked.

Mrs. Weatherby had not been there, but the clerk had seen her, in a silk gown with no bonnet, holding a wrap about her with bare hands. He had been interested because she was so evidently distressed about something. She had hurried up to a policeman who was passing and they had talked for several moments. After receiving directions, she had waited a moment for the car, then, finding the line still blocked, had turned and walked hurriedly south. The snow had just begun.

South was directly away from home. They returned to the street in a silence that covered alarmed thoughts, avoiding each other's eyes. The policeman was not in sight, and there seemed nothing to do but to follow.

In nearly every block someone had seen her, with the snow falling on her uncovered hair and her distressed face, hurrying recklessly. Once, when she had nearly fallen, a boy had caught and steadied her; she had not thanked him or seemed to notice. Evidently her whole soul had been bent on reaching some point.

"Bess, you must go back," said Weatherby, suddenly, when they had walked half a mile without result. "It may take hours, and your feet are wet."

She did not trouble to answer. "Shall you tell the police?" she asked instead.

"Oh, not yet—I can't!" he exclaimed. "What do you think, Bessie? Do you suppose she—" He could not say it, but she knew his thought.

"No, I don't," she said, stoutly. "People don't lose their minds all in a moment. There is the power-house—let us go across and ask there. All those conductors standing about—" She broke off with a clutch at his arm. A door leading to the car company's offices had opened and there stood Mrs. Weatherby, pale but radiant, clinging to a white package.

"Mother!" cried Weatherby as they ran up to her. She did not seem at all surprised to see them.

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Drawn by Harrison Fisher.

"Ah—so the poems are still selling?"—Page 215.

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"I have it, dear, quite safe," she called, joyfully. "I have been over it and not a page is missing. The conductor picked it up just after I got out and——"

"Oh, mother! That wretched poem—why did you bother?" exclaimed her son, anger and remorse and overwhelming tenderness struggling in his voice.

"She is not well," said Bessie, sharply. And he had barely time to put his arms about her when she sank quite limply against him.

They carried her to a drug-store, and she was soon looking up at them weakly, while Bessie rubbed her hands and the young woman cashier fanned her with a magazine and her son hovered over her with brandy. Suddenly tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, Howard, if I had lost it!" she murmured.

"Mother, dearest!" he pleaded. "It wouldn't have mattered. I am ashamed that you cared so much about the thing—it wasn't worth it. I never dreamed how much you—you make me feel like a beast. Now I am going to telephone for a carriage and take you home."

"The club," she began, starting up. Bessie pressed her back again.

"Dear Mrs. Weatherby, I will see to the club: don't worry about it," she said, with unwonted gentleness. When Weatherby's back was turned, she stooped and kissed the older woman's cheek.

When Weatherby came back he found the cashier still fanning with the magazine and cheering his mother with conversation, while Bessie stood by looking pale and tired. Mrs. Weatherby, with returning brightness, glanced up at the brown cover fluttering before her.

"Is that the new March number?" he heard her say. "My son has a poem on the first page—you may have noticed it. It has been very highly praised." The cashier turned to the first page and was pleasingly impressed.

Weatherby glanced at Bessie, and she smiled at him with sudden tremulousness. He smiled back with misty eyes, and his hand closed over hers for a long moment.

"It was we who had to be taught," he said, vaguely; but she seemed to understand.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

By Caroline Duer

ALTHOUGH my feet may never walk your ways,
No other eyes will follow you so far;
No voice rise readier to ring your praise,
Till the swift coming of those future days
When the world knows you for the man you are.

You must go on and I must stay behind.
We may not fare together, you and I.
But, though the path to Fame be steep and blind,
Walk, strong and steadfastly, before mankind,
Because my heart must follow till you die.

Steadfast and strongly, scorning mean success.
Lenient to others—to yourself severe.
If you must fail, fail not in nobleness.
God knows all other failure I could bless
That sent you back to find your welcome here.

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THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

IV

WHILE the corn grew, school went on and, like the corn, Chad's schooling put forth leaves and bore fruit rapidly. The boy's mind was as clear as his eye and, like a mountain-pool, gave back every image that passed before it. Not a word dropped from the master's lips that he failed to hear and couldn't repeat, and, in a month, he had put Dolph and Rube, who, big as they were, had little more than learned the alphabet, to open shame: and he won immunity with his fists from gibe and insult from every boy within his inches in school—including Tad Dillon, who came in time to know that it was good to let the boy alone. He worked like a little slave about the house and, like Jack, won his way into the hearts of old Joel and his wife, and even of Dolph and Rube, in spite of their soreness over Chad spelling them both down before the whole school. As for Tall Tom, he took as much pride as the school-master in the boy, and in town, at the grist-mill, the cross-roads, or blacksmith shop, never failed to tell the story of the dog and the boy, whenever there was a soul to listen. And as for Melissa, while she ruled him like a queen and Chad paid sturdy and uncomplaining homage, she would have scratched out the eyes of one of her own brothers had he dared to lay a finger on the boy. For Chad had God's own gift—to win love from all but enemies and nothing but respect and fear from them. Every morning, soon after daybreak, he stalked ahead of the little girl to school, with Dolph and Rube lounging along behind, and, an hour before sunset, stalked back in the same way home again. When not at school, the two fished and played together—inseparable.

Corn was ripe now and school closed and Chad went with the men into the fields and did his part, stripping the gray blades from the yellow stalks, binding them into sheaves, stowing them away under the low roof of the big barn, or stacking them tent-like in the fields—leaving each ear perched like a big roosting bird on each lone stalk. And when the autumn came, there were husking parties and dances and much merriment; and, night after night, Chad saw Sintha and the school-master in front of the fire—"settin' up"—close together with their arms about each other's necks and whispering. And there were quilting parties and house-warmings and house-raisings—one that was of great importance to Caleb Hazel and to Chad. For, one morning, Sintha disappeared and came back with the tall young hunter in the deerskin leggings—blushing furiously—a bride. And old Joel gave them some cleared land at the head of a creek, and the neighbors came in to build them a cabin. And among them all, none worked harder than the school-master, and no one but Chad guessed how sorely hit he was.

Meanwhile, the woods were ringing with the mellow echoes of axes, high and low, and the thundering crash of big trees along the mountain-side; for already the hillsmen were felling trees while the sap was in the roots, so that they could lie all winter, dry better and float better in the spring, when the rafts were taken down the river to the little capital in the Blue-grass. And Caleb Hazel said that he would go down on a raft in the spring and perhaps Chad could go with him—who knew? For the school-master had now made up his mind finally—he would

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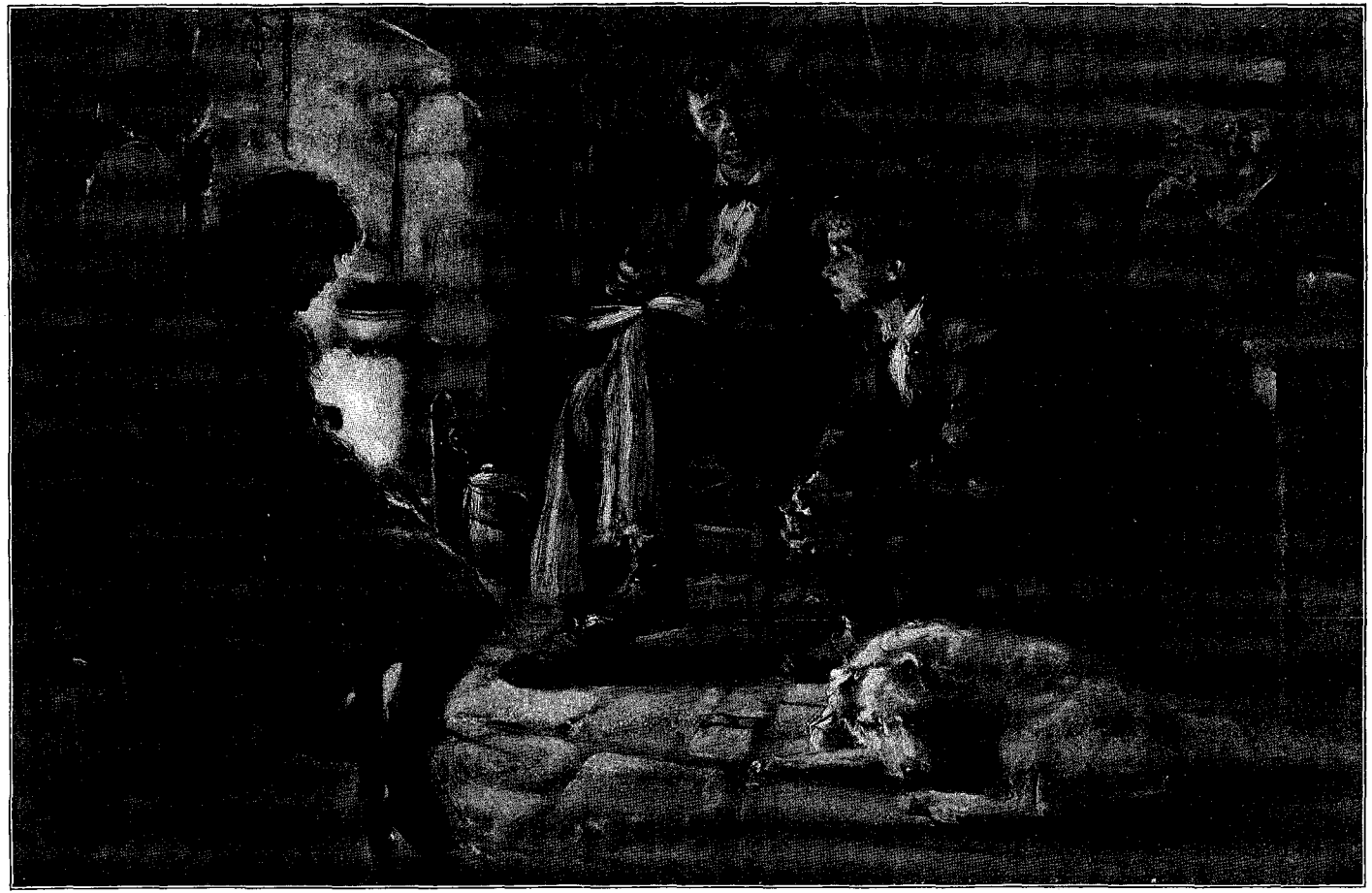

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

And the boy drank in the tales.—Page 222.

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go out in the world and make his way out there; and nobody but Chad noticed that his decision came only after, and only a little while after, the house-raising at the head of the creek.

When winter came, school opened again, and on Saturdays and Sundays and cold snowy nights, Chad and the school-master —for he too lived at the Turners' now— sat before the fire in the kitchen, and the school-master read to him from "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman," which he had brought from the Bluegrass, and from the Bible which had been his own since he was a child. And the boy drank in the tales until he was drunk with them and learned the conscious scorn of a lie, the conscious love of truth and pride in courage, and the conscious reverence for women that make the essence of chivalry as distinguished from the unthinking code of brave, simple people. He adopted the master's dignified phraseology as best he could; he watched him, as the master stood before the fire with his hands under his coat-tails, his chin raised, and his eyes dreamily upward, and tall Tom caught the boy in just this attitude one day and made fun of him before all the others. He tried some high-sounding phrases on Melissa, and Melissa told him he must be crazy. Once, even, he tried to kiss her hand gallantly and she slapped his face. Undaunted, he made him a lance of white ash, threaded some loose yarn into Melissa's colors, as he told himself, sneaked into the barn, where Beelzebub was tied, got on the sheep's back and, as the old ram sprang forward, couched his lance at the trough and shattered it with a thrill that left him trembling for half an hour. It was too good to give up that secret joust and he made another lance and essayed another tournament, but this time Beelzebub butted the door open and sprang with a loud ba-a-a into the yard and charged for the gate—in full view of old Joel, the three brothers, and the school-master, who were standing in the road. Instinctively, Chad swung on in spite of the roar of laughter and astonishment that greeted him and, as Tom banged the gate, the ram swerved and Chad shot off sidewise like a catapult and dropped, a most unheroic little knight, in the mire. That ended Chad's chivalry in the hills, for in the roars of laughter that greeted him, Chad recognized Caleb Hazel's as the loudest. If *he* laughed, chivalry could never thrive there, and Chad gave it up; but the seeds were sown.

The winter passed, and what a time Chad and Jack had, snaking logs out of the mountains with two, four, six—yes, even eight yoke of oxen, when the log was the heart of a monarch oak or poplar —snaking them to the chute; watching them roll and whirl and leap like jackstraws from end to end down the steep incline and, with one last shoot in the air, roll, shaking, quivering, into a mighty heap on the bank of Kingdom Come. And then the "rafting" of those logs— dragging them into the pool of the creek, lashing them together with saplings driven to the logs with wooden pin and auger-hole — wading about, meanwhile, waist deep in the cold water: and the final lashing of the raft to a near-by tree with a grape-vine cable—to await the coming of a "tide."

Would that tide never come? It seemed not. The spring ploughing was over, the corn planted; there had been rain after rain, but gentle rains only. There had been prayers for rain:

"O Lord," said the circuit-rider, "we do not presume to dictate to Thee, but we need rain, an' need it mighty bad. We do not presume to dictate, but, if it pleases Thee, send us, not a gentle sizzle-sozzle, but a sod-soaker, O Lord, a gully-washer. Give us a tide, O Lord!" Sunrise and sunset, old Joel turned his eye to the east and the west and shook his head. Tall Tom did the same, and Dolph and Rube studied the heavens for a sign. The school-master grew visibly impatient and Chad was in a fever of restless expectancy. The old mother made him a suit of clothes—mountain clothes—for the trip. Old Joel gave him a five-dollar bill for his winter's work. Even Jack seemed to know that something unusual was on hand and hung closer about the house, for fear he might be left behind.

Softly at last, one night, came the patter of little feet on the roof and passed— came again and paused; and then there was a rush and a steady roar that wakened Chad and thrilled him as he lay listening.

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It did not last long, but the river was muddy enough and high enough for the Turner brothers to float the raft slowly out the mouth of Kingdom Come and down in front of the house, where it was anchored to a huge sycamore in plain sight. At noon the clouds gathered and old Joel gave up his trip to town.

"Hit'll begin in about an hour, boys," he said, and in an hour it did begin. There was to be no doubt about this flood. At dusk, the river had risen two feet and the raft was pulling at its cable like an awakening sea-monster. Meanwhile, the mother had cooked a great pone of corn-bread, three feet in diameter, and had ground coffee and got sides of bacon ready. All night it poured and the dawn came clear, only to darken into gray again. But the river—the river! The roar of it filled the woods. The frothing hem of it swished through the tops of the trees and through the underbrush, high on the mountain-side. Arched slightly in the middle, for the river was still rising, it leaped and surged, tossing tawny mane and fleck and foam as it thundered along—a mad, molten mass of yellow struck into gold by the light of the sun. And there the raft, no longer the awkward monster it was the day before, floated like a lily-pad, straining at the cable as lightly as a greyhound leaping against its leash.

The neighbors were gathered to watch the departure—old Jerry Budd, blacksmith and "yarb doctor," and his folks; the Cultons and Middletons, and even the Dillons—little Tad and Whizzer—and all. And a bright picture of Arcadia the simple folk made, the men in homespun and the women with their brilliant shawls, as they stood on the bank laughing, calling to one another, and jesting like children. All were aboard now and there was no kissing and shaking hands in the farewell. The good old mother stood on the bank, with Melissa holding to her apron and looking at Chad gravely.

"Take good keer o' yo'self, Chad," she said kindly, and then she looked down at the little girl. "He's a-comin' back, honey—Chad's a-comin' back." And Chad nodded brightly, but Melissa drew her apron across her mouth and did not smile.

All were aboard now—Dolph and Rube, old Squire Middleton, and the school-master, all except tall Tom, who stood by the tree to unwind the cable.

A raft shot suddenly around the bend above them and swept past with the Dillon brothers, Jake and Jerry, nephews of old Tad Dillon, at bow and stern—passed with a sullen wave from Jerry and a good-natured smile from stupid Jake.

"All right," Tom shouted, and he unwound the great brown pliant vine from the sycamore and leaped aboard. Just then there was a mad howl behind the house and a gray streak of light flashed over the bank and Jack, with a wisp of rope around his neck, sprang through the air from a rock ten feet high and landed lightly on the last log as the raft shot forward. Chad gulped once and his heart leaped with joy, for he had agreed to leave Jack with old Joel, and old Joel had tied the dog in the barn.

"Hi there!" shouted the old hunter. "Throw that dawg off, Chad—throw him off."

But Chad shook his head and smiled.

"He won't go back," he shouted, and, indeed, there was Jack squatted on his haunches close by his little master and looking gravely back as though he were looking a last good-by.

"Hi!" shouted old Joel again. "How am I goin' to git along without that dawg? Throw him off, boy—throw him off, I tell ye!" Chad seized the dog by the shoulders, but Jack braced himself and, like a child, looked up in his master's face. Chad let go and shook his head.

A frantic yell from tall Tom at the bow oar drew every eye to him. The current was stronger than anyone guessed and the raft was being swept by an eddy straight for the point of the opposite shore where there was a sharp turn in the river.

"Watch out thar," shouted old Joel, "you're goin' to 'bow'!" Dolph and Rube were slashing the stern oar forward and back through the swift water, but straight the huge craft made for that deadly point. Every man had hold of an oar and was tussling in silence for life. Every man on shore was yelling directions and warning, while the women shrank back with frightened faces. Chad

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scarcely knew what the matter was, but he squeezed Jack closer to him. He heard Tom roar a last warning as the craft struck, quivered a moment, and the stern swept around. The craft had "bowed."

"Watch out — jump, boys, jump! Watch when she humps! Watch yo' legs!" These were the cries from the shore, and still Chad did not understand. He saw Tom leap from the bow, and, as the stern swung to the other shore, Dolph, too, leaped. Then the stern struck. The raft humped in the middle like a bucking horse—the logs ground savagely together. Chad heard a cry of pain from Jack and saw the dog fly up in the air and drop in the water. He had gone up, too, but he came back on the raft with one leg in between two logs and he drew it up in time to keep the limb from being smashed to a pulp as the logs crashed together again, but not quickly enough to save the foot from a painful squeeze. Then he saw Tom and Dolph leap back again, the raft whirled on and steadied in its course, and behind him he saw Jack swimming feebly for the shore—fighting the waves for his life, for the dog was hurt. Twice he turned his eyes despairingly toward Chad, and the boy would have leaped in the water to save him if Tom had not caught him by the arm.

"Tell him to git to shore," he said quickly, and Chad motioned, when Jack looked again, and the dog obediently made for land. Old Joel was calling tenderly:

"Come on, Jack; come on, ole feller!"

Chad watched with a thumping heart. Once Jack went under, but gave no sound. Again he disappeared, and when he came up he gave a cry for help, but when he heard Chad's answering cry he fought on stroke by stroke until Chad saw old Joel reach out from the bushes and pull him in. And Chad could see that one of his hind legs hung limp. Then the raft swung around the curve out of sight.

Behind, the whole crowd rushed down to the water's edge. Jack tried to get away from old Joel and scramble after Chad on his broken leg, but old Joel held him, soothing him, and carried him back to the house, where the old "yarb doctor" put splints on the leg and bound it up tightly, just as though it had been the leg of a child. Melissa was crying and the old man put his hand on her head.

"He'll be all right. That leg'll be as good as the other one in two or three weeks. It's all right, little gal."

Melissa stopped weeping with a sudden gulp. But when Jack was lying in the kitchen by the fire alone, she slipped in and put her arm around the dog's head, and, when Jack began to lick her face, she bent her own head down and sobbed.

V

ON the way to God's Country at last!

Already Chad had schooled himself for the parting with Jack, and but for this he must—little man that he was—have burst into tears. As it was, the lump in his throat stayed there a long while, but it passed in the excitement of that mad race down the river. The old Squire had never known such a tide.

"Boys," he said, gleefully, "we're goin' to make a *re*cord on this trip—you jus' see if we don't. That is, if we ever git thar alive."

All the time the old man stood in the middle of the raft yelling orders. Ahead was the Dillon raft, and the twin brothers—the giants, one mild, the other sour-faced—were gesticulating angrily at each other from bow and stern. As usual, they were quarrelling. On the Turner raft Dolph was at the bow, the school-master at the stern, while Rube—who was cook—and Chad, in spite of a stinging pain in one foot, built an oven of stones, where coffee could be boiled and bacon broiled, and started a fire, for the air was chill on the river, especially when they were running between the hills and no sun could strike them.

When the fire blazed up, Chad sat by it watching tall Tom and the school-master at the stern oar and Rube at the bow. When the turn was sharp, how they lashed the huge white blades through the yellow water—with the handle across their broad

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chests, catching with their toes in the little notches that had been chipped along the logs and tossing the oars down and up with a mighty swing that made the blades quiver and bend like the tops of pliant saplings! Then, on a run, they would rush back to start the stroke again, while the old Squire yelled:

"Hit her up thar now—easy—easy! *Now!* Hit her up! Hit her up—*Now!*

Now they passed between upright, wooded, gray mountain-sides, threaded with faint lines of the coming green; now between gray walls of rock streaked white with water-falls, and now past narrow little valleys which were just beginning to sprout with corn. At the mouth of the creeks, they saw other rafts making ready and, now and then, a raft would shoot out in the river from some creek ahead or behind them. In an hour, they struck a smooth run of several hundred yards where the men at the oars could sit still and rest, while the raft shot lightly forward in the middle of the stream; and down the river they could see the big Dillons making the next sharp turn and, that far away, they could hear Jerry yelling and swearing at his patient brother.

"Some o' these days," said the old Squire, "that fool Jake's a-goin' to pick up somethin' an' knock that mean Jerry's head off. I wonder he hain't done it afore. Hit's funny how brothers can hate when they do git to hatin'."

That night, they tied up at Jackson—to be famous long after the war as the seat of a bitter mountain feud. At noon, the next day, they struck "the Nahrrers" (Narrows), where the river ran like a torrent between high steep walls of rock, and where the men stood to the oars watchfully and the old Squire stood upright, watching every movement of the raft; for "bowing" there would have meant destruction to the raft and the death of them all. That night they were in Beattyville, whence they floated next day, along lower hills and, now and then, past a broad valley. Once Chad looked at the school-master—he wondered if they were approaching the Bluegrass—but Caleb Hazel smiled and shook his head. And had Chad waited another half hour, he would not have asked the question, even with his eyes, for they swept between high cliffs again—higher than he had yet seen. That night they ran from dark to dawn, for the river was broader and a brilliant moon was high; and, all night, Chad could hear the swish of the oars, as they floated in mysterious silence past the trees and the hills and the moonlit cliffs, and he lay on his back, looking up at the moon and the stars, and thinking about the land to which he was going and of Jack back in the land he had left; and of little Melissa. She had behaved very strangely during the last few days before the boy had left. She had not been sharp with him, even in play. She had been very quiet—indeed, she scarcely spoke a word to him, but she did little things for him that she had never done before, and she was unusually kind to Jack. Once, Chad found her crying behind the barn, and then she was very sharp with him, and told him to go away and cried more than ever. Her little face looked very white, as she stood on the bank, and, somehow, Chad saw it all that night in the river and among the trees and up among the stars, but he little knew what it all meant to him or to her. He thought of the Turners back at home, and he could see them sitting around the big fire—Joel with his pipe, the old mother spinning flax, Jack asleep on the hearth, and Melissa's big solemn eyes shining from the dark corner where she lay wide-awake in bed and, when he went to sleep, her eyes followed him in his dreams.

When he awoke, the day was just glimmering over the hills, and the chill air made him shiver, as he built up the fire and began to get breakfast ready. At noon, that day, though the cliffs were still high, the raft swung out into a broader current, where the water ran smoothly and, once, the hills parted and, looking past a log-cabin on the bank of the river, Chad saw a stone house—relic of pioneer days—and, farther out, through a gap in the hills, a huge house with great pillars running around it and, on the hill-side, many sheep and fat cattle and a great barn. There dwelt one of the lords of the Bluegrass land, and again Chad looked to the school-master and, this time, the school-master smiled and nodded as though to say:

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"We're getting close now, Chad." So Chad rose to his feet thrilled, and watched the scene until the hills shut it off again. One more night and one more dawn, and, when the sun rose, the hills had grown smaller and smaller and the glimpses between them more frequent and, at last, far down the river, Chad saw a column of smoke and all the men on the raft took off their hats and shouted. The end of the trip was near, for that black column meant the capital!

Chad trembled on his feet and his heart rose into his throat, while Caleb Hazel seemed hardly less moved. His hat was off and he stood motionless, with his face uplifted, and his grave eyes fastened on that dark column as though it rose from the pillar of fire that was leading him to some promised land.

As they rounded the next curve, some monster swept out of the low hills on the right, with a shriek that startled the boy almost into terror and, with a mighty puffing and rumbling, shot out of sight again. The school-master shouted to Chad, and the Turner brothers grinned at him delightedly:

"Steam-cars!" they cried, and Chad nodded back gravely, trying to hold in his wonder.

Sweeping around the next curve, another monster hove in sight with the same puffing and a long "h-o-o-ot!" A monster on the river and moving up stream steadily, with no oar and no man in sight, and the Turners and the school-master shouted again. Chad's eyes grew big with wonder and he ran forward to see the rickety little steam-boat approach and, with wide eyes, devoured it, as it wheezed and labored up-stream past them—watched the thundering stern wheel threshing the water into a wake of foam far behind it and flashing its blades, water-dripping in the sun—watched it till it puffed and wheezed and labored on out of sight. Great Heavens! to think that he—Chad—was seeing all that!

About the next bend, more but thinner columns of smoke were visible. Soon the very hills over the capital could be seen, with little green wheat-fields dotting them and, as they drew a little closer, Chad could see houses on the hills—more strange houses of wood and stone, and porches, and queer towers on them from which glistened shining points.

"What's them?" he asked.

"Lightnin'-rods," said Tom, and Chad understood, for the school-master had told him about them back in the mountains. Was there anything that Caleb Hazel had not told him? The haze over the town was now visible, and soon they swept past tall chimneys puffing out smoke, great warehouses covered on the outside with weather-brown tin, and, straight ahead—Heavens, what a bridge!—arching clear over the river and covered like a house, from which people were looking down on them as they swept under. There were the houses, in two rows on the streets, jammed up against each other and without any yards. And people! Where had so many people come from? Close to the river and beyond the bridge was another great mansion, with tall pillars, and about it a green yard, as smooth as a floor, and negroes and children were standing on the outskirting stone wall and looking down at them as they floated by. And another great house still, and a big garden with little paths running through it and more patches of that strange green grass. Was that bluegrass? It was, but it didn't look blue and it didn't look like any other grass Chad had ever seen. Below this bridge was another bridge, but not so high, and, while Chad looked, another black monster on wheels went crashing over it.

Tom and the school-master were working the raft slowly to the shore now, and, a little farther down, Chad could see more rafts tied up—rafts, rafts, nothing but rafts on the river, everywhere! Up the bank a mighty buzzing was going on, amid a cloud of dust, and little cars with logs on them were shooting about amid the gleamings of many saws, and, now and then, a log would leap from the river and start up toward that dust-cloud with two glistening iron teeth sunk in one end and a long iron chain stretching up along a groove built of boards—and Heaven only knew what was pulling it up. On the bank was a stout, jolly looking man, with a red, kind face that was familiar to Chad, shouting to the Squire, as the raft slipped along another raft, and Tom sprang aboard it with the grape-vine

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cable and the school-master leaped aboard with another cable from the stern.

Then Chad recognized him, for he was none other than the cattle-dealer who had given him Jack. The cattle-dealer knew Chad.

"Why, boy," he cried. "Where's yo' dog?"

"I left him at home."

"Is he all right?"

"Yes."

"Then I'd like to have him back again."

Chad smiled and shook his head.

"Not much."

"Well, he's the best sheep-dog on earth."

The raft slowed up, creaking—slower—straining and creaking, and stopped. The trip was over, and the Squire had made his "*re*cord," for the red-faced man whistled incredulously when the old man told him what day he had left Kingdom Come.

An hour later the big Dillon twins hove in sight, just as the Turner party was climbing the sawdust hill into the town, where Dolph and Rube were for taking the middle of the street like other mountaineers, who were marching thus ahead of them, single file, but Tom and the school-master laughed at them and drew them over to the sidewalk. Bricks and stones laid down for people to walk on—how wonderful! And all the houses were of brick or were weather-boarded—all built together, wall against wall. And the stores with the big glass windows all filled with wonderful things! Then a pair of swinging green shutters through which, while Chad and the school-master waited outside, Tom insisted on taking Dolph and Rube and giving them their first drink of bluegrass whiskey—red liquor, as the hillsmen call it. A little farther on, they all stopped still on a corner of the street, while the school-master pointed out to Chad and Dolph and Rube the Capitol—a mighty structure of massive stone, with majestic stone columns, where people went to the Legislature. How they looked with wondering eyes at the great flag floating lazily over it, and at the wonderful fountain tossing water in the air, and with the water three white balls which leaped and danced in the jet of shining spray and never flew away from it. How did they stay there? The school-master laughed—Chad had asked him a question at last that he couldn't answer. And the tall spiked iron fence that ran all the way around the yard, which was full of trees—how wonderful that was, too! As they stood looking, law-makers and visitors poured out the doors—a brave array—some of them in tight trousers, high hats and blue coats with brass buttons, and, as they passed, Caleb Hazel reverently whispered the names of those he knew—distinguished lawyers, statesmen, and Mexican veterans: witty Tom Marshall; Roger Hanson, bulky, brilliant; stately Preston, eagle-eyed Buckner, and Breckinridge, the magnificent, forensic in bearing. Chad was thrilled.

A little farther on, they turned to the left, and the school-master pointed out the Governor's Mansion, and there, close by, was a high gray wall—a wall as high as a house, with a wooden box taller than a man on each corner, and, inside, another big gray building in which, visible above the walls, were grated windows—the penitentiary! Every mountaineer has heard that word, and another—the "Legislatur'."

Chad shivered as he looked, for he could recall that sometimes down in the mountains a man would disappear for years and turn up again at home, whitened by confinement; and, during his absence, when anyone asked about him, the answer was—"penitentiary." He wondered what those boxes on the walls were for, and he was about to ask, when a guard stepped from them with a musket and started to patrol the wall, and he had no need to ask. Tom wanted to go up on the hill and look at the Armory and the graveyard, but the school-master said they did not have time, and, on the moment, the air was startled with whistles far and near—six o'clock! At once the master led the way to supper in the boarding-house, where a kind-faced old lady spoke to Chad in a motherly way, and where the boy saw his first hot biscuit and was almost afraid to eat anything at the table for fear he might do something wrong. For the first time in his life, too, he slept on a mattress without any feather bed, and Chad lay wondering,

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but unsatisfied still. Not yet had he been out of sight of the hills, and the master told him that they would see the Blue-grass next day, when they started back to the mountains by train as far as Lexington, and Chad went to sleep, dreaming his old dream still.

VI

IT had been arranged by the school-master that they should all meet at the railway station to go home, next day at noon, and, as the Turner boys had to help the Squire with the logs at the river, and the school-master had to attend to some business of his own, Chad roamed all morning around the town. So engrossed was he with the people and the sights and sounds of the little village that he came to himself with a start and trotted back to the boarding-house for fear that he might not be able to find the station alone. The old lady was standing in the sunshine at the gate.

Chad panted—"Where's——?"

"They're gone."

"Gone!" echoed Chad, with a sinking heart.

"Yes, they've been gone—" But Chad did not wait to listen; he whirled and, forgetting his injured foot, fled at full speed down the street. He turned the corner, but could not see the station, and he ran on about another corner and still another, and, just when he was about to burst into tears, he saw the low roof that he was looking for, and hot, panting, and tired, he rushed to it, hardly able to speak.

"Has that en*jine* gone?" he asked breathlessly. The man who was whirling trunks on their corners into the baggage-room did not answer. Chad's eyes flashed and he caught the man by the coat-tail.

"Has that en*jine* gone?" he cried.

The man looked over his shoulder.

"Leggo my coat, you little devil. Yes, that en*jine's* gone," he added, mimicking. Then he saw the boy's unhappy face and he dropped the trunk and turned to him.

"What's the matter?" he asked, kindly.

Chad had turned away with a sob.

"They've lef' me—they've lef' me," he said, and then, controlling himself:

"Is thar another goin'?"

"Not till to-morrow mornin'."

Another sob came, and Chad turned away—he did not want anybody to see him cry. And this was no time for crying, for Chad's prayer back at the grave under the poplar came suddenly back to him.

"I got to ack like a man now." And, sobered at once, he walked on up the hill—thinking. He could not know that the school-master was back in the town, looking for him. If he waited until the next morning, the Turners would probably have gone on; whereas, if he started out now on foot, and walked all night, he might catch them before they left Lexington next morning. And if he missed the Squire and the Turner boys, he could certainly find the school-master there. And if not, he could go on to the mountains alone. Or he might stay in the "settlemints"—what had he come for? He might—he would—oh, he'd get along somehow, he said to himself, wagging his head—he always had and he always would. He could always go back to the mountains. If he only had Jack—if he only had Jack! Nothing would make any difference then, and he would never be lonely, if he only had Jack. But cheered with his determination, he rubbed the tears from his eyes with his coat-sleeve and climbed the long hill. There was the Armory, which, years later, was to harbor Union troops in the great war, and beyond it was the little city of the dead that sits on top of the hill far above the shining river. At the great iron gates he stopped a moment, peering through. He saw a wilderness of white slabs and, not until he made his way across the thick green turf and spelled out the names carved on them, could he make out what they were for. How he wondered when he saw the innumerable green mounds, for he hardly knew there were as many people in the world living as he saw there must be in that place, dead. But he had no time to spare and he turned quickly back to the pike—saddened—for his heart went back, as his faithful heart was always doing, to the lonely graves under the big poplar back in the mountains.

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When he reached the top of the slope he saw a rolling country of low hills stretching out before him, greening with spring; with far stretches of thick grass and many woodlands under a long, low sky, and he wondered if this was the Bluegrass. But he "reckoned" not—not yet. And yet he looked in wonder at the green slopes, and the woods, and the flashing creek, and nowhere in front of him—wonder of all—could he see a mountain. It was as Caleb Hazel had told him, only Chad was not looking for any such mysterious joy as thrilled his sensitive soul. There had been a light sprinkle of snow—such a fall as may come even in early April—but the noon sun had let the wheat-fields and the pastures blossom through it, and had swept it from the gray moist pike until now there were patches of white only in gully and along north hill-sides under little groups of pines and in the woods, where the sunlight could not reach; and Chad trudged sturdily on in spite of his lame foot, keenly alive to the new sights and sounds and smells of the new world—on until the shadows lengthened and the air chilled again; on, until the sun began to sink close to the far-away haze of the horizon. Never had the horizon looked so far away. His foot began to hurt, and on the top of a hill he had to stop and sit down for a while in the road, the pain was so keen. The sun was setting now in a glory of gold, rose, pink, and crimson. Over him, the still clouds caught the divine light which swept swiftly through the heavens until the little pink clouds over the east, too, turned golden pink and the whole heavens were suffused with green and gold. In the west, cloud was piled on cloud like vast cathedrals that must have been built for worship on the way straight to the very throne of God. And Chad sat thrilled, as he had been at the sunrise on the mountains the morning after he ran away. There was no storm, but the same loneliness came to him now and he wondered what he should do. He could not get much farther that night—his foot hurt too badly. He looked up—the clouds had turned to ashes and the air was growing chill—and he got to his feet and started on. At the bottom of the hill and down a little creek he saw a light and he turned toward it. The house was small, and he could hear the crying of a child inside and could see a tall man cutting wood, and he stopped at the bars and shouted:

"Hello!"

The man stopped his axe in mid-air and turned. A woman, with a baby in her arms, appeared in the light of the door with children crowding about her.

"Hello!" answered the man.

"I want to git to stay all night." The man hesitated.

"We don't keep people all night."

"Not keep people all night," thought Chad with wonder.

"Oh, I reckon you will," he said. Was there anybody in the world who wouldn't take in a stranger for the night? From the doorway the woman saw that it was a boy who was asking shelter and the trust in his voice appealed vaguely to her.

"Come in!" she called, in a patient, whining tone. "You can stay, I reckon."

But Chad changed his mind suddenly. If they were in doubt about wanting him—he was in no doubt as to what he would do.

"No, I reckon I better git on," he said sturdily, and he turned and limped back up the hill to the road—still wondering, and he remembered that, in the mountains, when people wanted to stay all night, they usually stopped before sundown. Travelling after dark was suspicious in the mountains, and perhaps it was in this land, too. So, with this thought, he had half a mind to go back and explain, but he pushed on. Half a mile farther, his foot was so bad that he stopped with a cry of pain in the road and, seeing a barn close by, he climbed the fence and into the loft and burrowed himself under the hay. From under the shed he could see the stars rising. It was very still and very lonely and he was hungry—hungrier and lonelier than he had ever been in his life, and a sob of helplessness rose to his lips—if he only had Jack!—but he held it back.

"I got to ack like a man now." And, saying this over and over to himself, he went to sleep.

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VII

RAIN fell that night—gentle rain and warm, for the south wind rose at midnight. At four o'clock a shower made the shingles over Chad rattle sharply, but without wakening the lad, and then the rain ceased; and when Chad climbed stiffly from his loft —the world was drenched and still, and the dawn was warm, for spring had come that morning, and Chad trudged along the road, —unchilled. Every now and then he had to stop to rest his foot. Now and then he would see people getting breakfast ready in the farm-houses that he passed, and, though his little belly was drawn with pain, he would not stop and ask for something to eat—for he did not want to risk another rebuff. The sun rose and the light leaped from every wet blade of grass and bursting leaf to meet it—leaped as though flashing back gladness that the spring was come. For a little while Chad forgot his hunger and forgot his foot—like the leaf and grass-blade his stout heart answered with gladness, too, and he trudged on.

Meanwhile, far behind him, an old carriage rolled out of a big yard and started toward him and toward Lexington. In the driver's seat was an old gray-haired, gray-bearded negro with knotty hands and a kindly face; while, on the oval-shaped seat behind the lumbering old vehicle, sat a little darky with his bare legs dangling down. In the carriage sat a man who might have been a stout squire straight from merry England, except that there was a little tilt to the brim of his slouch hat that one never sees except on the head of a Southerner, and in his strong, but easy, good-natured mouth was a pipe of corn-cob with a long cane stem. The horses that drew him were a handsome pair of half thoroughbreds, and the old driver, with his eyes half closed, looked as though, even that early in the morning, he were dozing.

An hour later, the pike ran through an old wooden-covered bridge, to one side of which a road led down to the water, and the old negro turned the carriage to the creek to let his horses drink. The carriage stood still in the middle of the stream and presently the old driver turned his head:

"Mars Cal!" he called in a low voice. The Major raised his head. The old negro was pointing with his whip ahead and the Major saw something sitting on the stone fence, some twenty yards beyond, which stirred him sharply from his mood of contemplation.

"Shades of Dan'l Boone!" he said softly. It was a miniature pioneer—the little still figure watching him solemnly and silently. Across the boy's lap lay a long rifle—the Major could see that it had a flintlock—and on his tangled hair was a coonskin cap—the scalp above his steady dark eyes and the tail hanging down the lad's neck. And on his feet were—moccasins! The carriage moved out of the stream and the old driver got down to hook the check-reins over the shining bit of metal that curved back over the little saddles to which the boy's eyes had swiftly strayed. Then they came back to the Major.

"Howdye!" said Chad.

"Good-mornin', little man," said the Major pleasantly, and Chad knew straightway that he had found a friend. But there was silence. Chad scanned the horses and the strange vehicle and the old driver and the little pickaninny who, hearing the boy's voice, had stood up on his seat and was grinning over one of the hind wheels, and then his eyes rested on the Major with a simple confidence and unconscious appeal that touched the Major at once.

"Are you goin' my way?" The Major's nature was too mellow and easy-going to pay any attention to final g's. Chad lifted his old gun and pointed up the road.

"I'm a-goin' thataway."

"Well, don't you want to ride?"

"Yes," he said, simply.

"Climb right in, my boy."

So Chad climbed in, and, holding the old rifle upright between his knees, he looked straight forward, in silence, while the Major studied him with a quiet smile.

"Where are you from, little man?"

"I come from the mountains."

"The mountains?" said the Major.

The Major had fished and hunted in the mountains, and somewhere in that unknown region he owned a kingdom of wild mountain land, but he knew as little

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about the people as he knew about the Hottentots, and cared hardly more.

"What are you doin' up here?"

"I'm goin' home," said Chad.

"How did you happen to come away?"

"Oh, I been wantin' to see the settle*mints*."

"The settle*mints*," echoed the Major, and then he understood. He recalled having heard the mountaineers call the Bluegrass region the "settlemints" before.

"I come down on a raft with Dolph and Tom and Rube and the Squire and the school-teacher, an' I got lost in Frankfort. They've gone on, I reckon, an' I'm tryin' to ketch 'em."

"What will you do if you don't?"

"Foller 'em," said Chad, sturdily.

"Does your father live down in the mountains?"

"No," said Chad, shortly.

The Major looked at the lad gravely.

"Don't little boys down in the mountains ever say 'sir' to their elders?"

"No," said Chad. "No, sir," he added gravely, and the Major broke into a pleased laugh—the boy was quick as lightning.

"I ain't got no daddy. An' no mammy—I ain't got—nothin'." It was said quite simply, as though his purpose merely was not to sail under false colors, and the Major's answer was quick and apologetic:

"Oh!" he said, and for a moment there was silence again. Chad watched the woods, the fields, and the cattle, the strange grain growing about him, and the birds and the trees. Not a thing escaped his keen eye, and, now and then, he would ask a question which the Major would answer with some surprise and wonder. His artless ways pleased the old fellow.

"You haven't told me your name."

"You hain't axed me."

"Well, I axe you now," laughed the Major, but Chad saw nothing to laugh at.

"Chad," he said.

"Chad what?"

Now it had always been enough in the mountains when anybody asked his name, for him to answer simply—Chad. He hesitated now and his brow wrinkled as though he were thinking hard.

"I don't know," said Chad.

"What? Don't know your own name?"

The boy looked up into the Major's face with eyes that were so frank and unashamed and at the same time so vaguely troubled that the Major was abashed.

"Of course not," he said kindly, as though it were the most natural thing in the world that a boy should not know his own name. Presently the Major said, reflectively:

"Chadwick."

"Chad," corrected the boy.

"Yes, I know;" and the Major went on thinking that Chadwick happened to be an ancestral name in his own family.

Chad's brow was still wrinkled—he was trying to think what old Nathan Cherry used to call him.

"I reckon I hain't thought o' my name since I left old Nathan," he said. Then he told briefly about the old man, and lifting his lame foot suddenly, he said: "Ouch!" The Major looked around and Chad explained. "I hurt my foot comin' down the river an' hit got wuss walkin' so much." The Major noticed then that the boy's face was pale, and that there were dark hollows under his eyes, but it never occurred to him that the lad was hungry, for, in the Major's land, nobody ever went hungry for long. But Chad was suffering now and he leaned back in his seat and didn't talk nor look at the passing fields. By and by, he spied a cross-roads store.

"I wonder if I can't git somethin' to eat in that store."

The Major laughed: "You ain't gettin' hungry so soon, are you? You must have eaten breakfast pretty early."

"I ain't had no breakfast—an' I didn't hev no supper last night."

"What?" shouted the Major.

Chad stated the fact with brave unconcern, but his lip quivered slightly—he was weak.

"Well, I reckon we'll get something to eat there, whether they've got anything or not."

And then Chad explained, telling the story of his walk from Frankfort. The Major was amazed that anybody could have denied the boy food and lodging.

"Who were they, Tom?" he asked.

The old driver turned:

"They wus some po' white trash down on Cane Creek, I reckon, suh. Must 'a' been." There was a slight contempt in

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the negro's words that made Chad think of hearing the Turners call the Dillons white trash—though they never said "po' white trash."

"Oh!" said the Major. So the carriage stopped, and when a man in a black slouch hat came out, the Major called:

"Jim, here's a boy who ain't had anything to eat for twenty-four hours. Get him a cup of coffee right away, and I reckon you've got some cold ham handy."

"Yes, indeed, Major," said Jim, and he yelled to a negro girl who was standing on the porch of his house behind the store.

Chad ate ravenously and the Major watched him with genuine pleasure. When the boy was through he reached in his pocket and brought out his old five-dollar bill, and the Major laughed aloud and patted him on the head.

"You can't pay for anything while you are with me, Chad."

The whole earth wore a smile when they started out again. The swelling hills had stretched out into gentler slopes. The sun was warm, the clouds were still, and the air was almost drowsy. The Major's eyes closed and everything lapsed into silence. That was a wonderful ride for Chad. It was all true, just as the school-master had told him; the big, beautiful houses he saw now and then up avenues of blossoming locusts; the endless stone fences, the whitewashed barns, the woodlands and pastures; the meadow larks flitting in the sunlight and singing everywhere; fluting, chattering blackbirds, and a strange new black bird with red wings, at which Chad wondered very much, as he watched it balancing itself against the wind and singing as it poised. Everything seemed to sing in that wonderful land. And the seas of bluegrass stretching away on every side and with the shadows of clouds passing in rapid succession like mystic floating islands—and never a mountain in sight. What a strange country it was.

"Maybe some of your friends are looking for you in Frankfort," said the Major.

"No, sir, I reckon not," said Chad—for the man at the station told him that the men who had asked about him had gone on.

"All of them?" asked the Major.

Of course, the man at the station could not tell whether all of them had gone, and perhaps the school-master had stayed behind—it was Caleb Hazel if anybody.

"Well, now, I wonder," said Chad—"the school-teacher might 'a' stayed."

Again the two lapsed into silence—Chad thinking very hard. He might yet catch the school-master in Lexington, and he grew very cheerful at the thought.

"You ain't told me yo' name," he said, presently. The Major's lips smiled under the brim of his hat.

"You hain't axed me."

"Well, I axe you now." Chad too was smiling.

"Cal," said the Major.

"Cal what?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, yes, you do, now—you foolin' me"—the boy lifted one finger at the Major.

"Buford—Calvin Buford."

"Buford—Buford—Buford," repeated the boy, each time with his forehead wrinkled as though he were trying to recall something.

"What is it, Chad?"

"Nothin'—nothin'."

And then he looked up with bewildered face at the Major and broke into the quavering voice of an old man.

"Chad Buford, you little devil, come hyeh this minute or I'll beat the life outen you!"

"What—what!" said the Major excitedly. The boy's face was as honest as the sky above him. "Well, that's funny—very funny."

"Well, that's it," said Chad, "that's what ole Nathan used to call me. I reckon I hain't nuver thought o' my name agin tell you axed me." The Major looked at the lad keenly and then dropped back in his seat ruminating.

Away back in 1778 a linchpin had slipped in a wagon on the Wilderness Road and his grandfather's only brother, Chadwick Buford, had concluded to stop there for a while and hunt and come on later—thus ran an old letter that the Major had in his strong box at home—and that brother had never turned up again and the supposition was that he had been killed by Indians. Now it would be strange if he had wandered up in the mountains and settled there and if this boy were a descendant of his. It would be

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very, very strange, and then the Major almost laughed at the absurdity of the idea. The name Buford was all over the State. The boy had said, with amazing frankness and without a particle of shame, that he was a waif—a "woodscolt," he said, with paralyzing candor. And so the Major dropped the matter out of his mind, except in so far that it was a peculiar coincidence—again saying, half to himself:

"It certainly is very odd."

VIII

AHEAD of them, it was Court Day in Lexington. From the town, as a centre, white turnpikes radiated in every direction like the strands of a spider's web. Along them, on the day before, cattle, sheep, and hogs had made their slow way. Since dawn, that morning, the fine dust had been rising under hoof and wheel on every one of them, for Court Day is yet the great day of every month throughout the Bluegrass. The crowd had gone ahead of the Major and Chad. Only now and then would a laggard buggy or carriage turn into the pike from a pasture road or locust-bordered avenue. Only men were occupants, for the ladies rarely go to town on court days—and probably none would go on that day. Trouble was expected. An abolitionist—not from the North, but a Kentuckian, a slave-holder and a gentleman—would probably start a paper in Lexington to exploit his views in the heart of the Bluegrass; and his quondam friends would shatter his press and tear his office to pieces. So the Major told Chad, and he pointed out some "hands" at work in a field.

"An', mark my words, some day there's goin' to be the damnedest fight the world ever saw over these very niggers. An' the day ain't so far away."

It was noon before they reached the big cemetery on the edge of Lexington. Through a rift in the trees the Major pointed out the grave of Henry Clay, and told him about the big monument that was to be reared above his remains. The grave of Henry Clay! Chad knew all about him. He had heard Caleb Hazel read the great man's speeches aloud by the hour—had heard him intoning them to himself as he walked the woods to and fro from school. Would wonders never cease? There seemed to be no end to the houses and streets and people in this big town, and Chad wondered why everybody turned to look at him and smile, and, later in the day, he came near getting into a fight with another boy who seemed to be making fun of him to his companions. He wondered at that, too, until it suddenly struck him that he saw nobody else carrying a rifle and wearing a coonskin cap—perhaps it was his cap and his gun. The Major was amused and pleased, and he took a certain pride in the boy's calm indifference to the attention he was drawing to himself. And he enjoyed the little mystery which he and his queer little companion seemed to create as they drove through the streets.

On one corner was a great hemp factory. Through the windows Chad could see negroes, dusty as millers, bustling about, singing as they worked. Before the door were two men—one on horseback. The Major drew up a moment.

"How are you, John? Howdye, Dick?" Both men answered heartily, and both looked at Chad—who looked intently at them—the graceful, powerful man on foot and the slender, wiry man with wonderful dark eyes on horseback.

"Pioneering, Major?" asked John Morgan.

"This is a namesake of mine from the mountains. He's come up to see the settlements."

Richard Hunt turned on his horse. "How do you like 'em?"

"Never seed nothin' like 'em in my life," said Chad, gravely. Morgan laughed and Richard Hunt rode on with them down the street.

At once, the Major took Chad to an old inn and gave the boy a hearty meal; and while the Major attended to some business, Chad roamed the streets.

"Don't get into trouble, my boy," said the Major, "an' come back here an hour or two by sun."

Naturally, the lad drifted where the crowd was thickest—to Cheapside. Cheapside—at once the market-place and the forum of the Bluegrass from pioneer days

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to the present hour—the platform that knew Clay, Crittenden, Marshall, Breckenridge, as it knows the lesser men of to-day, who resemble those giants of old as the stunted woodlands of the Bluegrass to-day resemble the primeval forests from which they sprang.

Cheapside was thronged that morning with cattle, sheep, hogs, horses, farmers, aristocrats, negroes, poor whites. The air was a babel of cries from auctioneers—head, shoulders, and waistband above the crowd—and the cries of animals that were changing owners that day—one of which might now and then be a human being. The Major was busy, and Chad wandered where he pleased—keeping a sharp look-out everywhere for the school-master, but he could find nobody who knew even the master's name. In the middle of the afternoon the country people began to leave town and the crowd dwindled, but, as Chad walked past the old inn, he saw a crowd gathered within and about the wide doors of a livery stable, and in a circle outside that lapped half the street. The auctioneer was in plain sight above the heads of the crowd, and the horses were led out one by one from the stable. It was evidently a sale of considerable moment, and there were horse-raisers, horse-trainers, jockeys, stable-boys, gentlemen—all eager spectators or bidders. Chad edged his way through the outer rim of the crowd and to the edge of the sidewalk, and, when a spectator stepped down from a dry-goods box from which he had been looking on, Chad stepped up and took his place. Straightway, he began to wish he could buy a horse and ride back to the mountains. What fun that would be, and how he would astonish the folks on Kingdom Come. He had his five dollars still in his pocket, and when the first horse was brought out, the auctioneer raised his hammer and shouted in loud tones:

"How much am I offered for this horse?"

There was no answer, and the silence lasted so long that before he knew it Chad called out in a voice that frightened him:

"Five dollars!" Nobody heard the bid, and nobody paid any attention to him.

"One hundred dollars," said a voice.

"One hundred and twenty-five," said another, and the horse was knocked down for $200.

A black stallion with curving neck and red nostrils and two white feet walked proudly in.

"How much am I offered?"

"Five dollars," said Chad, promptly. A man who sat near heard the boy and turned to look at the little fellow, and was hardly able to believe his ears. And so it went on. Each time a horse was put up Chad shouted out:

"Five dollars," and the crowd around him began to smile and laugh and encourage him and wait for his bid. The auctioneer, too, saw him, and entered into the fun himself, and addressed himself to Chad at every opening bid.

"Keep it up, little man," said a voice behind him. "You'll get one by and by." Chad looked around. Richard Hunt was smiling to him from his horse on the edge of the crowd.

The last horse was an old brown mare—led in by a halter. She was old and a trifle lame, and Chad, still undispirited, called out this time louder than ever:

"Five dollars!"

He shouted out this time loudly enough to be heard by everybody, and a universal laugh rose, and then came silence, and, in that silence, an imperious voice shouted back:

"Let him have her!" It was the owner of the horse who spoke—a tall man with a noble face and long iron-gray hair. The crowd caught his mood, and as nobody wanted the old mare very much, and the owner would be the sole loser, nobody bid against him, and Chad's heart thumped when the auctioneer raised his hammer and said:

"Five dollars, five dollars—what am I offered? Five dollars, five dollars, going at five dollars, five dollars—going at five dollars—going—going, last bid, gentlemen—gone!" The hammer came down with a blow that made Chad's heart jump and brought a roar of laughter from the crowd.

"What is the name, please," said the auctioneer, bending forward with great respect and dignity toward the diminutive purchaser.

"Chad."

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The auctioneer put his hand to one ear :

"I beg your pardon—Dan'l Boone did you say ?"

"No !" shouted Chad indignantly—he began to feel that fun was going on at his expense. "You heerd me—*Chad.*"

"Ah, Mr. Chad."

Not a soul knew the boy, but they liked his spirit, and several followed him when he went up and handed up his $5 and took the halter of his new treasure—trembling so that he could scarcely stand. The owner of the horse placed his hand on the little fellow's head.

"Wait a minute," he said, and, turning to a negro boy : "Jim, go bring a bridle." The boy brought out a bridle, and the tall man slipped it on the old mare's head, and Chad led her away—the crowd watching him. Just outside he saw the Major, whose eyes opened wide :

"Where'd you get that old horse, Chad ?"

"Bought her," said Chad.

"What ? What'd you give for her ?"

"Five dollars."

The Major looked pained, for he thought the boy was lying, but Richard Hunt called him aside and told the story of the purchase ; and then how the Major did laugh—laughed until the tears rolled down his face.

And then and there he got out of his carriage and went into a saddler's shop and bought a brand-new saddle with a red blanket, and put it on the old mare and hoisted the boy to his seat. Chad was to have no little honor in his day, but he never knew a prouder moment than when he clutched the reins in his left hand and squeezed his short legs against the fat sides of that old brown mare.

He rode down the street and back again, and then the Major told him he had better put the black boy on the mare, to ride her home ahead of him, and Chad reluctantly got off and saw the little darky on his new saddle and his new horse.

"Take good keer o' that hoss, boy," he said, with a warning shake of his head, and again the Major roared.

First, the Major said, he would go by the old University and leave word with the faculty for the school-master when he should come there to matriculate ; and so, at a turnstile that led into a mighty green yard in the middle of which stood a huge gray mass of stone, the carriage stopped, and the Major got out and walked through the campus and up the great flight of stone steps and disappeared. The mighty columns, the stone steps—where had Chad heard of them ? And then the truth flashed. This was the college of which the school-master had told him down in the mountains, and, looking, Chad wanted to get closer.

"I wonder if it'll make any difference if I go up thar ?" he said to the old driver.

"No," the old man hesitated—"no, suh, co'se not." And Chad climbed out and the old negro followed him with his eyes. He did not wholly approve of his master's picking up an unknown boy on the road. It was all right to let him ride, but to be taking him home—old Tom shook his head.

"Jess wait till Miss Lucy sees that piece o' white trash," he said, shaking his head. Chad was walking slowly with his eyes raised. It must be the college where the school-master had gone to school—for the building was as big as the cliff that he had pointed out down in the mountains, and the porch was as big as the black rock that he pointed out at the same time—the college where Caleb Hazel said Chad, too, must go some day. The Major was coming out when the boy reached the foot of the steps, and with him was a tall, gray man with spectacles and a white tie and very white hands, and the Major said :

"There he is now, Professor." And the Professor looked at Chad curiously, and smiled and smiled again kindly when he saw the boy's grave, unsmiling eyes fastened on him.

Then, out of the town and through the late radiant afternoon they went until the sun sank and the carriage stopped before a gate. While the pickanniny was opening it, another carriage went swiftly behind them, and the Major called out cheerily to the occupants—a quiet, sombre, dignified-looking man and two handsome boys and a little girl. "They're my neighbors, Chad," said the Major.

Not a sound did the wheels make on the thick turf as they drove toward the

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old-fashioned brick house (it had no pillars), with its windows shining through the firs and cedars that filled the yard. The Major put his hand on the boy's shoulder:

"Well, here we are, little man."

At the yard gate there was a great barking of dogs, and a great shout of welcome from the negroes who came forward to take the horses. To each of them the Major gave a little package, which each darky took with shining teeth and a laugh of delight—all looking with wonder at the curious little stranger with his rifle and coonskin cap, until a scowl from the Major checked the smile that started on each black face. Then the Major led Chad up a flight of steps and into a big hall and on into the big drawing-room, where there was a huge fireplace and a great fire that gave Chad a pang of homesickness at once. Chad was not accustomed to taking off his hat when he entered a house in the mountains, but he saw the Major take off his, and he dropped his own cap quickly. The Major sank into a chair.

"Here we are, little man," he said, kindly.

Chad sat down and looked at the books, and the portraits and prints, and the big mirrors and the carpets on the floor, none of which he had ever seen before, and he wondered at it all and what it all might mean. A few minutes later, a tall lady in black, with a curl down each side of her pale face, came in. Like old Tom, the driver, the Major, too, had been wondering what his sister, Miss Lucy, would think of his bringing so strange a waif home, and now, with sudden humor, he saw himself fortified.

"Sister," he said, solemnly, "here's a little kinsman of yours. He's a great-great-grandson of your great-great-uncle —Chadwick Buford. That's his name. What kin does that make us?"

"Hush, brother," said Miss Lucy, for she saw the boy reddening with embarrassment and she went across and shook hands with him, taking in with a glance his coarse strange clothes and his soiled hands and face and his tangled hair, but pleased at once with his shyness and his dark eyes. She was really never surprised at any caprice of her brother, and she did not show much interest when the Major went on to tell where he had found the lad —for she would have thought it quite possible that he might have taken the boy out of a circus. As for Chad, he was in awe of her at once—which the Major noticed with an inward chuckle, for the boy had shown no awe of him. Chad could hardly eat for shyness at supper and because everything was so strange and beautiful, and he scarcely opened his lips when they sat around the great fire, until Miss Lucy was gone to bed. Then he told the Major all about himself and old Nathan and the Turners, and the school-master, and how he hoped to come back to the Bluegrass, and go to that big college himself, and he amazed the Major when, glancing at the books, he spelled out the titles to two of Scott's novels, "The Talisman" and "Ivanhoe," and told how the school-master had read them to him. And the Major, who had a passion for Sir Walter, tested Chad's knowledge, and he could mention hardly a character or a scene in the two books that did not draw an excited response from the boy.

"Wouldn't you like to stay here in the Bluegrass now and go to school?"

Chad's eyes lighted up.

"I reckon I would; but how am I goin' to school, now, I'd like to know. I ain't got no money to buy books, and the school-teacher said you have to pay to go to school, up here."

"Well, we'll see about that," said the Major, and Chad wondered what he meant. Presently the Major got up and went to the sideboard and poured out a drink of whiskey and, raising it to his lips, stopped:

"Will you join me?" he asked, humorously, though it was hard for the Major to omit that formula even with a boy.

"I don't keer if I do," said Chad, gravely. The Major was astounded and amused, and thought that the boy was not in earnest, but he handed him the bottle and Chad poured out a drink that staggered his host, and drank it down without winking. At the fire, the Major pulled out his chewing-tobacco. This, too, he offered and Chad accepted, equalling the Major in the accuracy with which he reached the fireplace thereafter with the juice, carrying off his accomplishment, too,

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with perfect and unconscious gravity. The Major was nigh to splitting with silent laughter for a few minutes, and then he grew grave.

"Does everybody drink and chew down in the mountains?"

"Yes, sir," said Chad. "Everybody makes his own licker where I come from."

"Don't you know it's very bad for little boys to drink and chew?"

"No, sir."

"Did nobody ever tell you it was very bad for little boys to drink and chew?"

"No, sir"—not once had Chad forgotten that "sir."

"Well, it is."

Chad thought for a minute. "Will it keep me from gittin' to be a *big* man?"

"Yes."

Chad quietly threw his quid into the fire.

"Well, I be damned," said the Major under his breath. "Are you goin' to quit?"

"Yes, sir."

Meanwhile, the old driver, whose wife lived on the next farm, was telling the servants over there about the queer little stranger whom his master had picked up on the road that day, and after Chad was gone to bed the Major got out some old letters from a chest and read them over again. Chadwick Buford was his great-grandfather's twin brother, and not a word had been heard of him since the two had parted that morning on the old Wilderness Road, away back in the earliest pioneer days. And the Major thought and thought —"suppose—suppose—" And at last he got up and picked up a candle, and looked a long while at the portrait of his grandfather that hung on the southern wall and then, with a sudden humor, he carried the light to the room where the boy was in sound sleep with his head on one sturdy arm, his hair loose on the pillow, and his lips slightly parted and showing his white, even teeth; and he looked at the boy a long time and fancied he could see some resemblance to the portrait in the set of the mouth and the nose and the brow, and he went back smiling at his fancies and thinking—for the Major was sensitive to the claim of any drop of the blood in his own veins—no matter how diluted. He was a handsome little chap.

"How strange! How strange!"

And he smiled when he thought of the boy's last question.

"Where's *yo*' mammy?"

It had stirred the Major.

"I am like you, Chad," he had said. "I've got no mammy—no nothin', except Miss Lucy, and she don't live here. I'm afraid she won't be on this earth long. Nobody lives here but me, Chad."

(To be continued.)

PHŒBUS APOLLO

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

HEAR us, Phœbus Apollo, who are shorn of contempt and pride,
Humbled and crushed in a world gone wrong since the smoke on thine altars died!
Hear us, Lord of the Sunrise, and come, as of old you came;
Dawn on the doubts and darkness born of our later shame!
There are strange Gods come among us, of passion, and scorn, and greed:
They are throned in our stately cities, our sons at their altars bleed.
The smoke of their thousand battles hath blinded thy children's eyes,
And our hearts are sick for a ruler that answers us not with lies,
Sick for thy light untarnished, Fruit of Latona's pain:—
Hear us, Phœbus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

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Our eyes, of earth grown weary, through the backward ages peer
Till, wooed of our eager craving, the scene of thy birth grows clear,
And across the calm Ægean, gray-green in the early morn,
We hear the cry of the circling swans that salute the God new-born;
The challenge of mighty Python, the song of the shafts that go
Straight to the heart of the monster, sped from thy slender bow.
Again through the vale of Tempe a magical music rings,
The song of the marching Muses, the ripple of fingered strings;
But this is our dreaming only: we wait for a stronger strain:—
Hear us, Phœbus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

There are some among us, Diviner, who know not thy way and will,
Some of thy rebel children who bow to the strange Gods still,
Some that dream of oppression, and many that dream of gold,
Whose ears are deaf to the music that gladdened the world of old;
But we, the few and the faithful, we are weary of wars unjust.
There is left no god of our thousand gods that we love, believe, or trust:
In our courts is justice scoffed at, in our senates gold has sway,
And the deeds of our priests and preachers make mock of the words they say.
Cardinals, kings, and captains, there is left none fit to reign:—
Hear us, Phœbus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

We have hearkened to creeds unnumbered, we have given them trial and test,
And the creed of thy Delphic temple of them all is still the best!
Thy clean-limbed blithe disciples, slender, and strong, and young,
The swing of their long processions, the lilt of the songs they sung,
Thine own majestic presence, pursuing the nymph of dawn
In thy chariot eastward blazing, by thy stately griffons drawn,
The spell of thy liquid music, heard once in the speeding year:—
These are the things, Great Archer, that we long to see and hear!
For beside thy creed unblemished all others are stale and vain:
Hear us, Phœbus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

Monarch of light and laughter, honor, and trust, and truth,
God of all inspiration, King of eternal youth,
Whose words are fitted to music as jewels are set in gold,
There is need of thy splendid worship in a world grown grim and old!
We have drunk the wine of the ages, we are come to the dregs and lees,
And the shrines are all unworthy where we bend reluctant knees:
The brand of the beast is on us, we grovel and grope and err.
Wake, Great God of the morning! The moment has come to stir!
The stars of our night of evil on a wan horizon wane:—
Hear us, Phœbus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

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UNDER HIS EYE

By Eleanor Stuart

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. K. HANNA, JR.

"OF the making of books there is no end!" Mr. Tertius Snow exclaimed, as a bookmaker registered his bet on Orizaba—at Ascot in 19—.

I remonstrated: "That mare is a failure at the start. I've seen her run. Her feet stammer—like—like a German paying compliments."

Mr. Tertius Snow—for answer—put forty guineas on the beast, in my name, saying, kindly, "It's your birthday, du Belsoze, and this is a present to you. The odds against Orizaba are 8 to 2."

He paid a guaranty in notes, dropping a card from his pocket in doing so. It looked like an extra large card of invitation, in its envelope. I stooped to pick it up and restore it to him, but the crowd parted us, and I stood with it in my hand—alone in the holiday throng.

Coaches and brakes pressed close upon the inner sweep, and well-dressed women wearily watched the days running from them. Lady Palmyra Eckington bowed to me in glacial greeting, her eye of ice lighting with a chill gleam as grooms unpacked luncheon. I had known her at Nice, years before. The "great" public was more conservative in its pastimes. Placing Snow's invitation in my largest pocket, I watched hucksters punch each other for "standing-room only." I know Londonese as well as I know English, therefore enjoying the comments, I heard to right and left of me.

Tents garnished the plain like polka-dots on a lady's linen. Americans stared into space, looking for Princes; a few Frenchmen glared about, alert for beauty. A Russian conversed with four diplomatists in as many tongues—Snow had nodded to him, but I did not know his name.

At last I pushed my way to Sir Randers Sylvester's brake. Snow and I were his guests at Sylvester Gates, and had driven over with him for the races. I had known Snow since his lonely, Parisian childhood. He was Irish "in paternity," but his mother and his wealth were Russian. The Silsit Salt Deposit was solely his, and the Tolsk estate would come to him at Christa Tolskin's death. His visits to London had been few and brief, but his English was admirable.

He sat now with his back to me talking eagerly with a young woman. Her charming face was new to me, but the expression on his was old as the world's first dawn. I looked at her with consequent interest. She was slight; her hair was bright brown, her teeth perfect, her eyes blue, peculiar, and intelligent. I thought the pageant of high life had tired them perhaps; they looked indifferently over the vivid concourse. She was speaking when I came within earshot. I motioned a groom not to announce me, that I might overhear what she said.

"Your English is foreign because you only hesitate occasionally," she observed casually.

"Why?" Snow demanded.

She smiled slowly. "Englishmen," she answered, "hesitate seven times in a sentence of eight words, and Englishwomen never pause from breakfast till bed, unless someone interrupts them."

Snow introduced me, and I asked Miss Gifford if she were not English. Although she said she was, I soon knew her to be Cosmopolite. She had lived everywhere and met everyone but her match. She knew Paris as well as I know it, and told Snow about recent changes in Petersburg. When he called her "Agatha" I dropped my part in their conversation, watching them in silence from afar.

The course was at length cleared, bells rang, the more fortunate crushed their way back to their seats, and the voices of bookmakers were hushed. The horses were being "handled" for the start—some making speed to nerve them for the run and some being nursed at a standstill.

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I knew the English name for each incident; the jockeys "weighed out," the entries "lined up," it was a "fair go," and the "whole field in the run." Orizaba flew to the front, her rider kept her fourth for half the race, but in a burst of speed she led everything, until she crossed the line a winner.

I screamed with her other backers and, as we drove away, Tertius paid a month's expenses into my hand, minus forty guineas; I considered those his. Some voice from the din about us brought word that Lady Palmyra Eckington and Miss Gifford were to be our fellow-guests for the rest of the week. I rebelled—inwardly. A world without women is a world without worry—hitherto our party had been "stag."

II

Sir Randers Sylvester filled his brake with chance guests from the race-course. They might stay a day or a week, a month or a year; it was all one to their host. Telephoning for his T-cart, he deputed me to drive in it with Lady Palmyra and Miss Gifford. It was a matter of ten miles to Sylvester Gates.

Everyone was resting when we arrived there. A maid met the ladies and delivered me out of their hands. Drinking a little Kirschwasser, I studied some obsolete jests in a current joke-book until my boots grew suddenly painful, as boots will at the end of a holiday. Snow's room was on the same corridor as mine, and his door was opened a crack. I looked in as I passed to my own. His things were in confusion; piles of trousers, coats, and waistcoats lay here and there, and his valet was looking through the pockets of his Raglan.

Snow's troubled voice pounded from the dressing-room. "It's no use looking in anything but what I wore to-day. Just search till you find it."

My boots on trees, and my feet at peace in large slippers, I put all my money in the safe of my dressing-box. As I transferred it from my pocket, Snow's envelope came with it. I opened it, forgetting it was his. I found a square of folded paste-board within, its outer flap had S. S. etched upon it. The seal had not been touched until I broke it, and I now broke an inner, smaller seal. The cards separated at their edges and a thoughtful face confronted me. It was a man's face and familiar to me as that of some public person. Above the picture a human eye was beautifully drawn. I sat down, horrified.

Any man versed in Continental affairs knows the initials of the Surveillance Secret. They were published with the names of its officers after the exposition of some plot of theirs in the Eighties. I tried to remember what I had heard of it. I wondered who was under its eye. I wondered that I should be chosen to observe for it, to punish for it, perhaps. I had no wish to furnish observations which might lead to death. In a frenzy of relief I realized that the envelope was Snow's. My impulse was to destroy it, that it might never come into his hands. I examined it for the postmark, but it had come by hand and was addressed in typewriting. Involuntarily, I destroyed the outer envelope. Someone knocked at my door with urgent raps. I placed the horrible thing in my portfolio, stretching myself on the lounge. I covered myself with a rug, crying, "Come in!" together with French maledictions, all in the voice of one who wakes against his will.

Snow entered. "You look done, old man," he said, kindly.

"Lady Palmyra was a hot finish to a warm day," I returned.

"Are you alone?"

"I understand you are with me."

"Are *we* alone then?"

"Yes, guardian-angels excepted." I wanted to gain time.

"Mine's been quite attentive to me lately," he said, shyly.

I had seen his look on the faces of many men. I knew it as a general knows the face of treachery, or a doctor the face of death. I took his hand and pressed it, saying, "Is it Miss Gifford? She is charming. I wish you joy from a heart not quite devoid of memories."

"I knew you would," he cried, boyishly, before he told me all about it. He found many unusual things in his very commonplace story. He was excited by the fact that he had not heard of Miss Gifford before meeting her. It seemed to

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him like not knowing about the Queen of England, or Abraham Lincoln. His happiness was so sincere that I vowed it should not be disturbed with secret societies. I agreed in all he said. He was an honest, handsome fellow, too emotional for an Englishman and not quite clever enough for a Russian, the most likely person imaginable to win a woman's heart.

"How old are you, Tertius?" I asked.

He yawned, trying not to look proud. "Going on twenty-four," he answered, quickly. "Oh, I've lost a letter, du Belsoze," he added; "it may be of no importance or it may mean a lot. It was handed me at the races, which gave me no chance to open it even."

"I wish it had been one of my bills," I said lightly.

A book called "Underground Russia" lay on a table at hand. I reached out for it, turning the pages while Tertius lighted his cigarette.

"Tell me!" I demanded, blandly, "is all this stuff true about these Russian Murder Clubs? Do they really exist?"

The lad changed color a little, but faced me with a quiet eye.

"I think they do, and probably lots of fellows you know belong to them. There's a kind of wrong in the world that's only checked with a timely death here and there." I pretended to be very shocked.

"How in Honor's name does a man join these things?" I cried.

"Oh, he sees the aim of these societies, and it's ten to one he'll never be called on for anything but money. Then, in the best of them, marriage is tacit resignation. It's a great system and, as a Russian, I respect the pluck of it's members."

"So do I," I replied, looking him steadily in the face.

He rose and took a turn through the room. "Goodby," he said, abruptly, opening the door and leaving me. I knew he wanted to tell me more than his engagement.

I lay still, thinking of his mother. She was a wit and had a beautiful hand, which was much in demand when I was young. She had married late. As the white moon filled the garden with soft light that evening, it filled my mind with a hundred thoughts of her. Her husband was dead, and Tertius had no near male relative. He sat alone on the terrace-steps, young and full of mettle.

"They can just do murder without him!" I exclaimed.

"What?" Sir Randers exclaimed also.

"Ah! Pardon!" I said, pretending to start. "I was dreaming, I'm afraid."

III

I ALWAYS breakfast upstairs in England, and I had almost finished on the day after the races when someone knocked at my door. I had slept but little, jumping from the bed at intervals to destroy Snow's letter, but tamely returning to it at the reflection that the letter was not mine to destroy. I now feared a visit from some of my fellow-guests, who indulged in competitive narrations of sport and war; but Sir Randers Sylvester came briskly into my room, a telegram in one hand and a driving-whip in the other. Every Englishman has a foible, Sir Randers's is taking whips up to bed with him. He says the grooms break them driving out of the stable.

"Good-morning. I'm asking a favor of you this morning."

"You have done so many for me, that I thank Heaven for my innings," I replied.

"The French turn a thing very neatly." He sat on the sofa, looking at me with his friendly eyes. "It's this," he began, briskly. "General Cambord is over here—in England—you know. Besides being a very clever man, he's a dear old gentleman, but he's in London awaiting his doctor's verdict. If it's favorable, he'll re-enter public life. I told him to run down here if the London papers got noisy about him, and he wires this morning that he wishes to come. Now the favor is, will you give up one room for him."

"Both," I said; "put me anywhere."

"One's all I need," he answered, "and as you've no servant with you my people will move you into the one room."

I thanked him. Presently he laughed and said: "Old Cambord only lost his wife last October, and only met Miss Gifford on April 26th at dinner at my house in London. Lady Palmyra says he goes to them almost as much as Snow and is

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"Tell me!" I demanded, blandly, "is all this stuff true about these Russian Murder Clubs?"—Page 240.

—well—over head and ears. There's no fool like an old——"

"Wiseacre," I said, "I've seen that before in clever, old men."

"Put off your dressing-gown and meet me in the hall in five minutes. I'll drive you about. General Cambord comes with luncheon."

I shall not forget that drive. The summer-world charmed us with a thousand colors, a hundred ecstasies of bird-music, and green-uniformed regiments of shapely trees. I had a glimpse of Snow and Miss Gifford greeting day in the garden. When youth, and love, and early summer hold the stage, Death seems asleep. I forgot my increasing baldness, I even forgot the horrible letter. I seemed but one verse of the surrounding poem.

As Sir Randers prefers a quantity of his own talk to the quality of my terseness, I was silent, although we drove far. He told me all about Snow's fortune, and said that Miss Gifford's Uncle Hugh was a

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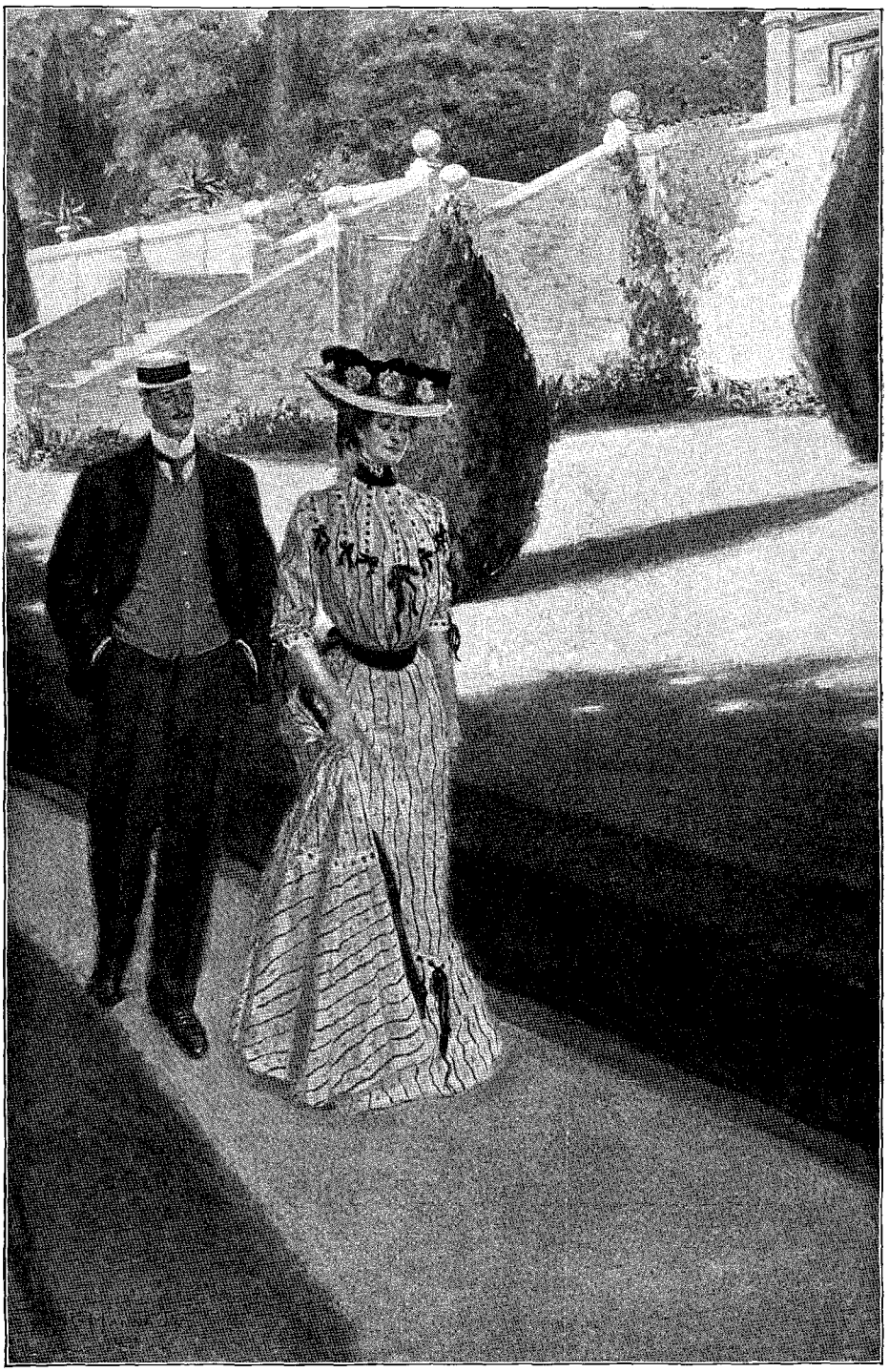

Drawn by T. K. Hanna, Jr.

A glimpse of Snow and Miss Gifford greeting day in the garden.—Page 241.

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man who convulsed nations, by advancing or withholding loans. "When he gets back to England he'll look Snow over; they can't be engaged—Tertius Snow and Agatha — until 'Uncle Hugh' says so. Personally, I think Cambord could be paramount in the Russian conservatism if he had Gifford's financial reputation to back him."

"I am *so* in favor of Russian conservatism," I cried, "I never could see the reason for any other kind of politics!"

"Cambord shares your opinion. He suffered many things at the hands of the Murder Clubs." Sir Randers drew up at the steps of his terrace. I descended to talk with the ladies while he drove away to meet General Cambord.

Miss Gifford was knitting under a tree. Snow was reading, and Lady Palmyra was making a kind of conversation called "chat." It is meant to be agreeable, but I find it hard to bear. I sought refuge in my room, resolved to destroy Snow's letter at once. Making my bow, I escaped thither.

I had not been told which of my former rooms was chosen for the new-comer. I accorded him the best one with bay-windows and a long mirror. Entering the other, I put off my coat and snatched up the portfolio, determined to destroy that letter. "I am right about this room being mine," I thought, "for all my things have been moved here." Snow's letter, thrust among a medley of innocuous invitations, was not among them now. I searched my pockets, the dressing-table, the chiffonier, under tables, chairs, rugs, the bed. I could not find it anywhere. I was in despair. The sound of wheels on the drive added to my fright; luncheon would be served while this horrible thing was at large. I remembered destroying the envelope because Snow's name was upon it. I wondered if it were possible that I had destroyed the card and forgotten my act thereafter. Steps sounded in the corridor and Sir Randers flung my door wide open.

"This, General Cambord, is your room," he said, "and your man can sleep across the hall. Why, du Belsoze, I meant you to keep the big room; you are very courteous to give it up. I know General Cambord would never let me ask for it; let me introduce you to the General—General Cambord, M. le Comte du Belsoze—the most amusing man alive."

I looked at him in terror. His photograph was pasted to Snow's card; it was a good likeness.

"Your face is so familiar to me," I gasped.

"I try to hide it all I can," he answered, in a deep voice.

"I think the housemaid might have left you in better shape," Sir Randers said, looking at the confusion about us.

"I am accountable for it after all," Cambord observed, politely. "I must thank you as well as Sir Randers for my hospitable reception."

He brought his heels together and bent his body in a bow. I felt as though I had a good seat in some theatre. It was too exciting to seem like real life.

IV

"When things begin to happen, it takes some time for them to stop," was what Louis Philippe said of wars. I thought of it as I sat at luncheon, studying the steadfast face of General Cambord.

"I see they shot at you yesterday, General," Lady Palmyra observed, as I took my seat.

"Ah, yes, that is what I came here to forget, Madame." He bowed over his plate and his sad face looked merry for the moment. "It was good of you to notice it. You ladies have so much to read about other people's parties that I feel flattered if you see any news of me."

"Why did he shoot at you?" she inquired—it was difficult to turn her.

"He was practising for a pistol-match at Brighton, and the papers have told him I'm fair game." The General looked old in the temperate, English sunlight; his great hands were feeble. "They are always after us," he added, sadly, "but I think this fellow was alone in his murderous plan. He thinks he is aggrieved, personally, no doubt. He got away in the crowd."

"It's the members of these Murder Clubs who are so distasteful to Englishmen," Sir Randers observed; "they per-

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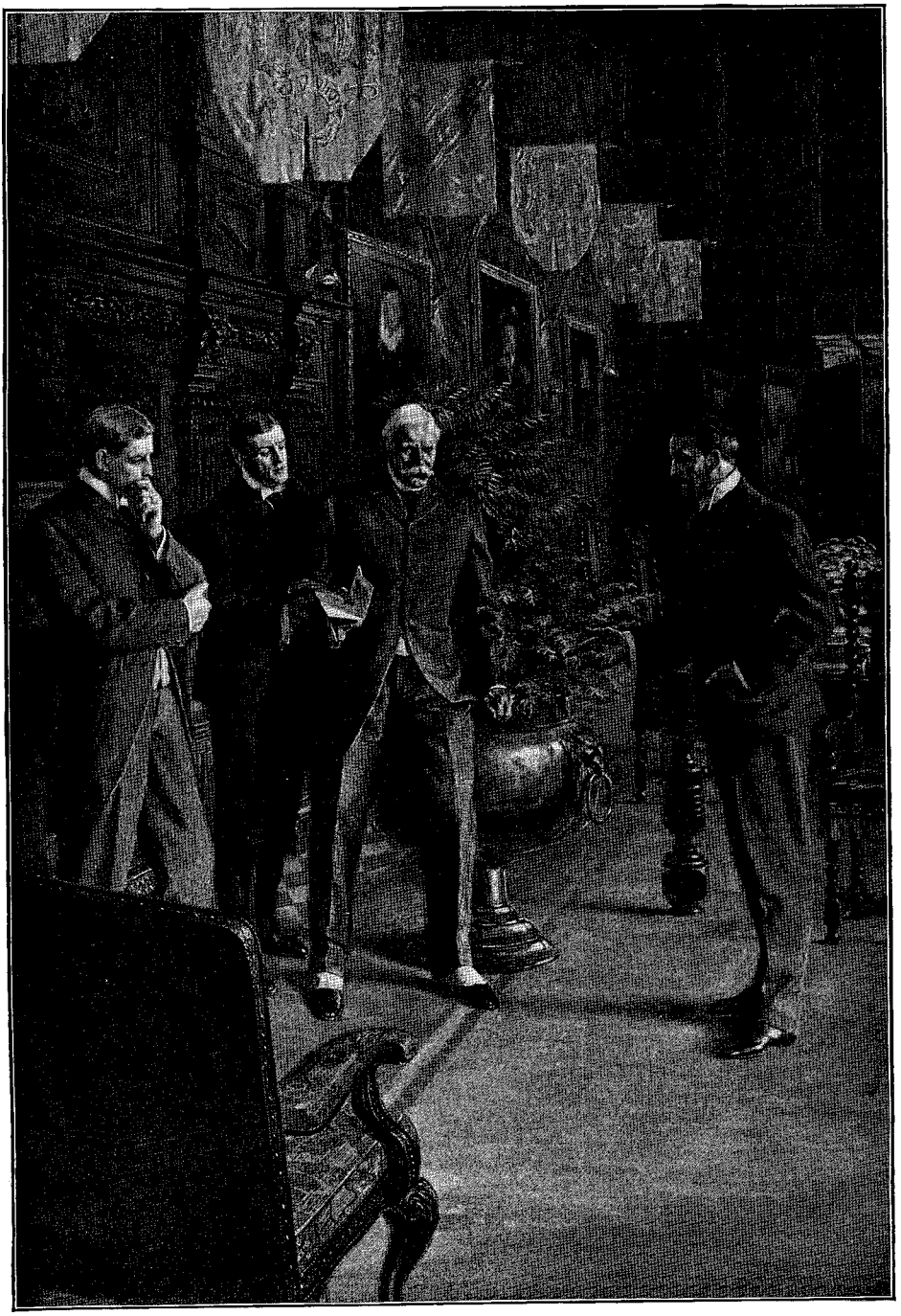

Drawn by T. K. Hanna, Jr.

"It was inside the counterpane," Cambord was explaining.—Page 245.

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sonally conduct you into Kingdom Come, by order of a man they've never seen, and, like as not, they only know their victim's face from photographs."

"They are the pretext for Siberia," Cambord said, bitterly.

I felt that I had heard the Councils of the Highest, consigning souls to the blackness of eternal darkness. I escaped to the billiard-room, hoping to find diversion in the morning paper. It was full of the attempt to assassinate Cambord the day before, at 8.45 A.M., in the railway station, as he was about leaving London for Tunbridge Wells. His age was given as sixty-nine, and I was about to read the appended sketch of his career when the telephone-bell rang. Dreading the intrusion of servants, I went to the instrument myself. I closed the door of the booth which contained it, from the extra caution which a man pursued by predicament is bound to take.

"Bitte!" a German said at the far end of the line.

"I cannot speak German," I said. "Please speak English or——"

I was then addressed impulsively in what I knew to be Russian, recognizing Cambord's name in a stream of strange syllables.

"You wish to see him?" I inquired in French.

As I had hoped, the voice answered in my own language. "When I failed, you were notified," it said. "But we do not know where to direct you. The report is that his marriage to Miss Gifford is arranged——"

"To whom do you believe you are speaking?" I inquired.

"Mr. Tertius Snow. You said, 'I do not speak German.'"

"I asked only to prove you. I know that was the sign," I replied, quickly, much frightened, but pleased at my own good guess.

The voice continued: "You did well not to reply to your orders; every mail is watched. Cambord left London this morning with a secret policeman dressed as his valet."

"If," I whispered over the wire with many glances behind, "if his marriage is prevented——"

"If it is not he fastens a terrible new loan on Silsit. This banker Gifford makes it——"

"But if that marriage is prevented it is better than the extreme act, eh?"

"It is better to change a snake's nature than to kill him, but killing is quicker."

"To kill this snake is to blunder, for a stronger will take his place. I shall marry the lady myself."

"That would satisfy the Council."

"Entirely?" I demanded with anxiety.

"Entirely. She shall have the best yellow diamond in Europe and a protection greater than the armor of righteousness, if —if you succeed."

"If not——"

"Execute the extreme sentence."

"Where is she?"

"Where he is gone, you know?"

"I do," I said, dramatically. "I am here with them both. I arranged their coming. Every servant in the house is a spy in his pay. Everyone suspects me. I may be put from the door at any moment. It would be easier to kill Cambord and then myself. But nothing but financial backing can make Cambord dangerous, and I shall take away that hope from him by marrying the basis of it. I would rather take a life than a wife. It means my withdrawing from the Circles of Liberty, but I have sworn to do my best. This is my best. For, should Cambord, superannuated and poor, be displaced, a man of such power would succeed him that——"

"You are perfectly right, Comrade, and the best friend to Nationalism in the world," the voice interrupted. "Telephone 3 Upper Fulham Circuit if you need me." He blessed me in Russian and rang off.

I opened the door of Sir Randers's telephone-booth a new man. I walked to his great fire-place in the main hall. The General, Sir Randers, and Cambord's whilom valet stood by the fern-filled basin under the oak mantel, each white and shaken. The General held Snow's order from the Surveillance Secret between his thumb and finger. I pointed at it helplessly, with thoughts of Siberia as my permanent address.

"It was inside the counterpane," Cambord was explaining.

In a moment it flashed across my mind that I had taken the horrid message to my

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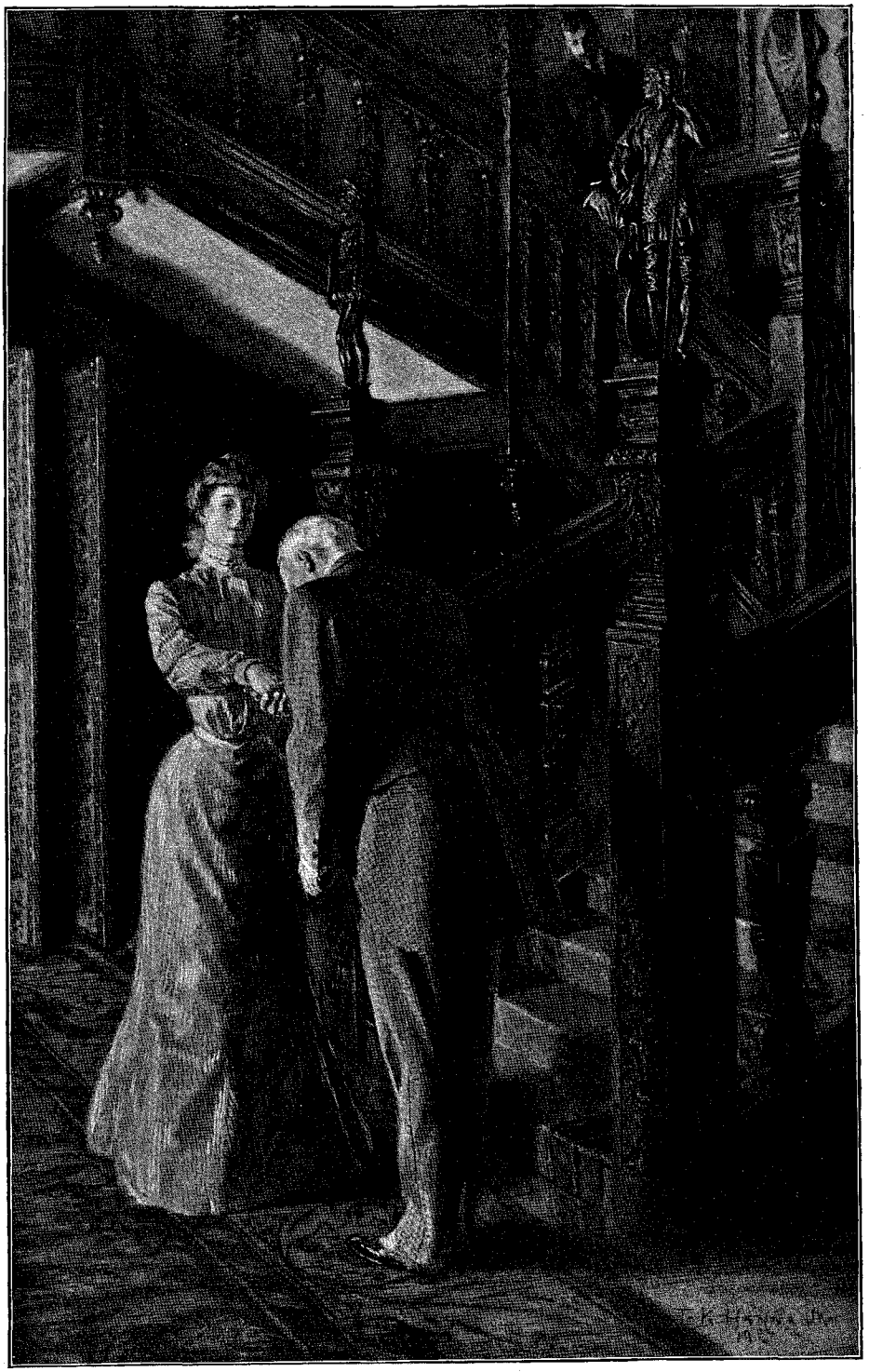

Drawn by T. K. Hanna, Jr.

I stood at the stairhead and watched a farewell that was a chapter in history.—Page 247.

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bed in one of my seizures of perplexity. A careless housemaid had put on fresh sheets, perhaps; but the blankets and counterpane had been spread over together, with the card in them. Some fold had caught and kept the death-warrant.

"Did you lock your room-door now, on leaving it?" the valet asked.

"No. I never thought of it; I——"

"Then he has gotten off——"

"Do you mean the man was in the room, the man who placed this in my bed?" The General was livid; he whispered and shook.

"Of course he was. Putting the thing in your bed was an attempt on your life. Where have you been lately? Nauheim. What is Nauheim? A cure for bad heart-action. What is the inference? That you have heart disease and can be scared to death."

"You are right," I cried, enthusiastically. "General Cambord, this man is right. It is as clear as day——"

But Sir Randers ran upstairs like a mad thing. We heard him opening doors and slamming them above. The policeman-valet went leisurely to the stairs'-foot calling, "Is he there?"

"Stole away," Sir Randers cried, disappointed, returning to the Council.

V

It was decided that General Cambord leave England at once, and that Tertius Snow accompany him to Dover. I suggested Tertius. I thought some spy of the Society, seeing them together, would believe funeral arrangements progressing favorably, while leaving Cambord the chance to escape with his life. He wouldn't permit Sir Randers a thought of going, too, and I absented myself at the very moment he seemed inclined to accept me as escort. Sir Randers—as a magistrate—had notified the county force of an attempt on Cambord's life while under his roof. Devotees of the bicycle were haled from their wheels to his study on a charge of vagrancy. Before an hour had passed twenty persons were mysteriously immured there. I remember one old gentleman had the sense to ring for tea. It is this faculty of making the best of anything that distinguishes the English.

"You better go up to Snow's room and hurry him," Sir Randers called to me on his way to the examination of his prisoners. "He has agreed to go——"

Snow's man was violently stuffing a portmanteau as I entered, the sweat pouring from his forehead. But Tertius sat serenely at his desk in the far window, writing "goodby" to Miss Gifford—at least, the writing was so spaced on the page as to look like verse. He seemed in high spirits.

"Come here," he whispered—looking carefully behind him.

I took the chair at his side: "I'm going to tell you something awfully private," he said, blushing to his hair. "D'you remember my saying I'd lost a letter? Well, when I heard old Cambord was over here I thought perhaps it—that letter—was an order to kill him—or something?"

"Why?"

"Pretty nearly every one in Silsit wants him out of the way. He has a scheme to raise a national loan on our Salt Deposit. A Russian gave me that letter—a fellow who belongs to a Nationalist Club—met me at the races and put it in my hand."

"Oh, nonsense, Tertius," I cried, laughing unnaturally.

"Say 'Nonsense' if you choose, but if you knew the comfort it is to have some other man—er——"

"Well, keep him under your eye and see that no one harms him. It's only as far as Dover——"

I had said "under your eye" without malice, but Tertius grew dead-white and looked at me blankly. I had seen more sudden pallor in an afternoon than anyone else—outside an earthquake.

"Old Cambord was a sort of rival of yours," I said—for the sake of saying something.

"He was a very close second," the lad declared, honestly. I said, "*Bon Voyage*," and left him.

Miss Gifford was saying "good-by" to the General at the foot of the stairs. Some of Sir Randers's many guests were returning from an excursion. I stood at the stairhead and watched a farewell that was a chapter in history, related *sotto voce*. The great Cambord kissed Miss Gifford's hand.

"I had hoped for another happiness for

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A yellow, heart-shaped diamond, set between two daggers.—Page 249.

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you," he said gently, "one that comprised my own."

Snow came down the stairs in his raglan. She went with him to the empty billiard-room, and I saw him kiss her on its threshold.

General Cambord, looking over his shoulder, saw me behind him.

"So Snow is the happy man!" he said, gamely; "he's an attractive fellow. I knew his mother ages ago. Miss Gifford didn't mention any names."

Sir Randers was explaining that General Cambord had only come down for the day, I heard the kodaks snapping—for such is the noise of fame. But we surrounded the old gentleman as he entered his carriage. Snow sat beside him, the policeman took a seat on the box, the door closed, the horses started, and presently the brougham vanished through the gates.

"Gloria in excelsis, Domine," I exclaimed, as I moved toward the telephone. I called up the editorial chambers of the *Piccadilly Personage*.

"Is this the person to whom news is reported?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"A marriage is arranged between Miss Agatha Gifford and Mr. Tertius Snow. What issue will that appear in?"

A voice of gladness, answered, "To-morrow's; what's your price?"

"It's gratis," I cried, indignantly, ringing off.

Miss Gifford often wonders how her engagement was made public, and I have taught her to suspect the servants, but it is well she did not find me appropriating Snow's telegrams, among which I found one from Petersburg. I read it and then it fluttered into the fire; the day was chilly. The telegram was short.

"*You* saved the situation," it read; "*the Silsit Loan is abandoned.*"

I have since learned that General Cambord never asked for it.

VI

Tertius Snow and Agatha Gifford were married in September, in Wiltshire. The day was perfect, the choir out of tune, and none of the bridesmaids handsome. When they returned from church, a package was placed in Agatha Snow's hand—a little package, sent by Parcel-Post. She opened it and found a yellow, heart-shaped diamond, set between two daggers. With a curious chill moving up my spine, I asked who sent it. "There is no name," they cried, searching among the wrappers.

"General Cambord," I suggested.

"He sent these." Tertius touched a diamond chain about his wife's neck. I had seen Madame Cambord wear it long ago, and wondered if the gift were a compliment or an economy. The mystery of that diamond is often mooted in the Snow household. I always inquire about it whenever I see them.

THE POINT OF VIEW

"THE only specialists about whom, I think, the thoughtful critic of education need give himself any serious concern," said President Wilson, of Princeton, in his inaugural address, "are the specialists who have never had any general education in which to give their special studies wide rootage and nourishment." This is not the view simply of the scholar and man of letters, for Dr. Wilson was able to quote in its behalf eminent "practical" authority. "It was but the other day," he said, "that the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education endorsed the opinion of their president, Mr. Eddy, that the crying need of the engineering profession was men whose technical knowledge and proficiency rest upon a broad basis of general culture."

Specialism and College Training.

This testimony by no means stands alone. In discussing, in his last annual report, the retention of Greek as a required study President Hadley, of Yale, quotes "a leading employer of railroad labor" as saying to him:

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"When I want a college man I want a man who knows that it is hard work to use books that are worth anything; and as a preparation for railroad service I would rather have a man who has learned to use one hard book without liking it—a Greek dictionary, if you please—than a man who thinks he knows all the experimental science and all the shop-work which any school can give him, and has enjoyed it because it is easy."

The interesting thing in this coincidence of view is that, while not agreeing on the same essential of college training, the railroad manager instancing discipline and the engineer culture, both recognize the handicap of a strictly technical education. Looked at on one side, this is a gratifying acknowledgment from "practical" authority of the soundness of certain old-fashioned theories which have seemed to survive by sufferance. Looked at on another, the acknowledgment is so general in terms—"a Greek dictionary, if you please"—as to emphasize the difficulty of adjusting the traditional college system to the requirements of American life to-day. Which studies must be retained as essential to discipline and culture? Which can be sacrificed in the interest of a modern equipment? To this question fronting the "practical" educator, the man of affairs, who has studied the subject broadly, has seldom an answer ready, and it is hardly fair to expect one of him. Discrimination of this sort is not "in his line."

The problem is, in a sense, peculiar to America. It is due, in part, to the wide diversity of career open to the American college graduate, and in part to the attempt to make over the college inherited from England on the model of a German university. The former, aptly described as "the coping-stone of a system of secondary education," has a value for practical life—as Cecil Rhodes's will eloquently testifies—but is still distinctly untechnical, if not mediæval. It ministers to a social class from which are largely drawn the men who dominate England. To an American visitor who protested to Dr. Caird that he was wasting on minutiæ of discipline the time he ought to give to completing a great work on philosophy, the Master of Balliol replied: "I am training the future rulers of the empire"—meaning the class at whose head stands Lord Milner. The reply reveals in a word the purpose on which English university life lays chief stress—the enforcement of right habits. At the other extreme stands the German university, its four departments definitely designed for special training in theology, law, medicine, and philosophy. Something like seventy per cent. of its graduates enter the government service, which of itself gives a bureaucratic fixity to curriculum requirements, a peculiarity hard to appreciate in America under conditions so different. With the Church a state institution, with government control of the profession of teaching, with previous experience as recorder or clerk of a court demanded of the practising lawyer, and with a very large number of official positions awaiting the graduate in medicine, the German university in the careers of its graduates represents a system antithetic, if not antagonistic, to our own.

In watching the transition of the American college from the English to the German model, it is easy to lose sight of the fact that in growing away from the one educational theory to the other, we come no nearer to the German than we were to English conditions. The final end of an American education is neither to train a governing class nor to fit for a government service, but to develop good citizenship. For this the college must seek to broaden the specialist; not merely for his own sake, nor for the sake of his profession. The college should be first of all a school of duty, if, as Woodrow Wilson has said, "the business of the world is not individual success, but its own betterment."

Do We Breed Spendthrifts?

WE Americans have been called extravagant in money matters, and not without some justice. We make money (as the phrase goes) more quickly than other people, and incline to spend it with a corresponding lack of reserve. As a nation, we are not economical; indeed, we are, as a rule, what the Germans, French, or Italians would call singularly wasteful. We have a taste for luxury (who has not?), and are fond of getting in the easiest, that is, the most expensive way. Only a very small proportion of the wives of our mechanics and workmen have any notion whatever of what would, in Europe, be called good cooking; and poor cooking means either wretched living or expensive marketing. Certainly our mechanics and workmen do not, in general, live wretchedly; what a family throws away would keep an Italian household quite comfortably. If the bulk of our people do not

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live entirely well in the matter of eating, it is not because they do not pay enough for it. And, apart from the question of food, the luxury of our living is unique, without a parallel in other countries. The rich in Europe undergo, as a matter of course, what people of exceedingly moderate means here would consider actual hardship. Our standard of comfort is high, and we pay for our comforts lavishly enough.

Yet, uneconomical and extravagant as we are, we have not yet developed the "perfect spendthrift," as he is to be found on the other side of the Atlantic. It seems at times as if he must be a product of an older, a more "effete" civilization. The man, either young or old, who runs through a large fortune quickly is a rarity with us. High as our standard of living, and of the ordinary expense of living, is, our standard of what might be called profligate extravagance is by no means so high. Of course pretty large sums are wasted in various forms of dissipation, here as elsewhere. But that is not the point. To take the single item of gambling, how often do we hear of a man's being ruined by it here? No doubt we hear stories of tremendous sums lost and won; but such sums do not seem either "to make or to break" anybody. For men whose incomes are reckoned by the hundreds of thousands or millions to play hundred-dollar poker is no great recklessness. But how often do we see young men, of the small-salaried sort, punting a thousand or two thousand dollars at a time at baccarat, as you can any day in France? We have not the instinct to save and scrape for eleven months in the year, and then shell out all our savings in a fortnight.

I once met in France a young man of old provincial family, Legitimist to the backbone, proud, and very poor; he was about twenty-one, modest, thoroughly "correct," as good, innocent a young fellow as one would care to meet: the sort of young man who seems to have been overlooked and left out in the cold by French fiction, though by no means a great rarity in French real life. I happened to ask him one day if he ever played cards. He said no, he did not care for that sort of thing, and besides, his means would not permit it. "I never go into a gambling-saloon," said he, "or into the card-room of a club; sometimes I may join in a little game of poker, among friends, just to pass the time; but only a very small game, never more than a louis limit." A louis limit! I wonder what club-man (out of the millionnaire class) in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or any of our larger Eastern cities would call four-dollar poker a "very small" game! And, if this was the sort of thing my young friend with next to no income indulged himself in now and then, think of what a game the real "gamblers" must play in France!

And, as it is with gambling, so is it also with other forms of extravagance. When the European sets out to be profligately reckless, he beats us hollow. With all our easy spending and lavish wastefulness in small things, we have yet preserved a wondrous prudence in great ones. We may throw more or less of our money away, but not the whole of it; we do not, as a rule, run through fortunes. The ruinously reckless spendthrift is not common in this country.

The Family in France.

IN his latest work, "Les Oberlé," a study of Alsace in the closing decade of the nineteenth century, M. René Bazin makes his hero say: "There are to be found in the present as well as in the past of the French nation many virtues and eminent qualities more abundantly than elsewhere—generosity, disinterestedness, love of justice, taste, and a certain flower of heroism. Feeble though she may be, these are treasures that do honor to the world. In comparison with them, all else is of little worth. France must be stripped of these before she can be pronounced worthy to perish." The poor young Alsatian is protesting against the relentless and all-too-successful process of Germanizing Alsace; and against that his protest is fine and futile. But what are we to say to another process which is not German, which is purely French, not imposed by force from without but by national tendencies within, by which France takes, year by year, a lower rank in population and in the strength that population gives?

An official report has recently been accepted by the French Government which sets forth facts not pleasant to contemplate for those who recognize that the French people have the qualities attributed to them by M. Bazin, and that these are of extreme value in the evolution of modern European civilization. In brief, the statement of the report is that during the last hundred years France has added but about one-ninth to her population

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while that of England as well as that of Germany has increased threefold. This means that in the course of the century, during the lives of three generations, the number of persons embodying and exerting the influence of the French character in the world is become relatively only one-third as great as it was. That is a loss to be regretted. Even the least sympathetic student of the French and of other nations will admit that we "could better spare a better" element in the complex make-up of modern life.

The explanation of the process noted in the report which is most generally accepted in France ascribes it to the law for the compulsory division of landed property at the death of its owner, and to the conditions enforced as to marriage, the latter intimately connected with the former. Doubtless the land law was originally intended to hasten the dissolution of the landed aristocracy, against which the great revolution was primarily aimed. But it would not have been left untouched in all these years of change, nor would it have been reinforced by the laws and customs relating to marriage, had they not satisfied deep-rooted tendencies in the nature of the race. Of these the most potent, the most persistent, subtle, and evasive is that which puts the family before the individual. It is hard for the English-speaking races to understand the extent to which this is done in France. The French may be said to think as to all things social in terms of the family. The marriage of one of its members is not essentially his or her affair, solely or chiefly. Indeed, it may be said to concern them mainly in their rôles as founders of another family. As to that the existing family, through its heads, the parents, and even, lacking them, through the grandparents, must be consulted, and their decision, though not absolutely final, is in the great body of cases practically so. A few years since a veteran of the Paris press, verging on threescore, possessed of a moderate fortune and an ample accumulation of social and personal experience suitable to guide him in the marital relation, secured, with great difficulty, the consent of a family council to his marriage with an American lady. Had he failed, he could still have married, but only after considerable delay and certain legal formalities of a distinctly defiant and disagreeable nature, and he and his wife would have suffered appreciable social annoyance.

Obviously, under the law as to land, the French family is not predisposed to sanctioning marriages likely to result in indefinite fecundity and correspondingly minute partition of property. But it would be singularly unjust to the French to infer that solicitude for property is the sole motive that operates in these cases. That is but one form of respect for a certain indefinable but authoritative standard of duty to the family. Intensely democratic as France is in its laws and institutions, the shades of social difference are, compared to ours, numerous, minute, and keenly felt. A marriage that threatens the least decline in the scale menaces the family dignity, while one that promises even a slight advance appeals to family pride. The recklessness of American unions, manifestly more favorable to the increase of the birth-rate, is abhorrent to French family sentiment. Again the sense of obligation toward children, of the duty of forethought as to their opportunities for education and occupation, is much stronger in France than with us, or with the English and the Germans. This is shown, contrary to our habit, even more with reference to daughters than to sons. Since French daughters are neither trained nor expected, in most cases, to be self-supporting through life, marriage with them is more anxiously considered and restricted. One effect of this care is that acceptable husbands are, as a rule, much older than their wives.

Against the sentiment thus manifested and the view of life springing from it, legislation, and especially the legislation of a representative assembly, may make but slight headway. The change, if it come at all, is likely to be slow and reluctant. Meanwhile the numerical strength of the French, and all that it implies, must remain stationary and, relatively, must diminish.

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THE FIELD OF ART

SHALL ARTISTS BE TRAINED IN OUR UNIVERSITIES?

ALL artists will agree that the number of those who appreciate the value of artistic work in our day is lamentably small; clearly if Art is to develop among us it is of vital importance that the public be led by some form of education to understand more fully than they now do the nature of Art, and to judge more justly of the worth of the productions of the poet, the painter, the sculptor, the architect, and the musician.

That our universities with very few exceptions make little earnest effort to supply this crying want has been already contended in a previous paper. It is nothing less than a scandal that students should be allowed to leave our universities with degrees which claim to indicate a full breadth of education, who are nevertheless densely ignorant of the importance of Art in the development of man, entirely unacquainted with the most rudimentary knowledge of artistic movements in the past, and without any sense of the values which artists and educated critics see in the creative work of those who devote their lives to the service of the Muses.

There is, indeed, a vast amount of talk in these days concerning the education of the artist, but an unfortunate lack of thought of the needs of the inappreciative public in this same direction. "Schools of the Art," devoted to the teaching of the artistic producer, abound and multiply among us, many of them being established beyond the influence of an artistic environment, without adequate endowment, and led by ill-equipped instructors; but we hear little of demands for the instruction of the public in all that goes to make the appreciative connoisseur.

It cannot be denied that our universities could do much to encourage Art by giving more dignity to their courses in Æsthetics, by establishing them on an equal plane with the other great departments of learning, by compelling their students to study the rudiments of Art and the outlines of its history, and by giving them opportunity to study æsthetic theory and the results of the investigation of æsthetic laws and principles. If they did so they could scarcely fail to lead the average student to perceive the incompleteness of a life which is devoid of interest in beauty and lacking in appreciation of artistic work.

Indirectly, therefore, but powerfully, such recognition of the importance of Art to the complete development of man would prove of the highest value to the artist himself, in the fact that it would increase the number of those who would encourage him by intelligent interest in his effort.

But there is another question concerning the work of our universities in relation to the artist to which our thoughts are here most naturally turned.

The establishment in them of schools of professional practice in relation to the *non-artistic* professions is very generally acknowledged to be advantageous to the practitioner, and one is naturally led to argue that it would be well if schools of practice in all the fine arts could be established under the same influence. In fact, as we have seen in the paper above referred to, such schools of practice have already been established in many of our colleges, although not on a basis which commends itself as thorough or logical.

But even if the success of non-artistic professional schools forces us to agree on logical grounds to a similar extension of the university system in the direction of Æsthetics, we cannot accept such a conclusion without finding arising within us some measure of doubt whether such a development of university teaching would prove to be of any direct value to the artist or to Art itself.

Even if we acknowledge that advantage in some measure attaches to study in our architectural schools and (with less positiveness) to study in our schools of rhetoric and music; still we are liable to feel much hesitancy when it is suggested that the universities could effectively teach the painter and the sculptor.

And these doubts are strengthened when we call to mind the patent fact that the great

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painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, and poets of the past, whose names we revere, cannot be claimed to have had any such training as university schools, if fully equipped, might attempt to give.

Yet we have to acknowledge upon second thought that there appears to be little force in the objection aroused by this observation; for it is clear that a large proportion of the masters in philosophy and ethics, and in science, in the past have been equally without the advantages of university training; yet surely no one would argue that our universities are to-day valueless to the genius who is impelled to express himself as a philosopher, or as an astronomer, or as a biologist, or as an inventor.

The most that can be claimed after serious thought will be that it is wrong to assume that educational systems in the realm of Æsthetics should conform to those established in the other departments of learning; wrong to assume that advantage would accrue to the artist-student from the fact that the consideration of general æsthetic theory, the investigation of æsthetic laws, and the study of the principles of æsthetic practice, were going on in the institution in which he was working; and from the fact that in a broad way these studies were made to guide his work, were made part of his general training, it being open to him indeed to gain thorough knowledge of these theories, laws, and principles, if he should so desire.

But if we consider this objection seriously we are led to note that a similar opposition has been felt and evidenced in the past in all educational fields. The advantages, to the practitioner, of a school training of high grade have for ages been unrecognized in all the professions. And after these advantages have become patent it has been long before either the university authorities or the governors of the schools of practice have agreed that these schools are the legitimate outgrowth of the university system—long before it came to be generally agreed that they can only be carried on in the best manner when they are attached to such institutions; in which they have the benefit of the inspiration which can come only from the study of theory, the investigation of law, and the elucidation of general principles; in which the courses of study are subject to intelligent criticism so that the students or their guardians may feel convinced that they are gaining the broadest of training.

If, notwithstanding this opposition, schools of medicine, law, engineering, and mining have finally come to be looked upon as part and parcel of the ideal university, why should not schools of practice in all branches of Art be also established under the same direction?

But it may be said that the education given in a university would tend to make the artist introspective, self-conscious, intellectual; that it is the great fault of our artists to-day that they display these qualities in too great measure; that we should wish for a return to the unconscious, instinctive spontaneity which has characterized the work of the great masters of the past; that we should therefore oppose the university schools of practice because they would emphasize introspection, would make artists conscious of end or means; that we should encourage educational methods which would tend to make them impulsive and natural, for under such conditions only may we hope for artistic advance.

Now it is perfectly true that no man can produce a truly artistic work unless he is the happy possessor of some measure of genius; and genius is a special *gift;* its divine spark cannot be kindled by deliberate effort or by any sort of intellectual process; no preconceived theory, no technical knowledge of law, no appreciation of principles can make a man's laborious work artistic. The true artist must be a follower of the commands of his Muse, must be a listener for inspiration to which he should yield himself unreservedly, almost passively; and over-strenuous offort *at the moment of production* to gain a clear view of the way in which he is led, or to comprehend the nature of the goal toward which his steps tend, is prejudicial to the attainment of a truly artistic result.

But if we consider this fact sufficient reason for the discouragement of the establishment of university schools of practical Æsthetics, it is because we misconceive entirely the function of education in general; because we assume that the pedagogue hopes by his educational machinery to *produce* genius. Such an assumption, however, appears absurd as soon as it is stated clearly. Surely no one would claim that the study of theory, of law, of principle, in the universities as now constituted, involves the attempt to create scientific or ethical genius.

Nor can it be held that genius as displayed by the artist is of a very special type, and

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that the artist's education should therefore differ radically from that of other men. No one can hold for a moment that there are no manifestations of genius in the fields of science, that there is no guidance of the same type as that which is granted to the worshipper of the beautiful to lead those who strive for advance in the realms of the true and of the good. That there is no deep-seated difference between genius as manifested in the artist and in those who express themselves in non-artistic fields is apparent to all who consider the flashes of inspiration which have come to men who have not been artists; to such men, for instance, as Plato and Aristotle, Newton and Bacon, Berkeley and Locke, Adam Smith, Darwin, Kelvin; inspiration which has guided these master minds in paths they knew not of.

The only ground for persistence of opposition, therefore, seems to result from the acceptance of the notion that the study of pure theory, the investigation of law, and the formulation of principles, tends to crush out genius. But this notion at once appears untenable when we consider that in the departments of learning other than those relating to Æsthetics the marks of true genius have been displayed most distinctly by those who have been conversant with theory, who have been investigators of laws and enunciators of principles. It may be true that spontaneity is not sufficiently evidenced among our artists to-day; but this cannot be claimed to be due to our methods of education; so far as it is true it is due simply to the fact that we have few men of genius among us who are led to express themselves in the field of Art. The Leonardos and Goethes and Miltons rise up to proclaim that the true artistic genius cannot be curbed by any amount of preparation for his work, nor by any studious attempt to guide his footsteps away from the pitfalls into which others have fallen.

Some critic may possibly make the further claim that the opposition of which we speak is warranted by what he holds to be self-evident, viz., that eras which have shown little art-product of high value have been eras of devotion to critical formalism and philosophical theorizing. But when we come to look at the facts we find no satisfactory evidence at hand to prove the truth of this notion.

If, however, for argument's sake we grant the facts which lead to this contention, we find that the deduction from them really appears to be altogether illegitimate; that indeed we may with much more reason argue from them that the studious age has actually been the parent of the productive one which has followed, rather than an age of sterility.

In truth, however, it is probable that in many cases neither of these views can be shown to be tenable, rather must it be held that the most probable deduction from the facts, so far as they are established, is that the force of production, when it occurs in marked degree, awakens the world of thinkers to the importance of the artistic impulses in man, and leads in a later generation to their serious consideration by men of philosophic trend of mind.

The last resort of the objector must then lie in his claim that artistic endeavor is not and cannot be aided by the investigation of theory, law, and principle. Yet such a notion will not be maintained by the thoughtful man when he considers, for instance, the importance of the knowledge of anatomy to the sculptor and to the draughtsman, of perspective to the painter, of the harmonic relation of tones to the musician, of structural principles to the architect, of rhythm and metre to the poet; and when he realizes that all of these valuable aids to the artist are the result of the study of theory, and of law, and of their practical application in the establishment of general principles.

It is, of course, not maintained that the artist-student should be compelled to devote himself to study of the metaphysical theory of Art, or that he should be forced to become an investigator of æsthetic problems. There is no reason to demand such full knowledge of the average student of practice in the fine arts; nor is there reason to believe that the university authorities would ever demand it if they established the most thorough courses in Art; for they do not make such demands of the student of practice in the lines now established. What they do is to lead them to see that their work is based upon broad fundamental principles, which they give them opportunities to study and to test if they are so minded.

And who can doubt that the artist would be better off if his education was not felt to be complete unless he had gained some notion of the noble breadth of the art-impulse which

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is implanted in man; which he would most easily gain could he study under his master in an atmosphere where the principles of Æsthetics as a whole were studied, where investigation was going on, and where he might gain without difficulty the help of the special investigator? If under such conditions the student were drawn away from artistic production, clearly it would be because he had not the true stuff in him, because he was not *au fond* an artist. And such an one would surely do well to refrain from attempting to create artistically; we should run no risk of loss by his concentration upon some other work than that of artistic production.

Nor is it maintained that thorough university schools of artistic practice should be established in order to make too easy the path of the student. Rather would they, if developed on the widest lines, tend to impress upon him the difficulties of the paths he must tread if he wish to attain permanent recognition. For the thorough study of Art would make it evident to many, who now fail to realize it, that the "art-instinct" is a common heritage of man; that it is no sign that we ought to devote our lives to Art because we feel the impulse to artistic creation welling up within us. We should thus find the schools, were they broad enough in their teaching, tending to eliminate the less fit, while giving at the same time fuller opportunities to the best endowed artists.

It appears, then, that the opposition felt to the extension of university courses in Æsthetics is based upon a misconception of the function of university teaching in general. Scientific study cannot in any way define or determine the movement of genius, and this is as true in the realms of the true and of the good as it is in the realm of the beautiful. The best work in all fields is due to "inspiration" as we call it; or, in other words, to instinctive reactions which no amount of labor can produce in a man unless he has inherited capacity.

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that scientific study can do much for all of us directly or indirectly, nor that what it does for men of ordinary ability it can do even for the genius himself; for it can aid him in gaining that measure of skill which will enable him to cut deep when his inborn talent demands expression.

It is acknowledged that science in general must for the most part content herself with effects which are negative rather than positive; yet scientifically ordered study in all fields does for the student in a more systematic way exactly what the master does for his apprentice in a less systematic way; it teaches him the experience of those who have gone before; it warns him how he may escape their errors, how he may avoid the wasteful experiments they have tried in their efforts to attain the skill which is evidenced in the works they have left to us as our heritage; and it enables him to set out from the vantage ground they have gained to conquer new worlds, so far as the light of genius within him can show the way.

This general truth when applied to Art teaches us that the study of the theory and science of Æsthetics cannot create artistic masters, nor can it be held that artistic masters cannot appear unless they have been influenced by it; but exactly the same thing may be said of systematic teaching in general; in all walks of life the "self-made" man is ever arising and surprising his machine-educated fellows. Nevertheless, it may surely be said that as a rule university training will be best for the future master:

> Schools and degrees will leave a fool a fool;
> But wit is best when wit has been to school.

Indeed, the truth of this is very generally acknowledged already in special branches of Art; *e.g.*, in rhetoric and in architecture.

But practical science can never be thorough, nor can it be thoroughly taught, unless it is grounded upon and inspired by a co-ordinate study of theory, law, and principle, as we have already argued. Toward the fuller development of university teaching in Æsthetics in the directions suggested we are evidently tending. That it must surely unfold in time in complete form seems inevitable, for the simple reason that the final goal of all pedagogical systems, beyond which there is no further step, appears in the establishment of schools of practice, and without such schools of practice no pedagogical system can be held to have reached its legitimate and complete development.

HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, AND I WANT YOU TO LIVE HERE WITH ME."

—"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," page 337.

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